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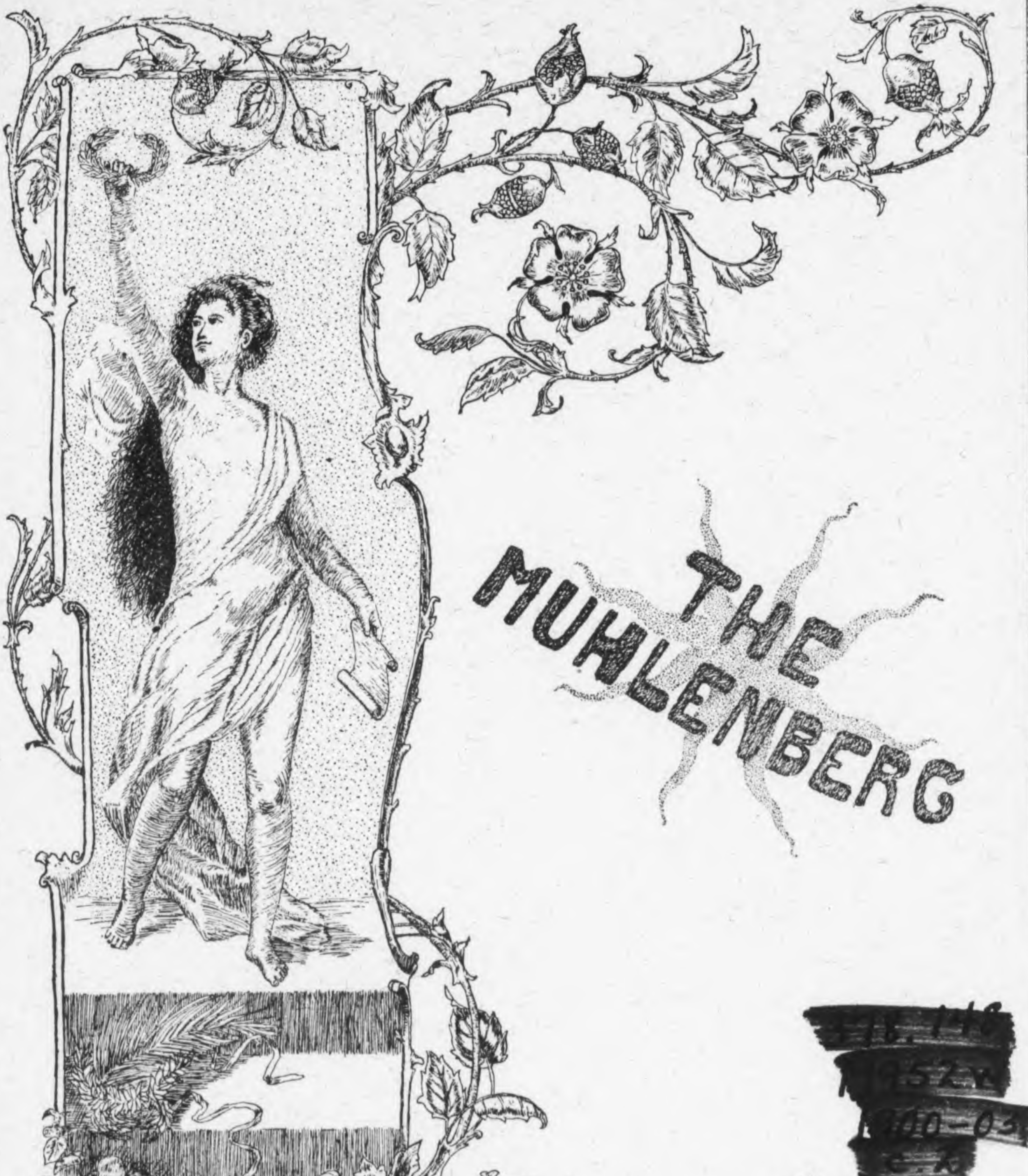
THE MUHLENBERG



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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., SEPTEMBER, 1900. No. 1.

The College Graduate in Practical Charity Work.

OPENING ADDRESS BY REV. THOMAS M. YUNDT, '82.

I propose to bring before you this morning a subject which I think has not received that attention in the past on the part of our educated people which its importance deserves.

My only apology, if one were needed for selecting such a theme, is because I am personally interested in it and of the growing importance and increasing attention which attaches to it.

I know that I am addressing a body of *undergraduates*, but as you hope to be the *graduates* in a few years, this is the time to drop the seed which may germinate during your remaining college days and come to fruition after graduation.

You are now laying the foundations in a broad and liberal education, upon which you hope to build your life-work. Many of you have probably already decided, or some one may have practically decided for you, what your *post* college career shall be; but let me impress upon your minds the fact that in this age of new movements and the necessary adjustment of suitable temperament and equipment for success in special or particular work, the foreordained plans of fathers and mothers and the nicely wrought-out schemes of college days "gang aft agley", and if they did not the resulting number of lamentable failures in life would be even greater than it now is.

In our day a college graduate, in choosing his life-work, is no longer restricted by tradition or public opinion to a choice of one of the three learned professions of law, medicine, or theology.

College men now practically take the lead in all the important walks of life, and they are needed, not only in the professions *so-called*, but also in the management of many other affairs which call for men of liberal culture and careful training.

"Indeed, we must accustom ourselves to the fact that in these days new professions are being born every decade, or perhaps two or three in one decade. The matters that were recently regarded as proper subjects for the novice now are conceded to demand skill and training."

And in no *new* profession are they needed more than in practical charity work, "for there are principles which underlie or should underlie the administration of relief; there is a right and a wrong way to help the poor and suffering," and these principles should receive the attention of men who by their training are qualified to study them and put them into operation,—men who have the power of methodical investigation, patient application of acquired knowledge and *administrative ability.*

But may this work be dignified with the title of a profession?

What special powers are called for in giving alms to the poor, or in being a charity commissioner, or in having charge of an institution in which the dependent and the delinquent of a community are housed and fed?

A profession, we are told is an employment requiring a learned education, as those of divinity, law, or physic. And we commonly suppose that a profession has been reduced to a science so that those who are engaged in it work along well-defined lines to certain ends.

If we look at the professions as now accepted and then study charity work and the principles according to which it is now being formulated and carried into effect, I think we need not hesitate to give it this distinction.

You may ask why I call this a *new* profession. Charity, indeed, is as old as the true human heart, as old as the sufferings and sympathies of men. The systematic study and administration of charity, however, in its various forms, is a work of comparatively recent years, and it is because we have been going along in such an indifferent, haphazard way in reference to this matter these many years that the professional paupers have been enabled to thrive, and there has not been that advance in the elevation of the dependent and the delinquent as a class which should have been.

When I say the professional paupers I do not mean to say that all who receive help are such by choice, but there is a substratum of society which can be raised out of its indifference and placed upon a plane of respectability only by a systematic, scientific effort. And there is another class of unfortunates who for the time being are in need, and whose self-respect can be best preserved if they are *intelligently* treated, not as common paupers but in the spirit which their historic misfortunes deserves.

"Poverty is the misfortune of some and the disgrace of more, but it is the inheritance of most." And in order that this large class, which by inheritance is dependent, may be elevated to a plane of self-support and self-respect, intelligent and scientific help is necessary.

It is comparatively easy to reclaim those who are of good blood. But to unravel and straighten out these bundles of wrong-inherited tendencies, which have been accumulating for generations, requires patient and earnest study and labor, and even then the task often seems entirely hopeless.

In discussing this subject I will put upon the word charity a liberal construction. I do not mean that kind which is doled out at arm's length and permitted to drop from kid-gloved fingers in a patronizing way, but rather that truer charity which gives not only *gifts* but *life*, which comes in the form of a stronger touching the life of a weaker and which puts new vitality into it, giving it *the power of self-help.* Looked at in this light we may place into the catalogue of charity work the relief of the poor directly, reformatory and educational work in juvenile institutions, work in institutions for the dependent, the deficient and the delinquent, and city charity organization work.

The importance of this work will commend itself at once to the reflective mind, for the magnitude of it is almost appalling. By way of illustration let us look for a moment at the State of New York.

"The dependents and delinquents in the public and private charitable and correctional institutions of the State of New York during the year 1897 numbered over 100,000, or one in every 70 of the population, and the expenditure for their care reached the enormous sum of more than $25,000,000, and this without taking into account contributions for charitable purposes made by churches, through newspaper subscriptions, and other agencies not reporting their receipts to any State authority." (Report Char. and Cor., N. Y., 1897, p. 9.)

Looking at the magnitude of this work as impressed by the figures of this one State, is it a small matter to care for the charities of our land? But now laying aside the financial aspect and looking at the redemptive and constructive work of character building, who is qualified to take hold of this work? It should not be left in the hands of politicians whose tenure of office is dependent upon and measured by the length of time one political party is in power or even one clique or faction of a party in control.

Lawyers, physicians, and other professional men spend years in study and preparation and devote a life-time to their work, but the men who control these vast financial interests and to whom, in addition, are intrusted the bodies and souls of multitudes of human beings shall do their work without any special preparation and, after one term of office (just about the time they become measurably acquainted with the outward and routine work of their positions and about the time when they could really begin to do good work) they must submit to the execrable custom of "rotation in office" and give some other fellow a chance to get rich, as he thinks.

But things are rapidly changing for the better. Practical charity work is being recognized as a profession. The attention of the people is being aroused to the importance of this work.

State Boards of Charities are now an active force in nearly all the States of the Union. By their active oversight the standard of service is being raised. Lectures bearing on this subject are now delivered in leading colleges; the universities are giving instruction on subjects having reference to this work, and so are the theological seminaries. College settlements in the larger cities are in a sense the laboratories where the instruction of the class-rooms is put to the test. The National Conference of Charities and Correction annually draws men and women together from all parts of the country for the exchange of views and the discussions of practical questions, and the proceedings of this conference, which makes a large volume every year, are widely read.

In addition to all this there is now a special summer school in practical philanthropic work in existence in the city of New York which has been in successful operation for several summers. It is true, the sessions of this school are short, the course limited. It cannot as yet do for charity workers what the old-established schools do for the other professions, but it is the beginning of a work which may eventually grow into large proportions.

In a letter recently received from Dr. Philip Ayres, who is at the head of the school, he says: "The number of college graduates who are actively engaged in institutional or other organized charity work appears to be growing. In our summer school each year we have a number of colleges represented, this year fifteen." And among them are representatives from the leading colleges in the land.

To show you the kind of instructions imparted, as well as the wide scope which a study of this large question takes, I will give you a few of the topics discussed.

"The expansion of charity."

"The treatment of needy families in their homes."

"Public outdoor relief."

"The uses and limitations of material relief."

"The problem of finding employment."

"The care of families in which there is sickness."

"The inculcation of thrift."

"The removal of children from their homes."

These questions are important and practical. Let me give you an illustration under this last one.

Illustration.—Some time ago a notorious horse thief was shot near Lock Haven in our State. In reading the history of his life we were told that he was the son of a mother who took special delight in his evil pranks as a boy and that even at a trial in open court she showed her pleasure by nods of approval when it was shown that he was guilty of some particularly evil, law-defying deed. We were further told that the official county and penitentiary records showed that the offspring of that woman has cost the State of Pennsylvania not less than $40,000 dollars. Just when and where the State should have stepped in and taken that boy in charge it may be difficult to determine, but it is certainly a subject for the serious consideration of those who have the good of the State and the welfare of future generations at heart.

Other subjects discussed at this summer school were:

"The causes of criminal tendencies among boys."

"Institutional and placing-out methods in dealing with children."

"Co-operation of public and private agencies in caring for children."

"The care of neglected children and the prevention of cruelty."

"The care of delinquent children."

"The municipal care of adults."

"The part of personal influence in establishing independence."

"State supervision of public and private charities."

To this list of topics might be added many others of equal interest and importance. But this will suffice to show you the wide range of topics which claim the attention of the student in charity or philanthropic work.

To college students I could suggest no more profitable way to spend a part of a summer vacation than to take a course in this school for the training of charity workers.

Young Gentlemen: No matter what your profession or occupation in life may be, the question of the relief of the poor and helpless will confront you at every step, for the poor we have always with us, and to have an intelligent interest in this work is the duty of the educated men and women of our day.

"God has made of one blood all nations for to dwell upon the face of the earth." This is the announcement of a grand fact which has never yet been successfully disproved. As we realize this fact, namely, the brotherhood of man, we ought to be able to say with the old Roman, "I am a man: nothing, therefore, that is human can be foreign to me."

You need not necessarily look forward to becoming superintendents of institutions or paid secretaries of charity organizations, but as the representative men in your respective communities you ought to be willing to give at least part of your time and talents to this work, to serve gratuitously, if called upon, as trustees or members of boards of managers of the various charities and you ought to equip yourselves so that you can serve intelligently and with profit.

Nearly all leading successful business houses now have, among other accounts, a charity account. A certain amount of money is set apart for this purpose and that is given in an intelligent, systematic way where it will do the most good. Some even employ paid agents or secretaries to attend to this work for them. Professional men on their part should likewise keep a charity account and should be willing to devote at least a part of their time to this work.

Probably in no department of this work is there more need of the assistance of intelligent, educated men and women, than in City Charity Organization Work. The problems of properly caring for the poor and needy, especially in winter and in times of industrial depression, are serious and can be properly solved only by sincere study and devoted efforts.

In most large cities there are now central organizations, a sort of clearing houses, to whom the needy cases are reported and who make it their business to investigate and keep a record of those who apply for help. The wisdom and usefulness of such a work can at once be appreciated when we think of the many independent organizations for relief and the imposition which can so easily be practiced upon the public where no such central organization is in existence.

Illustration.—A man may need a little help for a while. He, however, is a practical beggar. He nominally belongs to one church and members of his family may belong to others, and they probably get help through the poor funds of each. He also receives aid from one or more lodges and possibly from some local charity organizations, and so by shrewd manipulation, using these aids at different times, he manages to eke out an existence without any productive work on his own part. It would be a blessing to such a man and to the community if he were exposed and made to support himself.

I am not now pleading for less charity but for charity more intelligently, more worthily, and more helpfully applied.

But if you are looking forward to making practical charity a life work, several questions will at once confront you.

(1) What opportunities offer for entering upon such work?

(2) What compensation may one reasonably expect?

(3) What can be accomplished? Are there any satisfactory permanent results?

As for opportunities to work, that depends largely upon the man. If you are a graduate in medicine or law or theology, you cannot always choose your place or demand a certain income at once: you must take hold of opportunities, prove yourself worthy, and so largely make for yourself a place. This is also true of practical charity workers.

Unfortunately many positions are still too large an extent the playthings or the stock in trade of the politicians, and without regard to fitness men are appointed to pay political debts. I have reference now to county and state institutions. It is not so everywhere, there are exceptions; but it seems that to a large extent it remains true.

But in private and church institutions there are often positions which call for consecrated men and women where there are large opportunities for doing good. Within the last six months the superintendents of two of the orphanages of the Lutheran Church in Eastern Pennsylvania have died. I knew them well. They were both good men. Earnest, active, consecrated, and godly. Each in his place did excellent work, and eternity alone can tell the far-reaching influences of their labors. Some one will now be called to the respective positions which have thus been made vacant. Here are opportunities for some graduates of Muhlenberg to enter upon practical charity work. *These* in their turn will have to lay down the work, and then some of you who are now here may be challenged to take it up.

But what may one reasonably expect in the way of compensation in this work?

I must confess that among all my acquaintances in this work I do not know of one who might be called rich, or if any are rich they did not become so by virtue of the positions which they now hold. On the other hand I do not know of a single one who does not have a comfortable support, as good or better than the *average* practitioner of his profession.

The idea that a charity worker must work for nothing simply because he *is* a charity worker belongs to bygone days. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and the people of means will cheerfully contribute to the support of those who devote their lives to the care and elevation of the helpless.

But while the charity worker ordinarily may not become rich in worldly possessions, there is a blessed reward in the knowledge that relief is administered to those who are in need and lives are made happier through his efforts. The true lawyer who successfully defends an innocent client feels more satisfaction in his achievement than in the retainer or fee which he receives. Likewise the physician often feels himself amply repaid with the knowledge of having relieved human suffering. And so it is with the charity worker. While it is true that the class with which he has to do is as a rule, or has among it, the most ungrateful people, those who expect more than can be done for them, often almost demanding such service as their right, even if they know that their helpless condition is a result of their own faults; yet there are those who in their lives and words manifoldly repay the efforts which are put forth in their behalf.

True sympathy touches the lives of those who are in distress, and shows its genuineness by acts rather than by words. A man said to me one day, "I could not live at the orphans' home. I am too sympathetic, too tender-hearted. I would have to cry all the time." Some people seem to have so much love for their fellow men that they become perfectly helpless. There is a great deal of false sympathy and sentiment constantly on exhibition in reference to this work. Tears are in place at the proper time, but a homeless orphan, a defective child, a delinquent youth, a houseless widow, a hungry man, wants more than tears. And to such we ought to be ready, *in the proper way*, to reach out a strong right hand of helpfulness and say, Come, God bless you, I will give you food to eat and clothes to wear and a bed to sleep in, and help you to gain that position in life which will make you respectable and independent as God intended that you should be.

True life consists not in the things which we possess or the dreams which we dream but in what we accomplish, and the greatest, richest, most enduring blessings come to us when we lose ourselves in devotion to duty. This thought is beautifully expressed in "The Legend Beautiful" in Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

A monk had long been praying for a better life, and that he might see Jesus himself. At length, one day, the vision came, flooding the room with its radiant shining. While he was gazing entranced upon his Lord, the convent bell tolled the hour when it was his duty to go out and feed the poor.

He hesitated, for he was unwilling to leave the vision, and feared it would not remain for his return.

> "Should he go or should he stay?
> Should he leave the poor to wait
> Hungry at the convent gate,
> Till the Vision passed away?
>
> Should he slight his radiant guest,
> Slight his visitant celestial,
> For a crowd of ragged, bestial
> Beggars at the convent gate?
>
> Then the voice within his breast
> Whispered, audible and clear
> As if to the outward ear;
>
> Do thy duty, that is best;
> Leave unto the Lord the rest."

He went, he fed the beggars, and returning found the vision still there,

> "When the blessed Vision said,
> If *thou* hadst stayed, *I* must have fled."

About twenty years ago when we were at college our class, under the direction of a professor, took a mineralogical tour through Eastern Pennsylvania and we found it both interesting and profitable.

Now I would like to take you with me on another tour, to visit the homes of the orphans, of the feeble-minded, of the deaf and dumb, of the blind, the House of Refuge, the Reformatory, the Insane Asylums, the Indian School, and the Poor Houses, and I would promise you that we would find richer treasure than our class found at Fritz Island, or Cornwall, or the Lancaster Gap mines, and we would study laws more important to the human race than those of cleavage and crystalization.

A new college year is now upon you; enter upon your work with all the enthusiasm and earnestness at your command.

Have *faith* in yourselves, your God, and your future.

I know that you have *hope*, for it would be like a contradiction of terms to call you college students and say that you had no hope.

But do not fail to add to this faith which you have and this hope which is yours, that other virtue of which the apostle speaks when he says,—"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity."

The Affair at the Breaker.

It was a listless day late in September. The dull, heavy, gray sky hung low over the hills and dipped into the valleys, sinking all nature in chilly gloom. The foliage of the trees, untouched as yet by the frost, dusty from the puffy winds that blew over the downs at irregular intervals, battered and torn by the summer's stormy winds and rains, and eaten and gnawed by innumerable species of creeping things which had by this time surrounded themselves with snug silken garments or hung naked in sheltered places, appeared more unattractive than it really should have. Even the bright green burrs, clustered upon the tips of the slenderest, uttermost twigs of some prominent chestnuts, did little to offset the monotony. The tiny asters with their soothing colors were swallowed up in the all-pervading gloom. The sunbeam goldenrods peeped from this dense cloud of darkness, but in a spiritless way. All was depression in the living world. Migrations must have drawn off the birds, for not a chirp was heard. Nothing living was to be seen.

On this scene appeared on that day the figure of a maiden whose hurried step and anxious appearance indicated her urgent business. Anxious she was, but as she glanced upon the scene about her she received no encouragement. Her footsteps were heavy and dull. None of that springiness in the turf of spring or the delightful crackling in the walks of later autumn. Yet she plodded on, keeping in eye her goal,—the huge breaker of a coal mine.

There her father, brothers, and friends, non-union men, were engaged in their severe labors, and to this place were about to start a large body of striking miners who resented this assistance to the wealthy coal merchant who operated the breaker. Force would be used to compel these men to accept the cause of the strikers, and the girl knew well what her father's decision would be. Riot and bloodshed would ensue, with death or injury in the end to those whose well-being was her one thought.

She had been apprised of the action of the miners early that morning, while out doing her buying, from overheard scraps of conversations, such as "upper road to breaker," "the men may resist," "We can handle them alright when we once have them," which (conversations) were held by groups of men on the corners and in alleyways. Such a move had, indeed, been feared for some time by the authorities, but by strange negligence troops stationed in the neighborhood, where quiet reigned and was not likely to be disturbed, had not been called upon for the defense of the men. The girl knew this and stopped but a little to justify her suspicions, for time was not to be lost if she wished to carry out her intentions.

On she plodded, nervously glancing behind, as if fearful that her ears would not warn her of the approach of the advancing body.

* * * *

Into the office of the superintendent of the breaker came the fatigued girl on that memorable day. Her haste made a way for her and the superintendent was soon possessed of her story and her fears. Assuring her of her father's safety, while scarcely able to promise his own or that of a single hair of his head, he rushed forth, intent upon securing aid. Word was telegraphed from the nearest station to the captain of the militia company. Orders were given to the men to adopt a conciliatory tone upon the arrival of the strikers and to delay matters until the possible arrival of the soldiers. All was excitement and confusion.

Careful scrutiny of the horizon failed to reveal the dark, moving body which all feared. So the chances of rescue improved. Word came from the captain that eagerness to see service, as well as a desire to protect human life and property, would bring them immediately, and that since it was impossible to secure passenger cars for their transportation, box cars would be brought into use. He also remarked that this latter fact would likely prevent his seeing trouble before getting to the breaker, as passenger cars filled with soldiers would be apt to be delayed at different points by sympathizers, and great and possibly fatal delay might ensue.

Gradually, as signs failed to indicate the near presence of the strikers, quiet settled down. Some of the men were ready to censure the girl for her trust in her suspicions, but all felt thankful for her kind, thoughtful feeling and her readiness to sacrifice herself for their good. But the easy feeling which prevailed would have been an easier one still had the soldiers arrived. No trace of black smoke could be seen, no shriek of whistle could be heard.

It was probably five o'clock, and a gusty wind was blowing, when a heavy cloud of dust was seen upon the road in the much-scanned direction. "They're coming," said some. "And sooner than the soldiers can get here," said others, fearfully, who mistrusted their ability to postpone straightforward action by the miners. On, on they came, and no freight train to checkmate them.

But now this freight train, in the interest of the story-teller, appeared and then began an exciting race in which the spectators took natural interest. The train was gaining, but a few highly unnecessary stops (as the men thought) allowed the slow-moving body on the road to make up all losses. But now the train was pulling up, and now she drew up beside the breaker. From the cars leaped the soldiers prepared to encounter the besiegers or the besieged, if siege had taken place. Orders formed them into column, and scouting parties were sent out to reconnoitre the advancing host. Preparations were made for the defense of the place and the men. Just then the bellowing of oxen was heard in the direction taken by the scouts. What could it mean? The thought could hardly enter anyone's head, except the scouts' who could not disbelieve their eyes, that the advance was not that of strikers but that of a herd of oxen that were being driven along the road by a pair of unsuspecting drovers. In anger they were marched with their herd to the captain. Indignation possessed him. His anger could scarcely be prevented from venting itself on these innocents for the insult offered the military, but the laughter of all assembled at the remark of a picker boy, who, wiping the coal dust from his eyes so that he could see rightly, said, "Oh, what a rubber!" changed the situation for the drovers.

Were the girl's suspicions verified? No, although they were well founded. The miners, pressed for food, and hearing of this same herd or cattle, had determined to secure it by plunder or otherwise. They were to meet it at some out-of-the-way spot on the road. The drovers, contrary to their plans, had changed their course slightly and escaped.

While the event proved a scare not altogether warranted by the facts, the vigilance of the girl was nevertheless a benefit in that it brought protection to a hitherto unprotected spot, and prevented in all likelihood many later troubles.

A Ballade of Books.

Let it be old, let it be new,
Let it be stolen, borrowed, bought;
Let it hold tales, or false or true,
Prose, or the poet's soaring thought;
Let it be worth great sums or naught,
In paper bound or calf infurled;
Here lies the treasure that I sought;
Give me a book—and take the world.

I care not if it be a thing
That bibliomaniacs would prize,
Great verse that owns the epic's ring,
Or rhymes to Cynthia's blue eyes;
The counsel of the sages wise,
A bit of pathos tear impearled,
All, all I love, nor one despise;
Give me a book—and take the world.

Missal embossed with blue and gold,
Fresh sample of the printer's art,
A first edition torn and old,
Each has its corner in my heart;
A modern novel gay and smart,
Romance with hero frilled and curled,
Behold, I choose the better part;
Give me a book—and take the world.

L'Envoi.

Seller of books, a lover prays
That not at her your wrath be hurled.
Haunt you she must through all her days;
Give me a book—and take the world.—*Ex.*

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Dear readers, with this number of THE MUHLENBERG we are making our debut on the stage of college journalism. The bell has rung. The curtain is rising. As it slowly disappears it brings into view the different characters. The play is an old one and the several roles have been interpreted in many different ways. We go on a little uncertain, perhaps dazzled by the glare of lights, yet with a steady tread. We expect to be a little more at ease after our first appearance, and shall try to be worthy of the mantle left us by the former staff, acting our parts according to our ability. Making you our initial bow and bidding you a hearty greeting, we leave our success into the hands of the future.

Fellow students, we are venturing on an uncertain sea. With your co-operation we think we can make this a success, but without it a failure must be inevitable. We depend upon you, chiefly, for our material. There always has been somewhat of a lack of finished work, not so much on account of inability as of the non-expenditure of the proper amount of time. It has also been noticed that poetry, in particular, has been lacking, those having the ability perhaps not having the confidence, for there surely must be some poetic minds amongst us. In these things, fellow-students, we ask your hearty aid and support, and hope that you will respond.

* * *

We are glad to note that the spirit of the institution is changing somewhat. Little disturbances, which go to make up the history of a class, are not stopped so quickly as before. And why should they be? Does it not seem more honorable to fight it out with your antagonist face to face—the upperclassmen being there and doing away with any foul play—than to go behind his back and fight him by piling his belongings on a heap in the center of a room, and bedaubing it with paint, etc.? This shows that a more manly spirit is becoming prevalent, and that instead of unfair contests, they would rather engage in fair ones. We also notice that athletics, so long discouraged, are not looked upon with such an evil eye as formerly, and think that this will be a good way to work off the surplus energy of some of our students and develop others. We think that athletics would have been countenanced before had the grounds needed for them been within our domain. Yet if athletics are indulged in even to a small extent they will no doubt draw an additional number of students, therefore making the need of new buildings more imperative than ever before, helping many others to see the need and encouraging them to aid in the work of securing them. We also hope that if athletics are engaged in to any extent, all professionalism will be done away with from the start, and that nothing but the most gentlemanly and honorable conduct will characterize those who compete for Muhlenberg.

* * *

College opened very auspiciously this year, the day itself appearing as a good omen, breaking forth bright and clear, while the birds themselves seemed to be singing songs of welcome. Everyone seemed to be in good spirits, and when the old bell rang to call us together again, it seemed strangely familiar. To some it called through many years, while to others it brought to mind the memories of only a few recent years. We may travel far and hear the call of bells in many different climes, but none appeals to us like the old college

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bell, calling back the memories of the happiest days of our lives. What wonder, then, so many dreamy, far-away faces at the ringing of the bell?

The opening address was appreciated very much, the subject considered being thoroughly understood, and the whole being delivered with a force born only of conviction. How we were afterwards thrilled when our revered President announced that a larger number of students had applied this year than any other year! Shall we not feel justly proud that Fortune is beginning to smile upon us? O Muhlenberg! take courage, you have a future before you. And we feel that you will not disappoint us, so that when we come back after many years, we may see you in all your glory, which you certainly deserve.

* * *

We are indebted to Mr. Geo. L. Raether, '01, for the drawing which adorns our cover.

Personals and Locals.

Just arrived—cool wave and Allentown Fair.

This year, which ushers into our midst the Class of 1904, promises to be a prosperous one. At this writing the Freshmen stand thirty-six strong.

The Sophomore Class suffered a loss of five men, viz, Fischer, Snyder, Mayer, Butz, and Raudenbush. By an unusual addition of seven new men they now number twenty-nine.

Five of our student-body hail from Perkiomen Seminary; and ten, all '04, are graduates of the Class of 1900 of Allentown High School.

What is it? (Wuchter.)

Appel, Lindenmuth, Moyer, and Scholl, all '02, and Yoder, '01, served very efficiently during the summer months in the employ of Davies & Thomas Co.'s foundry located at Catasauqua.

Dr. B. (in Meteorology class): "Mr. Schmoyer, is the earth fixed or movable?"

Schmoyer: "Fixed."

The Freshmen have elected the following class officers: President, Kriebel; Vice-President, H. Ritter; Secretary, Huntsinger; Treasurer, Dennis; and Monitor, Keboch.

Miller, '02 (in Universal History): "Doctor, Queen Elizabeth was a queer old maid. They are not all like her."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Miller, you seem to know all about them."

In a rush on the stairs between the Freshmen and Sophomores a well-fought, yet not decisive, encounter ensued.

Neff, '03, made a short trip to Catasauqua and visited Lynn, '02.

Appel, '02 (in Latin): "I can't see that double."

Dr. Ettinger: "Now, Allen, you don't want to see that double."

Leefeldt, '03, says "boarding-house jokes have their points on toothpicks."

The Freshmen have received a challenge from the Sophomores for a game of foot-ball. The Freshmen will evidently accept.

Dr. W. (to Juniors): "Man is not an animal, but at times he makes an animal of himself."

Kuehner, '02 (discussing history of England in 55 B.C.): "And the villas were heated with steam heat."

Balliet, '02, has entered the employ of the new telephone company in the capacity of an assistant surveyor.

Lynn, '02, spent the summer months as a clerk in one of the offices of the Government Works at Bethlehem.

Junior (practicing self-consciousness of a pig): "Wootz! Wootz!"

Prof. in Psychology: "That's uncalled for, gentlemen. You are no longer Freshmen.

The Class of 1904 elected Haines as manager and Kriebel as captain of their foot-ball team.

The Sophs elected Youse captain and Shimer manager of their foot-ball team. The Sophomores feel sure of gaining a brilliant victory.

Moravian Seminary of Bethlehem is anxious to carry off the laurels of the gridiron in a game with our College team.

The Sophomores are at present assuming an industrious disposition in that they are confronted with the call for a leaf herbarium. They apparently enjoy their in-between-time strolls, and well they may; for who is there so base among all who ever reached Sophomoric wisdom, that could not hold communion with nature's visible forms for but a few short weeks?

The Class of 1902 elected the following officers, viz: President, Beck; Vice-President, Appel; Secretary, Woodring; Treasurer, Gable; and Monitor, Ink.

The Class of 1900 has presented Dr. Wackernagel's recitation-room with a beautiful and substantial eight-day clock.

Prof. J. Richmond Merkel, principal of the Academic Department, and Worth, '01, spent several weeks of their vacation season with Geiger, '02, who accompanied them on a two weeks' trip on sea from Philadelphia to Norfolk, Va., and back. Their boat, the "Maid of the Mist," carried twenty souls, six of them sailors and servants, and fourteen of the number comprising the Norristown Bay Club. The trip was a delightful one, full of marine experience, and rich with sights for the observer. An occasional landing afforded them an opportunity to view an American gunboat, twelve hundred veteran soldiers dining in one hall, Old Point Comfort Hotel, and the historic battleground in and about Yorktown, the site of Revolutionary and Civil War fame, etc. Oyster fishing was a specialty.

Just out—Telford's tonsorial side-shows.

It's an encore. What? Schmoyer's mustache.

The Franklin Literary Association elected the following officers: President, Rubrecht, '01; Vice-President, Freed, '02; Secretary, Dr. Ettinger; Treasurer, Dr. Bauman; Curators, Drumheller, '01; and Beck, '02.

The Junior German Society elected Dr. Wackernagel president, Fegley secretary and Kistler treasurer.

The Athletic Association effected a permanent organization, electing Geiger, '02, president; Beck, '02, vice-president; Bartholomew secretary; Hamm, '01, treasurer; Serfass, '01, monitor; Reagle, '01, temporary captain of foot-ball team; and Freed, '02, manager of foot-ball team.

Dr. Ettinger: "Give principal parts of *pono.*"
Geisinger, '03: "Pono, ponere, pony."
Dr. Ettinger: "That's a bad practice."

When Sherer, '04, saw that he had written judges "judes," he said, "Gee! I forgot the *g.*"

Bauman: "A : b : : c : d, d, as the fourth term finishes up the———. What, Mr. Huntsinger?"
H.: "The procession."

Yoder, '01, Raether, '01, Schmoyer, '01, and Moyer, '02, spent the latter part of August in Philadelphia.

Leefeldt, '03, shortly before he awoke after passing his first night in College, formed a beautiful vision of his room at home and expecting to see the familiar scenes of his childhood, opened his eyes, but to his great amazement found that he had slept in a "cigar box."

Geiger, '02, became afflicted with nostalgia and went home on the 11th of September, expecting to return on the 19th.

Dr. Bauman to Mr. Appel: "Do we have any other equation besides the one for the Straight Line?"
Mr. Appel: "For the Straight Curve."

Acker, '04, and Griesemer, '04, have joined the Delta Theta Fraternity.

On the evening of September 5 a large number of the students enjoyed Frank Daniels in the scenic opera "Ameer," at the Lyric.

The College Glee Club reorganized and elected Serfass, '01, president; Kline, '01, director; and Rupp, '02, business manager. The following is a list of the members: First tenors, Wackernagel, '01, Weaver, '03, Henninger, '04, Reichard, '04; second tenors, Rupp, '02, Heilig, '02, Bickel, '01; first basses, Uhrich, '02, and Geisinger, '03; second basses, Serfass, '01, Woodring, '02, and Acker, '04.

Our Alumni.

'70.—Rev. William K. Frick, Milwaukee, Wis., is president of the English Lutheran Synod of the Northwest. He is also the English recording secretary of the General Council.

'70.—St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Freeland, Pa., Rev. J. J. Kuntz, pastor, having undergone extensive repairs, was reconsecrated on August 19.

'70.—On the 12th of June St. Michael's Lutheran Sunday-school, of Germantown, Pa., Dr. S. A. Ziegenfuss, pastor, celebrated its eighty-third anniversary.

'72.—Rev. William A. Beates, Amanda, Ohio, is president of the Southeast Conference of the Lutheran Synod of Ohio.

'77.—During the past summer Rev. M. L. Zwirzig, Reading, Pa., and Rev. J. F. Beates, '80, Conewago, Pa., made a bicycle tour through parts of Europe, including the Paris Exposition and the Passion Play at Oberammergau.

'78.—Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Lancaster, Pa., is announced as one of the speakers on Seminary Day at Mt. Airy, Thursday, September 27.

'79.—From a Rochester (N. Y.) paper of recent date is clipped the following interesting item:

Yesterday was celebrated at the North German Evangelical Lutheran Concordia Church as the eighteenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. C. N. Conrad. In the morning there was a special anniversary sermon preached by Mr. Conrad, the subject of which was "The Ministry." In his sermon the pastor brought out the many responsibilities that fall upon the shoulders of the clergyman. After a short talk on the general work of a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Conrad gave a brief review of his connection with Concordia Church.

Aside from some excellent singing by a large chorus choir, there was a solo of especial merit, Adams's "Holy City," translated into German and sung by Miss Pauline Shipper. The church was handsomely decorated with plants, cut flowers, and palms, which had been banked about the altar, pulpit, and in the baptistry by the ladies of the church. The church was crowded to the doors, there being fully one thousand people present.

Mr. Conrad took charge of the Concordia Church when it was in its infancy and numbered but about 100 families in its congregation. Now there are fully 800 families, numbering in all some 3,800 souls, and it also boasts of a parochial school building and a Sunday-school of some 900 members. During his pastorate Mr. Conrad has been instrumental in the organization of the churches at Brockport, Kendall, Byron Center, Charlotte, and West Henrietta, and the Bethlehem congregation of East Rochester.

During his eighteen years of service at this church, Mr. Conrad has found time, aside from that occupied by the duties devolving upon him as a pastor, to take a post-graduate course in psychology, and, after passing the requisite examinations, to obtain the degree of doctor of philosophy, and also to take a two years' course in civil jurisprudence. Mr. Conrad obtained his degree of Ph.D. at Teall College, Pa., in 1897, and this fall he will take up a post-graduate course in higher theology at Fulton College, Ill.

'80.—At the last annual commencement of the Hokendauqua High School, Dr. George T. Ettinger delivered the address to the graduating class on "The Mission of the Public School."

'81.—Joseph W. Mayne, of Allentown, Pa., has severed his ministerial connection with the Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and is a candidate for legislative honors on the Democratic ticket of Lehigh County. At the Democratic primaries he defeated Rev. M. J. Kramlich, '69, who was seeking a renomination.

'82.—We have received a very interesting copy of the *Reformed Church Messenger*, called the "Bethany Number," containing a historical and descriptive account of Bethany Orphans' Home, at Womelsdorf, Pa. Rev. Thomas M. Yundt is the successful superintendent of this institution. His admirable address at the opening of the College on "The College Graduate in Practical Charity Work" is mentioned elsewhere in these columns.

'83.—We were very glad to have an old-time chat with Rev. William A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, who spent several weeks with relatives and friends in the East.

'83.—Rev. J. O. Schlenker, of Hazleton, Pa., and Rev.

J. J. Kuntz, of Freeland, Pa., are respectively president and secretary of the Sunday-school convention of the Wilkes-Barre Conference.

'84.—The address of Rev. Elmer F. Krauss, who has been elected to a professorship in the Chicago Theological Seminary, is 1309 Waveland Ave., Lakeview Station, Chicago.

'84.—Rev. J. O. Leibensperger, pastor of the Lincoln Charge, Lancaster County, Pa., having resigned to accept a call to serve churches at Fleetwood, Topton, and Rockland, has been induced to withdraw his resignation and remain in his present field of labor.

'84.—Rev. O. E. Pflueger, of Elizabethville, Pa., and Rev. J. N. Wetzler, Ph.D., '79, of Sunbury, Pa., made addresses at the annual Susquehanna reunion.

'85.—On Sunday, September 2, Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., of which Rev. William Hoppe is the very efficient pastor, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the first church building, and at the same time rededicated the present church, which has been largely remodeled.

'86.—During the summer we had the pleasure of having a call from Dr. Elmer P. Kohler, now the head professor of Chemistry in Bryn Mawr College.

'87.—Reuben J. Butz, Esq., has been elected to the very responsible position of trust officer of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Allentown, Pa.

'89.—Rev. J. H. Raker recently addressed the Catawissa Central Luther League on "Impressions made during a European tour of Lutheran Churches, of special interest to our Lutheran young people."

'90.—*The Lutheran* of September 6 contains a very interesting article on "The Sunday Blue Laws of Pennsylvania," by Evan B. Lewis, Esq., of Philadelphia.

'91.—Martin S. Harting has been elected a teacher in the Allentown High School.

'91.—The Woman's Missionary Society of Christ Lutheran Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rev. H. F. Seneker, pastor, recently celebrated its fourth anniversary, on which occasion, Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph.D., '92, of Scranton, Pa., made an address on "Moral and Social Conditions in China."

'91.—Mrs. Martha L. Shimer, wife of Joseph P. Shimer, of the carpet firm of Shimer, Laub & Weaver, died yesterday afternoon at quarter past three o'clock at her home, South Tenth Street, after an illness of twelve days from typhoid fever. Mrs. Shimer was a very sick woman, but her condition was such that her friends were greatly encouraged until yesterday morning, when the change for the worse took place and was speedily followed by death. The news of Mrs. Shimer's demise was a great shock to her many friends. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved husband and children. Mrs. Shimer was a daughter of the late Reuben Dutt and was married four years ago. She is survived by her husband, two children, Madeline and Harriet, besides her mother and two sisters, Mrs. William R. Yeager and Miss Mellie Dutt. Mrs. Shimer was a lady of amiable disposition, loved by all who knew her intimately, and possessed of those graces of heart and mind which endeared her to a large circle of warm friends. In the circle in which she moved her departure will be sadly missed, and the grief which has befallen the family is shared by many who are not related to her by the ties of kinship.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'92.—Rev. E. M. Beysher has accepted a call to Sayre, Pa.

'93.—We were pleased to meet Prof. Charles E. Roos and wife, who spent their vacation in the North. He is still teaching in New Orleans.

'95.—Prof. John Sandt and family, of Thiel College, Greenville, Pa., spent their vacation in Allentown.

'96.—Rev. George A. Greiss, the newly elected pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, was installed last evening by Rev. Dr. J. A. Singmaster, the former pastor. The latter was assisted by Rev. S. H. Welty, of the Presbyterian Church, of McAllisterville, Juniata county, a brother-in-law of Mr. Greiss. Rev. Singmaster preached an eloquent sermon to the congregation from the text recorded in Exodus 17: 12, and followed with a charge to the pastor on the words of Peter 5:

12. The new pastor is a native of Allentown and is a son of G. G. Greiss. He graduated from the Kutztown Normal School, Class of '91, and for two years taught school at Alburtis. He then entered Muhlenberg College and graduated in 1896 and later graduated from the Gettysburg Theological Seminary, Class of '99. After his graduation he was elected pastor of Christ Lutheran Church, New Bloomsfield, Perry county, and remained there until called to St. Paul's Lutheran Church. He is a fine speaker, an able theologian, and a young man of brilliant talents, who will prove an able successor to Dr. Singmaster.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'96.—Rev. M. U. Reinhard has resigned his charge at Grantville, Pa., and removed to Allentown.

'96.—On September 2 the corner-stone of St. John's Lutheran Church of Mohnsville, Pa., was laid. We acknowledge the receipt of a neatly-printed invitation from the pastor, Rev. M. H. Stettler, and congratulate him upon this visible proof of his activity.

'96.—S. A. Bridges Stopp, a senior in the Mt. Airy Seminary, recently preached a good Lutheran sermon in St. John's Church, Allentown.

'97.—Rev. William M. Kopenhaver now is pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, Macungie, Pa.

'97.—Harry K. Lantz, a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary, has been doing mission work in Indiana.

'97.—We acknowledge the receipt of an illustrated postal card from Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, from his birthplace, Stockton-on-Tees, England. He is re-visiting his old home before sailing for India, where he will enter the Lutheran mission field.

'98.—Edwin T. Laubach is associated with his father in the slate business at Catasauqua, Pa.

'98.—Will E. Steckel, a senior in the Princeton Theological Seminary, spent his vacation in mission work in Minnesota.

'99.—Ambrose A. Kunkle has been elected teacher of the Tenth Ward Grammar School of Allentown.

'99.—Charles H. Reagle is teaching at Stroudsburg, Pa.

'99.—William J. Seiberling is a student in the Chicago Theological Seminary.

'99.—Peter S. Trumbower is succeeding in the coal and lumber trade at Nazareth, Pa.

1900.—We understand that Arthur G. Flexer, Allentown, intends to enter the Princeton Theological Seminary.

1900.—Robert R. Fritch, as assistant to Prof. O. J. G. Schaadt, '78, of Philadelphia, has been tutoring candidates for Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, and Dickinson, in Latin, Greek, French, and Mathematics.

1900.—Raymond W. Lentz is reading law with Frank M. Trexler, Esq., '78, and Frank Jacobs, Esq., Allentown.

Exchanges.

The Ladies' Home Journal is always received with delight. Its appearance is attractive and its contents interesting. The September number, under the heading of "One Hundred Years in the White House," contains a well-told history of that famous house from its founding to the present time. Twelve illustrations accompany the article, showing different views of the building at various times of its existence.

The article entitled, "The Anecdotal Side of Phillips Brooks," is very interesting and sets forth many incidents in the life of that great man, as well as certain traits of character which cannot be learned from the ordinary biographer.

The illustrations under the title, "Through Picturesque America," are admirable, and the drawings in the series of "A. B. Frost's Country Folks" are true to life.

Judging from the announcement of the publishers, the opening volume of the twentieth century can be hailed with joy.

The Lafayette was the first college monthly to reach us. An editorial in the same, after welcoming the student-body and greeting the new students, contains the following sound statement: "Four departments of college life build up the ideal college man, viz, the mental, the physical, the religious, and the social."

The F. and M. Weekly, in reviewing the opening address delivered by Dr. R. C. Schiedt, gives a brief historic survey of Franklin and Marshall College.

Among the editorials of *The Weekly Gettysburgian* a strong plea for the support of the Athletic Association is put forth. This seems to show that the time is not distant when every institution of learning must provide for the development of the body as well as for mental development.

In North Carolina the illiteracy among the negroes, according to an estimate made not very long ago, is said to amount to 60 per cent., and that among the whites to 23 per cent. In other words, 336,010 North Carolinians whose skins are black, and 292,847 whose skins are white, do not know much. Such illiteracy has a significant bearing on crime.—*Ex.*

Education is not teaching people what they do not know, but to behave as they do not behave.—*Ex.*

To live is not merely to breathe, it is to act, it is to make use of our senses, our faculties, and of all those parts of ourselves which give us the feeling of our existence. The man who has lived most is not he who has counted the greatest number of years, but he who has most thoroughly felt life.—*Ex.*

Literary Notes.

The principal and most constant occupation of the learned Benedictine nuns was the transcription of manuscripts. It is difficult to estimate too highly the extent of the services rendered by these feminine hands to learning and to history throughout the Middle Ages. They brought to the work a dexterity, an elegance of attainment, and an assiduity which the monks themselves could not attain, and some of the most beautiful specimens of caligraphy which have been preserved from the Middle Ages are the work of the nuns. The devotion of nuns as scribes began, indeed, with the early ages of Christian times. Eusebius speaks of young maidens whom the learned men of his time employed as copyists. In the fifth century, S. Melania, the younger, distinguished herself by the beauty and exactness of her transcripts. In the sixth century the nuns of the convent at Arles, incited by the example of the Abbess of St. Cesaire, acquired a no less brilliant reputation. In the seventh century, S. Gertrude, who was learned in the Holy Scriptures, sent to Rome to ask not only for works of the highest Christian poetry, but also for teachers capable of instructing her nuns to comprehend certain allegories. In the eighth century, S. Boniface begged the abbess to write out for him in golden letters the Epistle of S. Peter. Cæsarius, of Arles, gave instructions that in the convents which had been founded by him, and the supervision of which rested with his sister, the "Virgins of Christ" should give their time between their prayers and psalms to the reading and to the writing of holy works. In the eighth century the nuns of Maseyk, in Holland, busied themselves in a similar fashion, not only in writing, but particularly in illuminating (*etiam scribendo atque pingendo*), in which they became proficients.

In the ninth century the Benedictine nuns of Eck on the Meuse, and especially the two abbesses, Harlinde and Renilde, attained great celebrity by their caligraphic work and by the beauty of the illuminated designs used in their manuscripts. In the time of S. Gregory VII, a nun at Wessobrunn, in Bavaria, named Diemude, undertook to transcribe a series of important works, the mere enumeration of which would startle modern readers. These works formed, as we read in the saint's epitaph, a whole library, which she offered as a tribute to S. Peter. The production of this library still left time for Diemude to carry on with Herluca, a nun in the neighboring convent of Eppach, a correspondence remarkable as well for its grace of expression as for its spiritual insight. A list of her transcripts is given in the section on the *scriptorium*.

Among other convent scribes is recorded the name of the nun Gita, in Schwarzenthau, who made transcripts, about 1175, of the writings of her abbot, Irimbert. In Mallesdorf, at about the same time, a nun of Scottish parents, named Leukardis, who understood Greek, Latin, and German, was active in the *scriptorium*, and her work excited so much admiration that the monk Laiupold, himself a famous scribe, instituted in her memory an *anniversarium.*

Brother Idung sent his dialogues concerning the monks of Clugni and the Cistercians to the nuns of Niedermunster, near Regensburg, *ut legibiliter scribatur et diligenter emendetur ab aliquibus sororibus.* In the same century (the twelfth) the names of Gertrude, Sibilia, and other nuns, appear on the transcripts of the codex, written for the *Domini Monasterienses*, which codex came into the library of Arnstein in exchange for a copy of the *Pastorals* of Gregory. Johann Gerson, writing in 1423, refers with cordial approbation to some beautiful copies prepared by the nuns, of the works of Origen. In St. Gall, where the literary activity of the monks has already been referred to, the nuns in the convent of St. Catharine were, in the thirteenth, and in the first half of the fourteenth, centuries, also engaged in preparing transcripts of holy books.—From *Geo. Haven Putnam's* "*Books and Their Makers During the Middle Ages.*"

A writer may be sincere and earnest when he juggles his own name with those of Christ and the French Jew, Dreyfus, but that hardly excuses him. A man might steal your wallet sincerely and earnestly, and still be a little blameworthy. Mr. Wm. T. Stead has "written up" the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and calls the result "The Crucifixion" (Davis & Co.).

In his preface he says he has two qualifications for this work—he might have said three. The first is that he saw, with his own eyes, the events he describes; the second that he has been on trial for his life under a false accusation, and knows how it feels. Then he speaks sympathetically of Dreyfus. Yellow journalism is bad enough, but a bitterer curse is yellow religion.—*The Criterion.*

In his book, "The Boers in War," Howard C. Hillegas, the author of "Oom Paul's People," gives an admirable character sketch of General DeWet, the Boer warrior who has for the fourth time managed to elude the British army columns sent to capture him. Mr. Hillegas spent several weeks with DeWet's commandoes and had excellent opportunities for studying the man and his methods.

DeWet was a butcher and a farmer before the war, and he at one time attempted to "corner" the potato market in Johannesburg. DeWet was one of the men who climbed Majuba Hill and assisted in defeating the British in that memorable battle in 1881; but that was his only experience in warfare, the author says, before he began his wonderful career in this war. The book is illustrated with many excellent photographs taken by the author, but none is more interesting than that of General DeWet, who is represented in his "fighting clothes," which consist of the same suit he wore on his farm when he was called upon to lead his countrymen against the British forces.—*Phila. Press.*

M. Zola is busily engaged on "Work," the second volume of his new series of social studies. It will be remembered that he occupied his period of exile in England by writing the first—"Fruitfulness." The third and fourth will be "Truth" and "Justice." When completed the series will embody M. Zola's social gospel. "Work" may be published in March next, but a later date is more probable.—*Phila. Press.*

In the previous works of Mr. Robert Grant, penetrating and clever as they are, there is nothing to prepare one for such an achievement as this novel which he has so subtly fitted with the title of "Unleavened Bread." The talent herein displayed has a solidity, inclusiveness, and direct strength which almost compel the critic to call it genius—naturally the last thing the critic desires to do when writing of a contemporary.

But it does lack one essential of greatness. If it had the rare touch of sympathy, of human kindliness, I should have felt forced to confess its author to be one of the great masters of modern fiction. But Mr. Grant has no tolerance, no large pity, for the womanhood of his creation. His irony plays upon her coldly and we feel that he is glad to watch the shriveling of her warped soul. Selma, and all her class, and all that she stands for get no more than they deserve at Mr. Grant's brilliant hands. But the great masters never quite forget the quality of mercy, and never quite deny some distant hope.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER, 1900. No. 2.

A Plea for the Greek Testament.

R. R. FRITSCH, '00.

I.

Whatever the defects of the New Testament dialect of the Greek language when compared with the classical Greek may be, there is still a peculiar charm in the easy narrative style which appeals even to a beginner in the language. This refers to its literary aspect. There is, however, another side to the question, often referred to in sermons, which has to do not with literary culture but with the religious faculties of man. What is more, I fear that those who have a fair knowledge of Greek, who have yet neglected their spiritual being, will hardly grasp in its entirety the real meaning of this paper. I wish to point out to you, my reader, the practical benefit you may derive from the study of the Greek Testament, if pursued as follows.

We know and believe that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God (the Greek original is God-breathed). Hence every word that is used has a meaning and is not chosen at random. From this I conclude, and have tested it to my personal satisfaction, that the way to get the most out of a verse in the Testament is to take the original, translate it word for word, and then study it word for word. If the word is a compound, separate it, and get the hidden and primary meaning out of each component. To illustrate, I wish to show in a series of two or three papers throughout the year how many an evening may be spent with pleasure and much profit by following such a course of study.

If we take the word translated "agree," viz, *symphoneo* and find the different verses in which it is used, we could write volumes on the thoughts to be found therein. The word itself is a compound of *syn* "with" and *phone* "sound," which gives us our English word "symphony." Those who have heard Beethoven's second or fifth symphony played by a metropolitan orchestra alone can realize what is the real force of the word, and as a result such men will read more into and get more out of a verse who can feel for themselves the underlying thought of the original.

To begin with, let us take Luke **15 : 25**, where we read, "his elder son drew nigh to the house and heard music," where the word "music" is in the original *symphonia*, the noun for the verb in question. Men have written and men have spoken of the joy in that house when the prodigal returned, but does it not give us a little stronger idea of the joy that filled the father's heart when we read the word "symphony" into our everyday word "music." Those instruments were tuned a little better than usual, the performers were a little more careful than was their wont; in short, instead of an ordinary, everyday musical concert, there was a glorious symphony in which every heart and instrument beat in perfect unison with the spirit of the occasion. What a new meaning we may read into the seventh verse of the same chapter: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Gabriel is leading that glorious symphony with his trumpet, accompanied by a mighty chorus of angels and archangels, while David is signing a new psalm, and even Job himself joins in a major instead of a minor strain. The harps and the psalteries, the instruments of ten strings and the cornets all unite in this grand symphony with a mighty "ensemble" echoing and reëchoing throughout the walls of heaven.

In Matt. 20 : 2 we read, "He had agreed with the laborers for a penny a day," where "agreed" is from the same verb. This raises the question of labor and capital. Sad to say, there seems to be discord instead of harmony between the two parties all through the history of time. How pleasant it would be for all concerned if as in this verse there was a spirit of peace, perfect as a pianissimo in a symphony, reigning between employer and employee. As it is now, strikes compel the assembling of the militia. Revolvers, guns, and cannon oftentimes belch forth threatening clouds of smoke and death-dealing bullets. The volleys of the guns seem like mighty chords, the cannon a thundering bass, while pistols and revolvers seem like accidentals coming in here and there, doing serious execution—anything but a glorious symphony.

In 2 Cor. 6 : 15 the question is asked, "What concord has Christ with Belial?" Concord is again the noun from the same verb. Christ and Belial are exactly opposed to each other. No Chopin, no Mozart could make a bass chord in the key of G harmonize with a treble chord in the key of D flat. Neither can a life be a perfect symphony which tries to serve God on the one hand and Mammon on the other. On the contrary, it becomes hypocrisy, a moral discord, avoided by everyone.

Those who may be further interested will find several instances more in Luke 5 : 36, Matt. 18 : 19, Acts 5 : 9, and Cor. 7 : 5, whence they may draw interesting lines of thought.

To conclude, I shall cite the verse in Acts 15 : 15, "And to this agree the words of the prophets,"—"agree" again being the word *symphoneo.* This verse reminds me at once of Handel's "Messiah," which, next to its proper name—Oratorio—I would call a Symphony of the Prophets, since most of the words of the libretto are taken directly from the prophets of the Bible. And such a symphony, opening with the tender words, "Comfort ye my people," going on to promise the Messiah to the sin-stricken world, telling how He should feed his flock and purify the sons of men. This, together with its magnificent choruses, shows plainly how that the prophets all join in foretelling the coming of the Messiah; and when he does come there bursts forth the great and mighty Hallelujah, followed by that inspiring chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," closing with the "Amen! Amen!" which will continue to be sung as long as the ages shall endure.

Who can conceive of a grander symphony than this—the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament; the solos of Miriam and David, the duets of David and Jonathan, of Boaz and Ruth, the choruses of the children of Israel, and above all the symphony of the prophets.

And so may time roll on, accompanied by the music—the symphony—of the spheres, until that grand symphony shall begin before the throne, taken up by voices from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, singing, "Blessing and honour and power and might be unto our God for ever and ever."

Thus beautiful thoughts may be derived from the serious study of a single word. In the next paper I shall treat the verb *dynamai* in the same manner, trusting that at least one more may thereby see the beauty and power of the Greek Testament and be attracted to search more earnestly for the inexhaustible treasures in that volume.

Autumn.

SAMUEL E. MOYER, '02.

Well has the poet William Cullen Bryant written, "The autumn days have come again, the saddest of the year;" and who is there that is permitted by the good dame Nature to live—to live in the ideal sense of living, with a feeling awake to all that objects animate or inanimate can inspire within him—who does not, as he sees the fresh green foliage bend its head to the biting frost and drop a dry and shrivelled mass to the earth, there again to take its place among the elements, sorrowfully notice the power of a mighty and unseen hand bringing to a close, as it were, the attractions of nature's show for the summer season.

The summer unearths it's boundless abundance of beauties and permits the æsthetic loving children of the universe to live in sweet communion with her visible forms. The trees are decked with their gayest foliage; the bush is crowned with its bower of fragrance; the hillside is carpeted with downy green; and the plain bears its waving columns of golden grain. The gay little birds, so beautifully plumaged, glide in and out among the branches and make their sudden darts as they pursue some bright-spotted little butterfly, which perchance flits around on the sweetest of the field-blossoms; the chipmunk, with his cunning little eyes wide awake for prospective intruders, busily gathers his daily sustenance; the ants work steadily on to fill their winter storehouse; the flocks enjoy the tender grass of the sweetly scented meadow; and the busy bee extracts from every little flower its treasure of honey. The farmer gleefully reaps his fields, content to feel that winter's famine shall not overtake him; whilst under the shady bowers of the forest-trees the merry group of picnickers give vent to their youthful vigor in sportive games. The shore along the sea is lined with merry pleasure-seekers, some hunting the pearly shells of the last flood-tide's deposit; some basking in the tanning sun; and others wrestling with the rolling waves as they break and shift about on the sand. Such I would picture summer life.

We live in perfect harmony with these diversions, until the great Ruler of the universe finds in his calendar of action the time for a change. Then, alas! we are carried into seeming discord. Some morning in autumn we awake and find to our surprise that Jack Frost has furnished a new robe for nature's plants. A glistening white dresses everything. Not long need we wait to notice a sudden change. In the midst of our admiration all nature receives a lovely attire. Where stood the tree with a solid green we now behold a tree with the brightest crimson, the richest yellow, and the fairest orange. We can hardly look toward the mountain-side without rapturously exclaiming some words expressive of the beauty of the sight. More than once have I watched this process; and as I saw the leaves put on their beautiful appearance, and in the highest stage of grandeur droop and die, I could not refrain from recalling the fate of lofty Rome, of proud Athens, and of the ancient Babylon and Nineveh. They had their golden age: they, too, saw their fall.

Soon all the leaves succumb to gravity, and the tree stands sad and bare. Where hung the sweetest blossoms now hang the mellow apple and the luscious pear. The hills look brown and the fields are seer. Alarmed the birds make haste for warmer regions; the butterfly secretes himself within his silky cocoon, there to undergo his strange metamorphosis; the chipmunk hides himself within the bough of some hollow tree; and the bee, with stiffened gait, seeks his cell and falls asleep within his hive. The tiny insects which lulled to sleep the wearied worker as he lay on his evening bed, have sought their subterranean chambers, there to enjoy a long repose. No longer do the cattle enjoy the freedom of the open field, the tender grass, and the crystal water of the running brook.

Everywhere do we notice a change. The earth seems to be altering before our very eyes. The soft, delicate, and beautiful mantle with which summer has clothed our earth is, as it were, cast off, leaving to us the rough, dry, and unsightly autumn apparel. But why should we despair? The God of the universe, who does all things well, is but accomplishing a part of His divine plan. He who makes the sun to rise over our eastern hills, after its seeming fall over the western horizon, would teach us, by giving us the change of seasons, that in the abundance of summer we must prepare for a day of want; and in the gloom of autumn we must settle upon a hearty trust that summer will surely come again. Hence the autumnal change should awaken in us the feeling of dependence upon a provident Father, and a faith that shall ever grow stronger.

There is an autumn to every life. Like the flowers we put forth the tender leaves of hope; we blossom in beauty; and then the cruel frost of time nips our heads and we die. Yea, verily, we all do perish as the leaf. Let us, therefore, act well our part during the short summer of our lives, to the end that when the ruthless hand of Time shall send its chilling summons we be ready to enter our retired station in life without regrets, without fear, without a murmur; and when death shall come to waft us away to fairer regions, we truly can wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down in pleasant dreams.

Political Parties.

Q. A. KUEHNER, '02.

At the present time, when there is so much political discussion, one may spend some time profitably in studying the history of political parties. Such study will show that all the political parties which have had control of our government, have stood for some great and noble principles in human government, a fact which many zealous partisans of our day overlook. Every one who reads the papers knows how some senseless politicians are now going about telling the people that if the Republican party gets control of the government, imperialism or any other form of injustice will have full sway, while some prophetic representatives of the Republican party predict a panic or something still worse if the Democrats get control of the government.

It is true that it is our right, and not only our right but our duty, to criticise and oppose corruption in politics. The American public should ever be awake to the doings of its lawmakers, and there is no denying that there is much with which to find fault; but it is nevertheless true that in criticising the corruption in politics we are apt to overlook the abiding principles of right which underlie our political life.

During the Colonial period there were no political parties in America. There was, however, some difference in public opinion, a portion of the people adhering to the prerogative of the king, while others were always watchful in guarding their own liberties.

During the Revolutionary period there were no organized political parties, but the people were divided into two unorganized masses known as Whigs and Tories, the former comprising the fighting patriots, and the latter the loyalists who opposed the war. After the war these names were dropped and for several years there was no special political distinction among the people.

When the Constitution was framed and put before the people many opposed its adoption; but the majority favored it, and these styled themselves Federalists, while those opposing it were called Anti-Federalists. But the Anti-Federalists were never an organized party, nor did they acknowledge the name which had been put upon them by their enemies.

The Federal party took control of the government in 1789, and remained in power for twelve years. It differed from all its successors in being more centralizing and less in sympathy with the masses of the people than any other. But the people were jealous of their liberties, and as the national government was a new thing there was a general fear that it would become tyrannical as England had been in the past. It was not long after the first administration had begun that a large portion of the people began to show signs of discontent with the monarchial form of government, as they called it, and the result was that an opposing political party came into being.

The leader of this movement was Thomas Jefferson, President Washington's Secretary of State. The new movement first assumed the name of political party about 1793, engaged in a vigorous contest with the Federal party in 1796, and at the end of the century gained control of the government.

Thus the first great political party in the United States fell to rise no more. It embodied much that was noble and of permanent value in human government. It had adopted the Constitution and guided the Ship of State successfully for twelve years. To President Washington we owe our attitude of non-interference in European affairs. Elson says, "The financial basis of our government to-day may be traced back until its roots are found in the brain of the great Federal leader, Alexander Hamilton."

As long as Jefferson lived he designated the party which he founded as Republican, or National Republican, but in 1828 the name Democratic was adopted, a name first given in derision to the party by its enemies. The term Democratic is, therefore, employed to designate the party of Jefferson. The difference between the Federal and Democratic parties lay chiefly in the fact that the former was unfriendly to popular government, while the latter advocated the largest possible share in the Government by the common people.

After the Federal party ceased to be a factor in national politics the Democrats had their own way for a long period. The party, however, began to divide into factions in 1824, and in 1834, one of these factions, headed by Henry Clay, determined to break away from the old party and to organize a new one. Hence the Whig party, a great rival of the Democratic party for twenty years, came into existence. When the Whig party disappeared in the early fifties the Democrats again had a monopoly of national affairs. This hold on the country seemed to promise another long lease of government. but some mistakes, such as the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, brought about a political revolution and deprived the party of national control for a quarter of a century.

The Democratic party did a great deal toward making our country what it is. To it we are indebted for the acquisition of every State and Territory beyond the Mississippi River, and for Florida—more than half of our national domain. To it we owe the Independent Treasury, and the destruction of the United States Bank. This party has made numerous errors, but to assert that it does not rest on sound principles of government is to impute to a large number of American citizens during a century of our history unpardonable insincerity.

The Whig party differed from the Democratic in being more centralizing in its tendencies. The party was patriotic but unfortunate. It had twice elected a President, but each died in office before his term was half finished. The Whig party was beaten by the Democrats in all its measures. It received its final blow in 1852 in the defeat of General Scott for the presidency.

There is a little town in Wisconsin, Ripon, in Fond du Lac County, which claims to be the birthplace of the Republican party. At a meeting held there in 1854 a series of resolutions were passed declaring that a new party should be organized and that its name should be "Republican." A report of this meeting was published in the *New York Tribune.* This meeting is perhaps the first rivulet from which the stream of Republicanism took its rise. Similar movements followed in Vermont, Michigan, and Ohio. Before the close of 1855 nearly all the Northern States had shown through their elections the disapproval of the Democratic party.

Pittsburg became the official birthplace of the Republican party, for in 1856 a meeting was held in that city, at which every Northern State was represented except California, to lay the foundation of a new national party. The same year the candidates of the new party for the presidency were defeated, but in 1860 the party got into power and remained in power till 1884.

This party has done much that is of permanent value in our Government. Many of its acts will ever be remembered, one of which marks an era in our history and in the onward march of civilization, one that will stand forever as a monument of unfading glory to the party that achieved it, and that is the permanent overthrow of human slavery in America.

We have mentioned the four political parties which have been at the head of our Government since it was founded. All rest upon many good principles of government. Two of them are still existing, and to reject their good principles as some politicians do is disgusting to every fair-minded person who has read the history of our country.

True Mastery.

JOHN B. GEISINGER, '03.

History furnishes us with examples of men and women whose character and deeds seem to light up with a glowing brightness the era in which they lived, and the vastness of whose attainments and the immensity of whose varied powers are objects of boundless admiration to their contemporaries as well as to their posterity. In reading the biographies of such veterans of fame we often ask ourselves, What is the secret underlying the accomplishment of their grand achievements? We reply, They were masters of the situation. Let us consider briefly what we mean by that expression.

A great mastery—like that of Wellington, Bismarck, or Washington—is not so common in the world as to excite no surprise. True mastery is a combination of a number of supreme qualities. It is heroism; it is culture; it is faith; it is intelligence; it is endurance; it is unconquerable will.

There are and have been men who to a great extent have been the happy possessors of these qualities; men of conviction whose very faces seemed to gleam with radiant beams of perfection and purity. There are noble women in whose eyes you may almost read the whole plan of salvation. What the world demands to-day of a great leader is, insight, foresight, and knowledge. The world wants men who have power—power to transmute calamity into greatness, power to do and to conquer. To a real leader nothing exists which can not be overcome. The word "impossible" can not be found in his vocabulary. Devotedness of purpose with strength of determination is his watchword, and with ardent zeal and untiring energy he struggles on till all danger is past and victory is certain. Then we say, lo! there is the man—the master of the situation.

If any man was ever master of the situation, from his boundless knowledge, abundant language, undaunted speech and quickness of perception, it was Edmund Burke. Goldsmith, Pitt, and others, have left on record eloquent testimony to his superiority of genius and to the striking fact that he was the best-informed man of his time. Did this great statesman acquire all this reputation in a careless, haphazard way? Did he rely only on his genius to bring him into parliament, to continue that long and brilliant career which is so interesting a part of English history? Never for a moment did he trust to his genius, but with a great care—studious and exhaustive care—produced every speech, every sentence he wrote.

All great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. In nine cases out of ten failure is born of unfaith. There is a faith so expansive, and a hope so elastic, that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till he is past danger and triumph is his. Such a man was Cyrus Field, who spent so many years of his life in a long, hard struggle in the perfection of the telegraphic project. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil were his. He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic. Every failure was met by repeated energy, and at length the spirit of this brave man was rewarded in the completion of a means of communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country. By virtue of this grand achievement we may safely include Cyrus W. Field among the world's great masters.

We can not sufficiently admire the wisdom of the pure statesman, and the skill and bravery of some of the world's unconquerable veterans, who by unwearied exertions in the cabinet and in the field have achieved for humanity glorious deeds of service and sacrifice.

How can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who with but a handful of undisciplined troops triumphed over a royal army and "prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle!" His name shall live forever upon the brightest page of the historian and be remembered with the warmest feelings of gratitude by those whose lives he has made happy. He needs not the aid of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory; no towering monumental pile is necessary to tell posterity of his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds alone, have rendered him immortal!

"It is what man was that lives and acts after him." The grave buries the dead dust but the character walks the world and distributes itself as a blessing or a curse among mankind. Thus Mahomet still lives in his practical and dangerous influence in the East. Napoleon still lives. Martin Luther's dead dust sleeps at Wittenberg, but Luther's accents ring to-day in all the churches throughout Christendom. Shakespeare, Byron, and Milton, all live in their influence for good or evil. The apostle from his chair, the minister from his pulpit, the martyr in his wounds, the soldier in the field, the sailor on ship, who have all passed away to their graves, still live in the practical deeds they did, in the lives they lived, and in the powerful lessons they left behind. Whether these influences are for good or evil, they are fraught with power. How blest must be the recollection of those who, like the setting sun, have left a trail of light behind them by which others may see the way leading along the paths of true mastery to that rest which remaineth with the people of God.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

As Muhlenberg and her friends are always so much in evidence, we cannot refrain from making a few jottings about the fair. In the words of the billboard, "the great, grand and glorious Allentown Fair" has come and gone; yet upon the minds of some of us it has left impressions, some of which are well-nigh indelible. Impressions which, perhaps, when hard pressed with cares and age, will come vividly before our minds again, and remind us of the time when we were boys back in old Allentown in the small years of nineteen hundred.

How refreshing and invigorating it is, after a few weeks' hard work, which always attend the opening weeks of a new collegiate year, to take off a few afternoons and, free from care, listen to the appealing and inspiring strains of the band, eat peanuts and drink red lemonade! How pleasant to run against old friends and exchange a few words! How instructive to study the people; the crowds that surge to and fro, and the fakirs who exhibit their many different kinds of wares. There is no doubt but that some are worse off for having been there, yet it should be a student's aim to master his desires as well as his mind and body. If we go in the right spirit we cannot fail to come off better for having been there.

We admit that college spirit is a good thing, but in all things we should use our judgment and common sense, that is, if we have any. It appears that some of the students are developing the one to the utter neglect of the other. To any sound-minded person it must appear that, if there is any place where college spirit ought to be eliminated, and meekness and reverence be observed, it is in the house of the Lord. The conduct of some of our students in chapel tends to show that they become forgetful of that passage in Scripture which says, "God will not be mocked!" To any right-minded person the conduct at times seems very disgraceful, to say the least. It certainly does not show off learning. Those who do these things should also bear in mind that they are grating on the nerves of others and shocking their sensibilities, which things they have no right to do. If order cannot be preserved unless by constant watching by those in authority, those students who are offended should band together and stop the nuisance at once.

We also think that it would be a sign of spirit in the right direction, if those who are in the habit of attending chapel, and who possess good voices, would congregate on the benches nearest the organ and lend a little timbre to the singing. It certainly would improve it somewhat, and would be good practice, besides making the morning services much more attractive and enjoyable.

* * *

We were congratulating ourselves upon the manly spirit that was pervading the place, but we find to our regret that the bully is still among us. We find that a number of lower-classmen—some of the largest, too—were abusing an innocent little Prep; one who has no organized class behind him, and who is not given to making himself disagreeable. The only reason given was that he was so innocent. Fine specimens of youth, who delight in abusing and making sport of innocence! What bright prospects for their becoming men in the future! We really had no idea that there were so many who would view such a spectacle without offering a dissenting voice. It may have been done in utter thoughtlessness, but we hope that those who were concerned will reflect on the matter and recognize the unmanliness of their course. Besides, a course of this sort is not benefiting the institution. as there are comparatively few preparatory students who room in the building, and who, if this course is further pursued, will eventually be driven away. We need all the students we can get, without driving any away unjustly, therefore the injury to the institution.

* * *

We are glad to see that the ice has been broken in the athletic line, which is very encouraging. It takes time to institute anything permanently, so that we cannot expect to get everything in good running order the first year, but since the start has been made, we feel that we are farther than we ever were before, and that eventually success will crown our efforts. Those who have been agitating the matter and who are carrying it forward are to be congratulated, and we hope that their efforts will be crowned with a successful issue.

* * *

It is greatly to be regretted that THE MUHLENBERG does not receive the support that it should from the student-body. There seems to be no desire beforehand in the minds of the students to write for its columns, but after a great deal of coaxing and begging the desire is sometimes inculcated and an article is produced. There has been no poetry received as yet this year, with a very poor outlook for the future. This shows a lack of interest in literary work which is not a very good sign. We hope that those who are in the least inclined toward literary work will reflect on these things and bestir themselves.

We are encouraged, now and then, with a good article from an alumnus, which is always thankfully received. Any other articles from alumni, who are so inclined, will be gladly received.

Personals and Locals.

Dropped—the leaves.

Latest.—Some people might profitably be less proud of their being proud that they are not proud.

Beck and Freed spent their Allentown Fair vacation at Beck's home in Orwigsburg.

Dr. W.: "Where is Glase?"
Student: "Evaporated."
Dr. W.: "No, that he could not do."

During Fair week Shalter was visited by Fred and Howard Adams, Chas. Kochert, and Morris Leibensberger, all hailing from Tuckerton.

Elmer Williamson, our well-known janitor, is confined to his bed with sickness.

Smith, C. (just home from the Fair): "Say, fellows, the girls must have been struck on me. I am all wet with cologne."

Brunner (in Latin translation): "And fools bumped against each other."
Dr. E.: "No, not quite, but it might be well if they did."

Worth and Raether spent Sunday evening, September 30, with their classmate, Yoder, in Catasauqua.

Appel, '02, Kriebel, '04, and Erdman, '04, joined the Delta Thetas.

Miller: "Doctor, the Irishman made a home run."
Dr. W.: "Miller, I will make you run home soon."

The wooden benches in the second-floor recitation-room, in use by Drs. Dowell and Bauman, have been removed, and substantial chairs placed in their stead.

Sophomore problem: How did the Freshmen get on the roof?

Prof. in English (treating on sense of smell): "Mr. Fegley, why should a man, while out hunting game, consider the wind?"
Fegley, '02: "There might be a draught."

Heckenberger, '02, attended a meeting of the State Luther League Convention held in the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Trinity, Norristown, in the capacity of one of the delegates from the district.

The Academic Department register shows an addition of the names of Sanford, Drach, Reichart, and Schell.

Latin Professor: "In what case is *nemini?*"

Beil, '04: "In the accusative."

Latin Professor: "No, the accusative ending is blind. It never has an i (eye) for an ending."

The College Orchestra seems to be materializing.

Geiger, '02, returned to College on September 26, and his many friends are glad to learn that he is again able to resume his studies.

Apple, '02, upon entering Dr. Ettinger's room, after the Freshmen had vacated it, said: "The air is rather foul in here, Doctor."

Dr. Ettinger: "Yes, that is what the Juniors said two years ago."

Wenrich, '01, and Shoefer, '01, delivered an address in English and German, respectively, on Sunday evening, September 30, at the Sunday-school anniversary of St. Peter's Church.

Bartholomew, '02, spent the closing days of September at his home in Sunbury.

Beck addressed the Luther League of Grace Lutheran Church, South Allentown, on September 28.

The Euterpean Literary Society elected the following officers: President, Rubrecht, '01; vice-president, W. P. Fetherolf, '01; secretary, Schlotter, '03; treasurer, A. Smith, '03; critics, Beck and Freed, '02; pianist, Walborn, '03.

The subject of the Sophomore Botanical Contest for this year is the Compositae Order.

Drs. Repass and Cooper attended the exercises held in connection with the opening of the seminary at Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.

On October 2, Dr. Seip attended the meeting of the State College Presidents, which was held at Harrisburg.

After several days of illness Professor Dowell has resumed his classes.

Rick, '04, has made a reputation for himself by his Shakesperean readings.

In danger of extermination—Rick's hirsute appendage.

In calling the roll of the Junior Class for the purpose of ascertaining whether the students had made satisfactory arrangements with Dr. Cooper, Dr. Ettinger said: "Mr. Rupp?"

Rupp: "I am paid up."

Dr. Ettinger: "You mean your bill is."

At a special meeting of the Franklin Literary Association the leading daily newspapers and monthly magazines were adopted.

Webb, '03, remained at home on October 2 on account of sickness in the family. It developed later that he nursed his sick dog. During the night the canine died. How sad!

Dr. W.: "Weider, do you know to which declension Käſe belongs?"

Weider: "To the strong declension, of course."

In the stillness of Saturday night, September 29, the Freshmen surprised the student-body by gaining the roof of the College building and hoisting their banner on the flag-pole. All day Sunday that banner floated in the breeze. The President, thinking that several carpenters could remove the banner more expeditiously than the Sophomores, acted accordingly, and on Monday afternoon the coveted trophy was hauled down and placed in the possession of Dr. Seip. The Sophomores, not to be outdone, in the darkness of Monday night painted '04 on every conspicuous place conceivable. The regulation paint was used.

A Sophomore said to Wuchter, "What is it, Wuchter?" The latter replied, "If anyone asked me what *it* is, I should tell him that *it* is a pronoun."

Drumheller, '01, who met with an accident on the rear campus on September 29 while playing right end on the regular eleven against the "scrubs," is improving very rapidly, and it is expected that in five weeks from time of accident he will be able to return to College.

Greismer (reading in Greek translation): "He said, I know that the young men will follow in being fresh——."

Dr. B.: "In being Freshmen."

At a meeting of the Latin Society it was decided to postpone its meetings until after Thanksgiving.

Athletics.

MUHLENBERG VS. URSINUS.

Not anticipating a game for a few weeks, our boys were not down to very hard training as yet. Verily, on Thursday afternoon a telegram was received from Ursinus asking for a game for Saturday. Not wishing to miss a chance of this sort they accordingly accepted, and although some were not at all in training, yet on Saturday afternoon they appeared on the field against Ursinus.

The heat was very oppressive and our men were too heavily clad; the new jerseys and outfits that were ordered had not yet arrived. The score was 41 to 0 in favor of Ursinus, but most of it was made during the first half; in the second half our boys holding them down pretty well, allowing them only one touchdown. The line-up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		URSINUS.
Shimer	left end	Price
Telford	left tackle	Hobson
Neubert	left guard	Place
Trexler-Gable	center	Kern
Ink	right guard	Roth-Trexler
Walborn-Bickel	right tackle	Lentz
Specht-Rubrecht	right end	Hoffman
Shalter	quarter back	Kelly
Youse	left halfback	Long
Kistler	right halfback	Farringer
Miller-Specht	fullback	Houck

Referee, Zimmerman, Ursinus; umpire, Saylor, Norristown; time of halves, 20 and 10 minutes; linemen, Leinbach, Ursinus; Beck, Muhlenberg; timekeepers, Freed, Muhlenberg; Alexander, Ursinus; touchdowns, Houck, 3; Lentz, 2; Hobson, 2; goals, Houck, 6.

MUHLENBERG VS. MORAVIAN.

Saturday morning broke cloudy and heavy and not a few had dire forebodings both as to the weather and as to the outcome of the game. Nevertheless the Fates were with us, for the rain neither descended, nor did the other side take away the game. In fact, neither side was very badly disappointed as the game resulted in a tie. The effects of a few weeks training, and a little team work, were very apparent in this game. The team work, as a whole, was good, and the condition of the boys was greatly improved over last game, yet both of these will be improved upon as a great amount of hard practice is yet before the boys, and a training table has been instituted to better their condition. The game throughout was a hard fight, every inch being hotly contested for. Fast, snappy foot-ball was indulged in, to the credit of both sides. The score was 0–0. Line-up:

MUHLENBERG 0.		MORAVIAN 0.
Shimer	left end	Miksch
Telford	left tackle	Albrecht
Ink	left guard	Helmich
Trexler	center	Snemper
Neubert	right guard	Frey
Bickel	right tackle	Gross
Beck	right end	Heidenich
Shalter	quarterback	Stengle
Kistler	right halfback	Nordson
Specht	left halfback	Madsen
Miller	fullback	Grabo

Referee, Geiger; umpire, Orth; timekeepers, Zerweck and Stocker; time, 20 and 15 minute halves.

NOTES.

Everything seems to tend toward a successful outcome for athletics.

Drumheller, who had his leg broken in a practice game, is getting along quite nicely.

Another step in the right direction has been taken, in the institution of a training table.

Manager Freed has been after some big game. We hope that he may be able to bag it.

Games are scheduled with Kutztown, Perkiomen Seminary, and another with Moravian.

Geiger has not been able to play this year on account of a bad strain, but has been lending valuable assistance at coaching.

Captain Reagle will not be allowed to play this year on account of his parents' objection. Miller has been elected to take his place.

After the Ursinus game, Coach Smith decided upon a rigid line of practice, and in the course of time a complete shaking-up is expected.

In the Ursinus game, Walborn had his knee wrenched, but will be able to be in the game soon again. All the other members of the team seem to be intact, and will line up against the scrubs every other night during the week.

The College foot-ball team will soon be equipped with the necessary accoutrements to engage in the real game of foot-ball. The campus has been marked off and goal-posts have been erected. The regular team will wear striped jerseys and stockings woven in College colors. Ursinus is booked for a game on October 6.

The game of foot-ball played on September 29 on the campus between the regular and a scrub team was a well-fought battle. The scrub team, captained by Smith, ex-Lafayette, and Kramlich, ex-Kutztown players, gave the regulars an excellent opportunity to display their dexterity. The game was witnessed by a large number of spectators. The end of the first half was marked by an accident in which Drumheller received a severe tumble and, as afterwards discovered, a broken leg. The ambulance of the Allentown Hospital was immediately summoned and in a short time he was under the care of skilled physicians. At the present writing he is reported as being in an improved condition, and it is hoped that he will soon be able to resume his studies. The second half was well played, and the score read 20–0 in favor of the regulars.

Exchanges.

The Midland of September publishes in full the opening address delivered before the students of the college by Mrs. Ella C. Beegle on "Culture in Education." The address is worthy of careful perusal. The magazine contains copious college news.

The Lafayette of September 28, 1900, contains a "calendar of events in which the college is in any way interested." This is to be a permanent insertion.

The Delineator of October contains a very interesting article on "The Women of China."

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

There's a gladness in her gladness
When she's glad;
There's a sadness in her sadness
When she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness,
Aren't a marker to the madness
Of her madness
When she's mad.—*Ex.*

The following was copied from a would-be Freshman's book:

Lives of students all remind us
We should pay no heed to looks,
But on passing leave behind us
Interlinings in our books;

Interlinings which another
Toiling hard midst grief and pain,
Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,
Reading ne'er shall flunk again.—*Ex.*

The F. and M. Weekly of October 3, 1900, appears with two extra pages on which three new professors of the college are presented to its readers and schedules of recitations are given.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge.

Latest statistics show that Great Britain consumes more beer than any other nation, whilst France is first amongst the wine-drinkers; Russia among the whiskey soakers and Germany among the consumers of coffee.

The heaviest smokers are the Dutch. As to national debts, France has twice as much as either Great Britain or Germany. Switzerland has the smallest debt.—*Ex.*

The Minnesota Magazine is brimful of interesting matter. Three articles especially attract our attention: "American College Foot-ball;" "Northern Lights," a short story, and "The Poetry of the Bible." Under the first caption, a general description of the game of foot-ball is given, and advantages of the game as well as the objections of those opposed to it are treated at length.

Our Alumni.

'73.—Rev. J. S. Erb, Slatington, Pa., is president of the Allentown Conference of the Pennsylvania Ministerium.

'78.—The *Philadelphia Ledger* of October 4 published a portrait of Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Lancaster, Pa., as a prominent member of the Luther League of Pennsylvania.

'83.—Ten persons were added to the membership of St. John's Lutheran Church, Bath, Pa., Rev. J. H. Ritter, pastor, on September 30. It was the day for the fall communion. The offerings have been so liberal that the apportionment for the present synodical year has already been raised—eight months ahead of time.—*The Lutheran.*

'83.—Rev. J. O. Schlenker, Hazleton, Pa., and Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, Freeland, Pa., are president and secretary of the Wilkes-Barre Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'84.—Rev. Herman C. Fox, D.D., former pastor of Harper Memorial Church, Philadelphia, was installed as pastor of the Freehold, N. J., Presbyterian Church, Monday evening. A large congregation was present. After the opening hymn Dr. Fox's infant daughter was baptized, Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D.D., of Philadelphia, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, administering the rite. Dr. Dickey also preached the sermon of the occasion. Rev. Frank R. Symmes, of Old Tennent Church, moderator of Monmouth Presbytery, presided at the service. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. J. W. P. Blattenberger, of Philadelphia, and the charge to the people by Rev. A. A. Willets, D.D. Special music was rendered by the choir, assisted by E. C. White, of Asbury Park, and Mrs. A. E. Johnston, of Freehold. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and plants. Dr. Fox was graduated from Muhlenberg College, this city, in 1884.—*Allentown Daily Item.*

'84.—Masons are now laying the foundations of the new Lutheran mission church at Alexandria, Indiana. This mission is the result of the labors of Rev. Wm. J. Finck, of Anderson, Indiana.

'84.—We understand that the excellent index to the contents of *The Lutheran*, sent with a recent number of that paper, is the work of Rev. George M. Scheidy, of Allentown, Pa.

'85.—At the September convention of the Philadelphia Central Luther League, held in the chapel of the Mt. Airy Seminary, Dr. Elmer E. Johnson, '85, made an address on "How to Make the League Meetings Interesting," and Rev. H. Branson Richards, '92, spoke on "How to Make the Best Use of the Luther League Topics."

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., is chairman of the Finance Committee of the Allentown Board of Control of Public Schools.

'86.—J. Jeremiah Snyder, Esq., is busy making speeches for the Republican cause in Pennsylvania.

'88.—Rev. George Gebert, Tamaqua, Pa., and Rev. E. H. Smoll, '82, Schuylkill Haven, Pa., are president and secretary of the Pottsville Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

'89.—The Directors of the Topton Lutheran Orphans' Home met in Reading, Rev. F. K. Huntzinger presiding. The matter of electing a superintendent to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. U. P. Heilman, was taken up. A number of clergymen in Berks had been asked to fill the office but they declined. Rev. Huntzinger then placed in nomination Rev. John Henry Raker, of Lebanon. He was unanimously elected to take charge of the Home as soon as possible. His wife will assist him in the work. Rev. Raker is a son of Conrad Hoffman and Susan (Dornsife) Raker and was born at Raker, Northumberland county, January 1, 1863. He came to Allentown in 1884 and was graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1889, and three years later from the Mt. Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary, being ordained May 29, 1892. He is also a graduate of the National School of Eloquence and Oratory of Philadelphia. While in Allentown he was for three years superintendent of St. Mark's Sunday-school in Southeast Allentown, and he helped to organize St. Stephen's Lutheran Sunday-school. He was a State speaker for the constitutional amendment in 1888; in 1889 he lectured and did missionary work in Kansas and Indian Territory, and in 1890 he was census enumerator of Cameron township, Northumberland county. Rev. Raker's first charge was St. John's Lutheran Church of Pen Argyl, which he resigned October 10, 1899, to accept the charge at Lebanon left vacant by the death of Rev. F. M. Seip. He resigned last Whitsunday. Rev. Raker made a European trip and delivered lectures on his experiences and observations, particularly on the wonders of Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. Other lecture subjects of his are "Get the Focus," "Wooing the Maiden, or an Alpine Experience," and "How to Help and Be Helped." Rev. Raker was married at Lebanon June 5, 1899, to Miss E. Estella, daughter of Jonathan Weiser.—*Allentown Daily Item.*

'90.—A pretty wedding was solemnized by Rev. John H. Kuder at five o'clock last evening at the home of the bride's parents in Lehighton. The contracting parties were Ira E. Seidle, Esq., of the law firm of Balliet & Seidle, and Miss Elizabeth N., daughter of County Commissioner and Mrs. Jesse L. Gabel. The groom is the only son of ex-Judge and Mrs. Charles H. Seidle, of Normal, Carbon County. After graduating from Muhlenberg College in 1890, he entered the Senior Class at Yale University, New Haven, Conn., from which institution he was graduated a year later. After completing a course in the Law Department of the University of Pennsylvania he was admitted to the Carbon County bar and formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Nathan M. Balliet, Esq. The bride, after graduating from the Lehighton High School, pursued her studies at the West Chester State Normal School, and taught in the public schools of her native town two winters. She possesses excellent qualities, both of mind and heart. Only the families of the young couple witnessed the ceremony. A well-furnished house awaits them upon their return from the wedding trip to Washington, D. C.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'91.—Prof. Bachman has accepted a position as principal of the school at Livingston, and will leave in a few days to assume charge. He is a good teacher, well up on his work and conscientious. He is industrious and studious, and is the very man for the position to which he has been called. It is with regret that our city gives him up. The people of Livingston are to be congratulated on securing Prof. Bachman.—*Uniontown Herald, Alabama.*

'91.—At the fall meeting of the English Conference of the New York Ministerium, held in Utica, N. Y., September 25 and 26, Rev. M. J. Bieber, of Binghamton, N. Y., read a strong paper on "The Institutional Church—Do the Times Demand It?"

'92.—Rev. H. Branson Richards is secretary of the English Lutheran Conference of Philadelphia.

'93.—On October 3 Rev. P. George Sieger, pastor of Emanuel Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., was married to Miss Emma F. McCreary, of Leechburg, Pa. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Dr. William A. Sadtler, of '83.

'94.—St. John's Lutheran Church, Hamburg, Pa., extended a rousing welcome to its pastor, Rev. H. C. Kline, on his return from a European tour September 27. He was conveyed to the church, which was crowded, and responded in fitting words to an address of welcome made in behalf of the congregation by Rev B. D. Zweizig, of Reading.—*The Lutheran.*

'94.—One day Mr. David A. Miller, one of the proprietors and the business manager of our esteemed contemporary, the *Morning Call*, read that in the days when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy, there went forth a divine edict: "It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a helpmeet for him." And David pondered over these words and saw that they were full of wisdom and had stood all the experiences of the ages. And the Apostle Paul also says that "marriage is an honorable estate," and "a good thing." Therefore, like a wise man, David concluded to come in out of the cold and join the ranks of the Benedicts, even if coal is high and a cold winter is predicted. Therefore, without indulging in any further preambles of how Cupid, one day on mischief bent, slid down to earth on a golden sunbeam and plucking two arrows from his quiver sped them home with unerring aim, we will state that our friend David was married this afternoon to Miss Blanche A. Berkemeyer, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. C. Berkemeyer, No. 1105 Turner street. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents. The parlor was decorated in a most tasteful manner with palms and ferns and other choice products of the florist's art. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Dr. S. G. Wagner. The bride was dressed in white silk, trimmed with chiffon and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Annie M. Berkemeyer, who was dressed in white chiffon, trimmed with pink ribbons and carried a bouquet of pink roses. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Samuel P. Miller, and wore what some of our esteemed contemporaries call "conventional black" and a look of that perfect contentment which only comes from the knowledge of a good deed worthily performed. The fateful words, fraught with such significance, and which stand for weal or woe, were soon spoken, and those assembled, which included only the immediate relatives, joined their congratulations to the benediction of the pastor. After partaking of a sumptuous wedding supper Mr. and Mrs. Miller will leave at 6.37 for Niagara Falls, Toronto, and other places. On their return they will take up their residence at No. 218 North Fifth street. Mr. Miller in his bride has found a worthy helpmate. Possessed of many graces of mind and person, and housewifely instincts, her husband has found in her the richest dower a man can find—a good wife. Mr. Miller is the son of Mrs. Flora A. Miller, of this city, and the late Dr. Edward P. Miller, in his day one of the best-known physicians in the upper end of the county, where Mr. Miller was born. He received his preparatory educational training at the Palatinate College, Myerstown, in 1891. In 1892 he graduated from the Kutztown Normal School with the degree of Bachelor of Elements and from Muhlenberg College in 1894. He is a member of the Sophronian Literary Society. He entered upon his newspaper career on the *Morning Call*, then known as the *Morning Critic*, as a reporter on June 1, 1894. In the spring of 1895 he purchased an interest in the paper and became its business manager. From a weak, struggling paper he has succeeded, through energy, tact, and business ability, aided by his editor and partner, Charles W. Weiser, in making it a strong, aggressive, and progressive paper, bright, newsy, and prosperous. In the new relations which he has assumed, we, in company with his many friends, wish both him and his bride every happiness which this life can hold.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'96.—Trinity Evangelical Lutheran congregation, Mt. Joy, Pa., W. Penn Barr, pastor, celebrated the fifth anniversary of the cornerstone laying and the fourth anniversary of the dedication of the present edifice. Ground was broken May 30, 1895; cornerstone laid September 29, 1895; dedicated September 27, 1896. In connection with the double anniversary the debt on the church was cancelled. The original cost of the church was a little over $10,000. At the beginning of the present pastorate, June, 1899, the debt was $955. The Rev. A. M. Mehrkam. of Columbia, Pa., preached at the morning service, the pastor in the evening. The congregation is at present in a flourishing condition.—*The Lutheran.*

'96.—S. A. Bridges Stopp, a Senior in Mt. Airy Seminary, recently preached for Dr. Albert, of Trinity Lutheran Church, Philadelphia.

'97.—On Sunday evening Mr. H. K. Lantz, of Lebanon, who is married to a daughter of Mr. Wm. F. Weaber, of Allentown, preached his first sermon in the church in which he was reared at Lebanon. Mr. Lantz is a student of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Chicago and yesterday returned to that institution. In 1897 he graduated from Muhlenberg College. The Lebanon *News*, in speaking of his sermon at his home, says: "The sermon delivered Sunday evening is said to have been his first effort at sermonizing. It was well arranged, systematical, stripped of unnecessary verbiage, and its propositions were based upon the Gospel teachings. He speaks with deliberation, has confidence in himself, which is of great importance in a young speaker, makes no attempt to be dramatic or sensational, which shows good sense, has a deep, full-rounded, well-modulated and pleasing voice, enunciates clearly and distinctly, expresses himself in well-chosen words, and therefore could be heard and easily followed in all parts of the large auditorium. The young speaker made a good impression in his native home, and all who heard him were highly pleased with the sermon, both as to its matter and the manner of the speaker."—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'97.—Rev. C. C. Miller has been installed as pastor of the Lutheran Church, Freeburg, Snyder County, Pa.

'98.—William A. Heist, of the Senior Class, Mt. Airy Seminary, recently preached for Rev. Charles Hay, D.D., of Philadelphia.

'98.—During the summer vacation Bernard Repass was doing mission work in the Virginias.

'99.—John G. Hartley has not yet resumed his work at the Mt. Airy Seminary, as he is filling a lucrative position with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

'99.—On account of the sickness of his mother, Harry R. McCullough, of Allentown, Pa., has not returned to Mt. Airy Seminary.

1900.—Robert W. Fritsch has resigned his position with Prof. O. G. J. Schaadt, '78, of Philadelphia, and has been elected substitute teacher in the Classical Department of the Allentown High School.

1900.—Victor J. Koch, of Nazareth, Pa., has entered the second year course of the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania.

Literary Notes.

"The Reign of Law." The pioneers of literature, like the pioneers of colonization, are apt to be rather rough fellows, and after a time their work sinks into obscurity, while that of the more accomplished men who come after them finds its place in permanent and popular history. Hawthorne never got farther west than New England; Irving, as a writer of fiction, stopped at the Hudson; but the dime novelists long ago exploited Daniel Boone and the two Simons—Girty and Kenton. Within a few years our novelists of the first rank have discovered that there is other romance in American history than the Mayflower and the Charter Oak, and that there was a peculiar civilization beyond the Alleghanies; and now the most accomplished and scholarly readers roam the fields where the boys of two or three generations ago followed writers of the Old Sleuth school, who delighted them with the crack of the long rifle, the gleam of the scalping-knife, the ambush and the war-whoop, and all sorts of imaginary woodcraft. Very near the head of the new school, if not actually there, stands James Lane Allen with his vivid pictures of his native Kentucky. In this book his opening chapter, with its homely title, "Hemp," is an exquisite piece of description which must remain in the reader's memory beside Björnson's "How the Cliff was Clad," and Jefferies's "Pageant of Summer." But though the book contains much of description, it is not all description. Mr. Allen has the two requisities for a novelist whose work looks toward permanence: a story to tell, and a masterly style in which to tell it. The pitiful spirit of unconscious persecution in hereditary religion—the one thing that, beyond all else on earth, ought never to be hereditary—furnishes him with a powerful theme and enables him to set forth an impressive lesson. The materials he works with would hardly be classed as romantic in themselves, but his treatment furnishes an atmosphere of romance, as when a commonplace landscape is seen through a tinted glass. While the essentials of his narrative and description appear to be wonderfully accurate, he makes an occasional slip in the incidentals. Most of these errors are trifling, but on pages 256–7 is one that is not trifling. He there attemps a philosophical analysis of the causes of the Civil War, and completely misrepresents both sides. It appears to be the material of a superficial study, worked up by an imaginative scholar, and is the one serious blemish in a noble book. It seems especially out of place in a work that so skilfully and delicately exposes the error of both the extreme religionists and the extreme scientists.—*Rossiter Johnson in The Criterion.*

Winston Spencer Churchill, the young English war correspondent, has achieved remarkable success with his latest work, "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria." The book is a personal record of his adventures and impressions during the first five months of the African War, and the events are woven together in such fashion as to form a most interesting narrative. Mr. Churchill, at twenty-five years of age, ranks today as one of the greatest war correspondents, and is well known in America as the son of Lady Randolph Churchill, who was formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. "London to

Ladysmith via Pretoria" is the most interesting and important work on the Boer war that has yet appeared. The work has met with instant success, not only in this country but in England, where the first edition of 10,000 copies was exhausted in two days. It is an authentic account of the operations conducted by Sir Redvers Buller for the relief of Ladysmith. —*The Book World.*

A "prominent publisher," who is unfortunately anonymous, has given some interesting opinions on the duration of vagaries of public interest in books of a certain class. He says: Nothing is so erratic and so extremely difficult to forecast in advance as the duration of the public taste for books that are at present popular. A book that seems to be in the height of its popularity and is selling by the thousands may fail all of a sudden some fine day, and be almost dead the next morning. We order books by fives and twenty-fives, and hundreds and two hundreds and fifties, and we are always on the lookout that we may not be left with the last four or twenty-four, or ninety-nine or two hundred and forty-nine on our hands, to be "worked off" at a loss when the wave recedes. You never can tell when a successful book is going to help an unsuccessful one along. "Trilby" did nothing for the stillborn "Martian," but such a book often stimulates the earlier works of an author into life. I think "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" a claptrap book; but it brought into notice and success Stevenson's infinitely better earlier works like "Virginibus Puerisque," and the book trade is full of such instances. George Meredith is a conspicuous example of a man whose early books commanded only the humdrum sale of a three-volume English novel, till one day one of his publications was determined by the critics to be a great work, when immediately his half-forgotten earlier books became great works, too.—*The Philadelphia Press.*

There are two views to be taken of the trusts: the first is that they are a blot upon our modern civilization; the other, that they are merely the natural product of evolution, and, though bad in some respects, are of ultimate benefit to the country. Prof. Jeremiah Whipple Jenks, Professor of Political Science at Cornell, has just published a book called "The

Trust Problem," from the point of view of one who believes that present conditions require "further explanation before being either approved or condemned."—*The Criterion.*

"The Art of Writing English," by J. M. D. Meiklejohn, of the University of St. Andrews, is being prepared by D. Appleton & Co. The work is intended not only as a school textbook, but for the use of literary workers as well.—*Art Review.*

"The multiplication of Shakespearean publications has been marvelous, but the end even of important editions is not in sight. It is reported from London that a well-known publishing house has invited Mr. Sydney Lee to edit the great dramatist's works. Mr. Lee has a wide reputation as a Shakesperean scholar and his life of Shakespeare has had a wide circulation."—*The Philadelphia Press.*

"A very old German Bible has just been discovered at Wischreihe in the possession of an aged widow named Stegma. The Bible was printed in the year 1544 by Hans Lufft, at Wittenberg. This rare copy undoubtedly belongs to one of the earliest editions of Luther's Bible, as the Reformer's first German Bible appeared in print in 1534—only ten years earlier. The copy not only contains Luther's prefaces to several of the Biblical books, but also numerous marginal notes by Luther upon the Bible text."

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THE MUHLENBERG.

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The Lane That Had a Turn.

THOS. MCH. YODER, '01.

The world was growing more dark and dreary to him as one sun after another finished its daily course. This day dawned with a cloudy sky, and a thin mist was suspended in the lower atmosphere; yet a few of the sun's rays found their way through the mist, and it was evident that the sun would not ascend high above the horizon before the mist would disappear, and nature would reflect her beauty as she does so often in the spring of the year.

These environments did not appeal to him, as he was about to take a walk into the country, so that he might be alone and ponder over the thoughts that troubled his conscience. This man was disgusted with the world, everything in it, and, worst of all, with himself.

As he continued walking, with his eyes cast only before him, a voice greeted him. He looked up and was confronted by a man whose face reflected the very opposite to the one it met. The expression on this face showed that its owner was not suffering the intense agony of an unsettled mind and heart.

This pleasant-looking man, being glad for a companion, invited his sad-looking brother to accompany him on his trip, and share the pleasures of it with him.

The invitation was accepted with reluctance, as he would rather be alone than in company with someone. Finally each one told the other who he was, and what was his object in life. It appeared that the good-natured man was a Naturalist, and the latter, after listening to his friend's story, and judging from that and his appearance, concluded that he must be an Agnostic.

It did not take long for the Agnostic to conclude that he had a very interesting companion, one who seemed to delight in the beauties of Nature as seen in that beautiful country.

As they continued their journey, the Naturalist would often stop by the wayside to examine the different flowers and plants and trees, and explain what to him were their interesting features, to his companion. The Agnostic wondered why these things interested the Naturalist so much, since he had passed such things frequently, hardly noticing them. As they moved on, the stranger could not help but become interested in the Naturalist, more so than in Nature herself. This lover of Nature seemed to be acquainted with everything about him. He was as much "at home" with what he saw as with the things in his laboratory. He took delight in picking up an insect and in unfolding its mysteries to his companion, and then to watch it go about its work, as if it knew a strong hand was protecting it, was indeed a pleasure to him. Even this indifferent man was aroused, and began to take interest in this work. He never knew that there was so much real pleasure to be found in these insignificant beings.

Walking on a little farther, they came to a hillside, whose rocks stuck out in irregular masses. To the ordinary eye these would have afforded no pleasure, but to the Naturalist it was not so. On stopping in front of the hillside the Agnostic looked amazingly upon his companion, wondering what there could be in such an unsightly ledge of rocks to attract anyone's attention. Nevertheless the Naturalist was not at a loss to explain the situation. Every stratum, every mark, and even the irregular form and edges of the rocks had a history with which he was acquainted. He explained to his friend how this hillside came to be there, what caused the cracks and crevices, why one rock was softer than another, in fact, he could answer any question that entered the mind of the Agnostic.

Thus they continued walking, and all the time something new turned up that proved of interest to the Naturalist, and its features were readily explained to the Agnostic.

Eventually they wended their way homeward, and before parting the Naturalist invited his friend to call on him, that he might explain more of Nature's mysteries by taking him into his laboratory and there showing him the work in which he was engaged. They bade each other "Goodbye" and parted. The Naturalist went home to study some new features that he had seen in his outing. He spent his time that evening with his books. The other man went to his home, and instead of reading the theories of some ætheist, as he was accustomed to do, he spent the evening before retiring in reviewing his experience with the Naturalist. He reviewed his past life, and came to the conclusion that it had been very different from that of his friend. He had accomplished no good, but, on the other hand, he had spent his time in denouncing the works of such men as he had met that day, in finding fault with the world, and in living contrary to the wishes of the One who had created him.

He had admitted that there was such a thing as Nature, but that she revealed the workings of a Creator, that there was wisdom, pleasure, and an organized system of an Omniscient Being to be found in her, he had denied. Thus he saw that his past life had been anything but delightful, and as to its end—he dare not think of it.

On the other hand, he saw what a contented man the Naturalist was; no such vague ideas clouded his mind and troubled his conscience. So he decided to have a closer communion with him the next day.

The following day dawned with a cloudless sky, and the smiling sunbeams kissing the verdant foliage, "set them off" in all their brilliancy. The day before this state of affairs would not have attracted his attention, but to-day they had a new admirer.

He called on the Naturalist that day, and all the features of the latter's laboratory were shown to him. He saw the tiniest insects move about in the field of the microscope, and the minute structures of the flora proved a marvel to him After spending one of the most pleasant mornings of his life, he departed.

The scales were dropping from his eyes, and he was beginning to understand why the Naturalist found so much enjoyment in life. Things were explained to him in a new light, and the world looked different than ever before. He decided that he would study more about what he had seen and heard. He picked up Bryant's Thanatopsis, and the extract, "To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language," meant something to him, whereas, when he had read it before, it was merely a stumbling-block. The following Sunday, as he heard the church bells ring, something prompted him to step inside the sacred walls, which he had not done for many years.

He heard an eloquent sermon on the "Workings of God through Nature." The singing was inspiring, and when he bowed his head in prayer, he did it with the spirit of the devout worshiper, and not because those around him did so.

He left that church that morning no longer an Agnostic, but a new man. What he had heard that morning was conclusive evidence that the Naturalist was right in all that he said, and what he had read since meeting him seemed to be the only way to enjoy and interpret Nature.

When most men of his age had finished half the course allotted to them in this life, this man was about to set aside all the past and begin life anew.

In his heart he felt a deep sense of gratitude for the Naturalist who had revealed to him the beauties of Nature, and whose earnest teachings had formed the corner-stone on which he would build his future life.

Thus he found a turn in the lane in which he had traveled so long, and whose course was so rocky, so dark, and so mysterious.

Dickens's Power of Portraying Character.

Much has been said and written of Dickens by master minds, by men with the entire English language at their command, by men who have thought and written in other languages, and yet there still remains enough to fill volume after volume. Innumerable characters has he portrayed and each awakens in us new feelings. Each is a virtue or a vice personified. Our sympathy, perhaps, is aroused on account of the suffering portrayed, and then our anger becomes stronger against those human sharks whom Dickens has described so vividly in his writings. Before reading him we did not know how much sympathy there was in the heart. His pathos stirs our innermost depths, while his humor is intensely enjoyable. So, then, if those characters which Dickens has introduced to enliven his story and has made so very absurd as to cause nothing but ridicule after the spasms of laughter have passed away, be left unconsidered, the remainder will belong to two classes: people with feelings, and people with none. Dickens has shown us, indeed, that,—

> " 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than
> Norman blood."

How carefully he deals with love, the purest and best sentiment the heart can contain, yet with what force and clearness. No one can mistake his motive. Especially has he been strong in depicting the love of his English children, little flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, ever-loving and desiring to be loved children. Love is well illustrated by the character of Little Paul and all his children. Little Paul's sole desire was the love of his dear Flo. What cared he for the gold that his vain father considered the most powerful of agencies and had told him would one day make him the happiest and proudest of men! This was an enigma for the poor child. How could he be happier in a few years to come than he was at present, being happiness itself in the knowledge that he loved Flo and Flo loved him in return. Flo was his guardian angel, and ever in his feverish dreams those great blue eyes sought in the darkness the soft hand of his watching sister. Even in the last night of his short life, when he followed the rushing, roaring, nameless river that led him to Death, his childish fancy linked her with that unknown mother whom he saw on the opposite bank. Little Joe, the poor little crossing-sweeper, never, even on his deathbed, could forget the kindnesses of his friends and ended all his musings concerning them by remarking, "They was good to me, they was." Poor child, how thou hast been pitied! Full of unquenchable love for those who had befriended thee, thy childish thoughts had not learned of Him who is love itself, and who to manifest it had given up His life. Motherless, fatherless, friendless Smike! Thy reasoning and will-power had well-nigh been destroyed by the many years of drudgery and ill-treatment which thou hadst undergone, yet even if thou wast an imbecile, semi-idiot, thy despairing love for her who was unattainable, was as pure as its sincerity was great. Dickens has not only portrayed love in children but also in adults. Many are the characters that would illustrate it. The greatest love which can be shown by one man for another is by giving up his life for him. This greatest love is illustrated by the character of Sydney Carton, the hero. He is undoubtedly the finest character Dickens has portrayed. A brilliant young lawyer, dissipated in habits, he has the misfortune to become the unfortunate suitor for a beautiful young lady's hand. He nobly represses all feelings of jealousy on hearing her decision and becomes a sincere and steadfast friend to his rival, but still retaining the ever-increasing pure love for his idol. A decoy letter takes his rival to Paris, then in the terrible crisis of the Revolution, where he is jailed on account of being a fugitive member of a family hated extremely for the misdeeds of certain members. His betrothed proceeds to Paris with the vain hope of securing his release, followed by Sydney, ever intent on serving her. Hearing of his rival's condition he obtains admittance to the prison, compels Damey to promise to leave the prison and Paris with all the haste possible, and then bravely remains there to have the penalty meted out to him. In David Copperfield he has introduced a character, Mrs. Micawber, which illustrates the power of love when the absurdities and buffoonery have been stripped off. She is the very indulgent, ever faithful wife of a worthless, shifting scapegrace, and though he never puts her in danger of losing her life, yet with all the evasions and deceptions which she is compelled to practice on the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker, her life almost becomes an unbearable burden. Her unfailing faith in and devotion to her husband never wavers and is best expressed in her own words, "I never will desert Mr. Micawber." Tears! Tableau! And so it goes on from one to the other of his characters.

The name Tom Pinch has almost become a synonym for simplicity. Poor Tom, gentle Tom, loving Tom worshiped his idol, the hypocritical Pecksniff; felt offended with those who saw through his fine talk, affected phrases, and deeply philosophical soliloquies, considered himself a worthless dependent on him (whereas he constituted the fame, power, and influence of the master), praised him before everybody, and, in short, "used to steep the Pecksniff of his fancy in his tea, spread him out on his toast and took him as a relish with his beer." In the Pickwick Papers he has shown us a group of credulous, guileless, would-be scientists. His presentation of the characters is extremely humorous, for their simplicity and total ignorance of the ways of the world cause them an endless number of embarrassments. Barkis, who in his old age took a liking to Peggotty the old maid, sent a love message through David Copperfield which took the prize for brevity. What glad intelligence was conveyed to the simple-minded Peggotty by "Barkis is willin'," and what satisfaction it gave to Barkis.

Simplicity is also well illustrated by the character of Oliver Twist. How willingly he followed the Dodger to the den of iniquity, learned the sly art of extracting handkerchiefs from those who possessed them in abundance, took part unknowingly in a robbery and then was bewildered by the questions put to him when found by the members of the household. Nancy Sykes braved the anger, hatred, and reproaches of all in her defense of poor Oliver, and having betrayed her husband for his sake was foully murdered by as brutal a character as Dickens has depicted.

Dickens's novels are full of the friends who stick closer than brothers. Miss La Crevy, the little miniature painter, poor herself, always has sympathy, help, and kind words for her friends the Nickleby's. Cap'n Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, cheers everyone up by offering the silver tongs and spoons and his wonderful watch, the loan on which would surely help them out of their trouble. In reading the "Old Curiosity Shop," the character of Dick Swiveller is so refreshing after beholding the craftiness and meanness of Quilp, Sampson Brass and his sister Sally; a deadbeat we should call him nowadays, for he had a vest-pocket map of London on which certain streets were marked out with pencil denoting that they were dangerous for him and dared not be traversed on account of his numerous creditors; but his good nature shows itself in rescuing and providing for the Marchioness, and in his fever he constantly declares that he is going to make a real Marchioness of her. Dick was true to his word and afterwards changed his unswerving friendship into love and lived happily ever after.

What a noble character is John Peerybingle. A poor blunt waggoner, he is made to believe his wife's unfaithfulness, but with a true nobility of character which is almost incredible he tries to compel himself to believe her innocent. Mark Tapley says "jolly" on every occasion and cheers every one about him with his good-natured talk and deeds. Taking no credit for himself he constantly tries to come out "strong" in the face of adverse circumstances. Well, after all, a jolly disposition is better than a sour, despondent, discouraging one.

The Cheryble Brothers, although illustrating simplicity, will be taken to illustrate charity. Always doing good without leaving anyone know about it, their charity was not of that ostentatious kind which expects a reward.

In Samuel Pecksniff we behold one who has destroyed all the other traits of his character by his hypocrisy. A philanthropist and humanitarian philosopher in words, he manages to feather his own nest. He calls his daughters Charity and Mercy; exhibits, for the benefit of visitors, charming domestic scenes. He is so tender and kind and lets everyone know his paternal feelings. He delights in the beauties of nature and of union among men. His ideas soar above the earth; his gestures are sublime, so compassionate and so graceful that they deceive his wondering hearers. He justifies all his doings, even gluttony, in his lofty contemplations. Uriah Heep loses all resemblance to a man and becomes more like a clammy serpent that coils about one for the warmth of the body but ready at any moment to bury its fangs in one's flesh.

Terrible is the portrait of Jonas Chuzzlewit. Taught by his father, the precocious youth quickly learned to overreach everyone and in his zeal overreached that old monitor himself. The first word that he learned to spell (as it is recorded) was "gain" and when he got to two-syllable words, "money." Avarice was rooted in such soil as this and encouraged by such a sun. How, then, could a good end be expected from such a beginning. His avarice leads him into illegal business transactions, his spirit is curbed by one more powerful, murder helps him in his battle with wounded pride and satisfies his hatred, madness then comes upon him. The dead body is constantly before his eyes, everything cries to him "murderer"; the beating of his heart and the creak of his footsteps all recall to him the body lying in the damp wood and increase his fears. His senses are distorted. His mind is concentrated upon the one idea, "When will they find it ?" And when it is found, this desperate man does not hesitate to take his own life. Dickens has portrayed many other characters who have nothing but the practical spirit which Jonas Chuzzlewit had. Everything is business for them. For them there is no joy of the heart or peace of the mind except by acquiring gold. They see nothing in the world but gain and loss. They are fiends who beat women, oppress children, starve the poor and make fun of kindness, sympathy, love, and all that it is commendable in man. Some have become thus by training, others by nature, but all are hateful to us.

Who is this next character that comes creeping along as on the velvet paws of a tabby cat with wide-open, grinning mouth, full of white fangs ? Sydney Carker, too late didst thou discover the frailty of thy power; thy craftiness then availed thee nothing. Martin Chuzzlewit, too, was crafty, but with a good purpose in view. Feigning to be totally under the control of his cousin, Pecksniff, he ignores the other members of his family in order to discover that gentleman's true character. Having proven his hypocrisy beyond a doubt, he sets everything to rights by overthrowing the deceiver to the great joy of those whom he had so heartlessly oppressed.

Hatred can be well illustrated by the character of Madame Defarge of the wine-shop, and Pride by two characters, intimately connected in one of his works, namely, Dombey and Edith Grauger, his wife. Dombey was the personification of pride.

The good that has resulted from Dickens's writings is inestimable. How he alleviated the pain, suffering, and hardships of the poor by bringing the attention of the people to them! It is said that a certain Commoner introduced a bill to make the employment of children as chimney-sweeps unlawful. It was a failure. He enlisted the support of Dickens. Oliver Twist was written, the attention of the public was brought to bear on the pitiable life of the poor children, and the evil was torn out. Through his works he brought attention to many of the follies and evils of England which have since been eradicated. But a great deal of mental improvement has resulted and still is resulting from reading his novels. His vivid, energetic imagination, clothed in finest language, produces in us impressions that will not soon be lost and will make themselves manifest in improved style and nobler thought.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

G. KELLER RUBRECHT, '01.

Guards to the right, boys!
Guards to the left, boys!
Guards on the line, boys!
Warriors brave!
Plunged through our line pell-mell
Snowed under deep as—well,
Cheered on by rooters' yell,
Try how we would and well,
Ours not to break the spell,
Warriors brave!

Charged on our Light Brigade
Till we were all dismayed,
Crippled and amply paid,
Possibly a bit afraid,
Warriors brave!
Ran up the score quite high,
Can't 'count nor reason why,
Not as though we didn't try,
For we truly can reply,
Warriors brave!

Thus the Fates had agreed,
Thus the Fates had decreed
We should lose,—sad indeed,
Warriors brave!
Mind you, its our first year;
Brace up, be of good cheer,
We shall roast them next year.
Scare them, boys, without fear,
They won't play—we'll make it clear—
The same trick on us next year.
Warriors brave!

In Old Ben Franklin's Time.

A quarter of a century before Ben Franklin passed through our picturesque Lehigh Valley, a company of French Hugenots under Dupui had made a settlement on the Delaware near the Gap; the Scotch-Irish, headed by the Craigs and Ralstons, had formed what we to-day call the

"Settlement," along the Lehigh; the Moravians had founded settlements at Bethlehem and Nazareth, and had an Indian Mission at Gnaden Huetten; a company of wealthy Germans had settled Allentown. North and south of the mountains in that section, now incorporated into Schuylkill, Carbon, and Monroe counties above the mountain, and Berks, Lehigh, and Northampton below, there were clearings and small settlements, but they were far between and few.

When Ben Franklin came to Bethlehem at the breaking out of the French and Indian War in 1755, for the purpose of erecting forts along the frontier, he found conditions rather unfavorable and perplexing. The settlements were overcrowded with refugees. Bethlehem was so crowded that many families were compelled to lodge in cellars and barns. The town was full of friendly Indians from the frontier, and after the destruction of the Indian Mission at Gnaden Huetten those Indians were added to the many already in the settlement. On account of these Indians the Moravians and Scotch-Irish were in almost open conflict. The Irish claimed that some of the Christian Indians had taken and were taking part in the massacres along the frontier. The Irish accordingly shot Indians whether friendly or hostile. Almost daily massacres occurred along the mountains. This so enraged the settlers and frontiersmen that it was with difficulty that these enraged people were prevented from murdering every friendly Indian in the settlements. The Moravians were called traitors and were accused of being in league with the French. Further trouble, however, was avoided by sending the Indians to Philadelphia.

Again, the people in the settlements and on the frontier were hourly expecting attacks, yet were in a miserable condition of defense. In the settlements there was a lack of firearms; on the frontier there were no places of refuge. It is recorded that Adam Deshler, who built the blockhouse five miles above Allentown, was the only man in the settlement who owned a serviceable firearm.

Ben Franklin was given men, supplies, and tools for the purpose of building forts along the frontier. Daily application was made to him and to the Governor of the Province by the farmers for small companies of soldiers to protect them while they got in their harvest. Franklin tried to recruit his companies for this purpose, but failed to get many from the section he was in, getting most of them in Bucks County and Philadelphia.

The Moravians, being grouped in two settlements, were better able to defend themselves, and asked no aid. They built blockhouses and posted sentinels both day and night. They protected their farmers during working hours, and at night gathered into the different blockhouses. The Scotch-Irish enlisted in Craig's Company. The Hugenots were in Dupui's Company and had erected a blockhouse. The Germans preferred peace to war and moved from the frontier into the settlements. This accounts for Franklin's failure to properly recruit his companies.

When Franklin left Bethlehem he sent part of his command under Colonel Hamilton to the Delaware, by way of Nazareth and Wind Gap. He himself passed up the right bank of the Lehigh, through the Gap to the present site of Lehighton, where he erected his first fort, named Allen, in honor of Wm. Allen, Chief Justice of the Province of Pennsylvania. Franklin sent half his force eastward to meet Colonel Hamilton, who had erected Fort Dupui, the combined forces building several intervening forts. Companies were sent to the west and a line of forts along the Blue or Kittatiny Mountains, from the Susquehanna to the Delaware, were successfully erected and Franklin's work was completed.

The line of forts thus erected were quite serviceable. They prevented at least the depopulation of the frontier. Each fort was garrisoned, scouting parties made raids at short intervals, and sentinels were continually on the alert. The trouble ceased in 1757.

The site of every fort has been located by the ruins or by following descriptions given in old MSS. The blockhouses, of which there were three or four in this and the adjoining counties, were no government works, although frequently soldiers were stationed there. They were erected by individuals for the protection of their families, and when war broke out they were used as forts by the Provincial Government, and as places of refuge by the people.

The Spirit of Inquiry.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

When little Johnny had asked a series of puzzling questions, ending with an intense desire to know if God could make a tree ten years old in a minute, he doubtless wondered why his father did not answer and why he should be sent to bed at so early an hour. If we remove the suspicion that he may have wished to embarrass his father, we would ascribe his questions to the impulse of curiosity. This is the first form of that spirit of inquiry which may be appropriately represented by the three letters *w*, *h*, *y*. No word in the English language has been of greater importance in the history of the world. It is the key which unlocked the massive doors of ignorance, revealing to the student hidden secrets within the great castle of Truth.

Several hundred years ago, when people wished to visit each other, they had to travel either on foot or in a coach. If they wrote, it was possible that in the course of time the letters would reach their destination. Telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires were unknown, and the person who sent a message to inform his friends he would arrive at a certain time was likely to arrive before the message. They could not see the beauties of the minute worlds by the aid of powerful microscopes. There were no phonographs, no electric cars, nor any of the conveniences of modern life. When we think of these things, we feel glad we did not live in those days; and when we think further of the fate of those who tried to investigate the laws of nature and place them in man's service, it makes us still more satisfied with the age in which we live.

The discomforts of that time were due to the bigotry and intolerance of the age, which repressed all scientific investigations. The people then did not wish a person to think as he pleased but to think as *they* pleased. Every theory was measured by their own narrow ideas and accepted or rejected according to their interpretation, or, rather, misinterpretation, of the Scriptures. Woe unto the man who invented a machine they could not understand! His portion was burning at the stake or death in some other horrible form.

Galileo, who had committed the crime of saying the earth moves, was forced to retract, and upon his knees was made to swear he would not engage further in his investigations. He muttered to himself afterward, however, "It moves for all that." People would not look through his telescope at the little Copernican system of the planet Jupiter, lest they be convinced, or, as they expressed it, "bewitched." They would accept absurd theories that were not thought to conflict with the Bible. It was no wonder, then, that inventions were few in those days, and, when made, kept secret. People were satisfied to live on in ignorance, repressing those of a questioning turn of mind who sought for the truth.

But despite persecution and all other obstacles there remained faithful men working day after day, year after year, with unlimited patience and perseverance and with a heroism unequaled, trying to solve the great problems which then puzzled the world. These are the men worthy of all admiration whose souls were thrilled with emotion at the revelation of grand truths, whose happiness consisted of knowing more and more of the mighty laws which control the universe. These men worked not for gold or for popularity, but for the truth's sake, and their labors were not in vain. The comforts of the present day which arise from the multitude of great inventions, the freedom of every person to seek for truth in his own way, the development of higher morals, and the greater appreciation of truth itself, remain as the results of their toil.

In early times the curiosity of a child, the son of an optician in Holland, in looking through concave and convex glasses, led to the making of a telescope which Galileo afterward improved and used in his astronomical work. In later times Sir Isaac Newton saw an apple fall to the ground. Why should it fall? was the question which first presented itself. The discovery of the laws of gravitation and many other scientific facts resulted, revolutionizing all previous theories. In still later times the steam engine, the phonograph, all the wonderful inventions of the present day and great discoveries of modern science, owe their origin to the use of interrogation points applied to the common, everyday happenings which happened thousands of years ago to unquestioning individuals. The spirit of investigation, even though manifested in mere curiosity, brings about the grandest results.

The results, however, which have been mentioned are merely temporal benefits, but there is a higher spiritual good arising from the pursuit of knowledge and of truth which leads man upward to an appreciation of the power, goodness, mercy, and love of God. No true man can grasp the idea of a great system of planets whirling about in space with such matchless precision and regularity without being thrilled with emotion. And it is to the discovery of such sublime truths that the desire for knowledge leads us.

If the question should arise, Do scientific investigations endanger the Bible? we can answer without hesitation, No! Scientific theories must be either true or false. Truth cannot be inconsistent with herself, and no one has ever known her to be the worse for an encounter with falsehood. Though "crushed to earth" she "will rise again." The Bible leaves the secrets of nature for man to discover; it has only to do with spiritual revelations. When it speaks of the sun, the moon, etc., it speaks according to natural appearances in language that people of all ages may understand, without aiming to be scientifically exact. It would be painful even at the present day to hear a person speak with scientific exactness of the *setting* sun.

Every person should cultivate the spirit of inquiry, not being content to live day by day seeing only the evils of earth and none of its beauties.

The Disguised Fisherman.

H. ED. ORFF.

Very few of the many travelers who every year sail lazily over the clear, calm waves of the Main, a tributary of the renowned Rhine, and are carried past the towering and formidable fortress near Würtzburg, know the story of the daring young cavalry officer who once made his escape down its steep and rocky side.

A few years ago, as I happened to be seated on the deck of one of the many small pleasure steamers on this stream, my attention was attracted by the fishermen, in their tiny boats, who were hauling in their fish-laden nets. My companion, noticing upon what my gaze was fixed, related their customs and mode of living, in the course of which he incidentally asked me if I had ever heard the story of the "disguised fisherman."

Without awaiting a reply, he began:

"In the early sixties I was such a fisherman as you see before us. M. Jules Thibaut, the hero of my story, was then a handsome young man, a student at one of the universities in Paris. But as he saw the French regulars of his native city on their daily march past his hotel windows, he longed to leave the companionship of Greek and Latin authors and join the ranks of a company of horse which was then being raised. After much reluctance on the part of his parents, he was permitted to enlist, and, in a few years, through a ready obedience to his superior officers and a strict attention to duty, as well as a regard for the inferiors in his command, he had won a trustworthy position as an officer of the guards.

"Thus it happened that, when the Franco-Prussian War broke out and information of the strongholds along this river was most desirable, no one was thought more fitted to secure it than he. Once acquainted with the nature of his mission, he threw his whole daring French spirit into the work. Accurate and valuable sketches of important positions were soon forthcoming and his exploit was nearing a successful end, when an unexpected turn came.

"His unwonted success made him reckless and he no longer took proper precaution in concealing his motives. This heedlessness led to his capture and imprisonment. But unexpected and undesired opposition of this character merely served to arouse his latent tact. If hitherto he had been desirous of serving his flag well and of accomplishing his mission, that desire now became his only thought. As he gazed about his gloomy abode, he rebuked himself for his carelessness, and, when his glance chanced to light on the strong bars of his cell window, a scornful laugh escaped him.

"Then, lost in thought, he paced his narrow cell uneasily until the first evening came. When, however, the keeper came into his cell, in the same instant, he noiselessly darted from behind its door, closed it, turned the key which the too honest keeper had left in the lock, ran past sentinels and guards, leaped down the jagged rocks until he stood upon the river's brink, jumped into the cool waters, swam to a fisherman's boat and compelled him to row him to the small town directly opposite. Having given his pursuers a hasty backward glance of defiance, he dodged through the narrow streets until he came to a fisherman's house, whose wife pitied him and took him in. As he lay concealed there, he could hear the regular tramp of the soldiers on their march past the very door.

" News of the escape spread quickly and his description was on many tongues. He would not yet have gotten off, had it not been for the fisherman's pretty daughter, Obalia. German though she was, her maiden heart pitied the dashing Frenchman. Knowing that if Monsieur Thibaut would try to get away immediately he would be captured, Obalia proposed that he don fisherman clothes and sail up and down the Main in her father's boat. Thus she might both protect and detain him.

"The officer eagerly grasped this opportunity not only to escape, but also to secure additional information. Until the war was almost over, might his little boat be seen daily passing to and fro beneath the very guns of this fortress.

" When peace had been declared he returned to his own country, where he was greatly praised by his many friends and admirers."

" Is that all? " I ventured, as the captain stopped to gaze at an elderly, but still handsome, couple who were advancing towards us.

" Not quite," the captain replied. " Monsieur afterwards drifted to America, where, as fate would have it, he met his benefactress.

"Allow me to introduce to you Monsieur Thibaut's wife," spoke the captain, as the sturdy gentleman, whose hair was already tinged with gray, approached, supporting on his arm a woman who still bore traces of having been very beautiful in her youth. " I have just informed my friend of the 'disguised fisherman,' " said the captain, turning to her husband. "And I have just told my son," glancing alternately at a stalwart youth nearby and his affectionate wife, "of his father's greatest haul while fishing," replied M. J. Thibaut.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Inconsistency is a thing that should be overcome as much as possible. In the course of the foot-ball season, we regret to note that some of our students go to see other games and help enrich the treasuries of the athletic associations at other colleges, and that some of these same students are not supporting in the least our own athletic association. We think—and justly, too—that we are entitled to the support of our own students before other colleges. Fellow-students and alumni, if you have any love and wish to be loyal to your Alma Mater, and at the same time be consistent, you must help us first; you must give us first tug at your purse-strings. We hope, in the future, to see more loyal members of the athletic association, and that they may number the majority instead of the minority of the students.

* * *

We wish those who have been lately added to our societies a prosperous and pleasant active membership, and hope that they will follow them as implicitly and faithfully as they should a good general, who would lead them on to a better position from which they will be able to fight to better advantage and more successfully. Your knowledge is not worth near so much if you cannot express yourself, while on the other hand a premium is placed upon it if you bring out your thoughts, well worded and distinctly. The society is the place to receive training along this line.

* * *

When the crops are harvested and safely stored away, when we shall be snugly settled for the coming winter, then will we set aside a day and give thanks to the Lord for His bounties. This beautiful custom has come down from age to age, and a day is set aside each year by our government on which to celebrate it. Although we, as students, do not come, so much as in former years, directly in contact with the crops, yet we are all indirectly dependent upon them; and we have other things to be thankful for. What greater gift is there than a sound mind in a sound body, especially if the mind is stored with useful knowledge, a crop of which can be used over and over again but is never lost, rather it is always increasing? If we sit and reflect we only begin to realize how much we have received. We are receiving the highest and holiest gifts that man can attain to. What a solace they are in time of trouble and distress; what a source of pleasure in time of prosperity and well-being!

Reflect further, and ask yourself how you have spent this day in former years. Resolve that you will spend it better this year.

We are not very liable to give thanks to God on the football field, in the theatre, or after having been intemperate in eating or drinking, or under many other such conditions or circumstances. And, last but not least, let us be thankful as well as proud, that we live in such a glorious and happy land, where, after the turmoil and strife of a great political campaign, we sit calmly down and ask a blessing on those who have been put into power.

* * *

If there are any who wish THE MUHLENBERG discontinued or sent to a different address, a great favor would be conferred upon the management if they would be so notified.

Personal and Local.

Finch, who graduated in the Class of 1900 of Allentown High School, has entered the Freshman Class.

Scholl, '02, who extended his vacation several weeks into his first term, has rejoined his class.

Bartholomew, '02, was visited by friends from Brodheadsville.

Shalter, '03, and Walborn, '03, made a short business trip to Catasauqua.

Kistler, discussing an old fable: "Doctor, I don't see what you're driving at."

Dr. W.: "Why, at the mule, of course."

McFetridge, '02, was well in season with his chrysanthemum head-growth. We, however, congratulate him on the change.

For pointers on "The Duel" apply to room No. 21. None but the latest implements in use.

Haines, Dennis, Kriebel, Walborn, Weisley, Raether, Worth, and Rubrecht attended the exciting game between Lafayette and Princeton.

Barndt, '03, is spending a three-weeks' vacation at home.

The modern Schiller, Fegley, '02: "'Tis sad when you think of how some people inherit dollars without sense."

Telford, in Physics class: "Doctor, why couldn't we get along without gravity?"

Dr. B.: "Why, Mr. Telford! Why don't you try to live without the earth?"

Muhlenberg's latest musical attractions, "Oh, Mrs. Dunn" and "She Is Only a Bird in a Gilt-Edge Cage."

Dennis, '04, and Haines, '04, have joined the "Knights of the Heights" in headgear.

Dr. S.: "Mr. Zerweck, who was the father of Achilles?"

Mr. Zerweck, thoughtfully: "Hector."

The young ladies of Perkiomen Seminary claim that Kistler has a very fond aptitude for pie.

Geisinger, Shimer, '03, Geiger, Keller, Freed, Miller, '03, Weaver, and Moyer accompanied the College eleven to East Greenville, where they upheld the college in the game with Perkiomen Seminary.

Many thanks to the good friends in Perkiomen who each year tender Muhlenberg's delegation so cordial a reception.

Homeric Notes. { Thetis: "Maid of the Mist."
Briseis: "Maid of the Missed."

While Jaxheimer, '03, glanced about the Library his eye caught sight of a book on the back of which he espied the words, "Life of Horace." Hoping to fathom the mind of our great Latin poet, he seized it; but greatly to his dismay, a second look informed him that he held in his hand "The Life of Horace Greeley."

The ladies' idol: Newbert.

'Tis said that since automobile hearses have been introduced, people are dying to get a ride in them.

Dr. E., attempting to induce Kistler to say hidden: "What word would express the idea of a thing which you could not see?"

Kistler: "Out of sight."

Our foot-ball eleven are to be commended on the way in which they bear a defeat. "Sometime there'll come a day."

Ink, Beck, Walborn, and Kistler were tendered a dinner by Miss Trabert, of Annville, after the game with Lebanon Valley. Miss Uhrich, of Lebanon, was also present. The boys greatly enjoyed the genial hospitality of their hostess.

A queer old dog, with yellow hair,
  Quite often runs our campus o'er;
And he who 'tempts to hit him fair,
  Will never try to hurt him more.

Each belfry call brings forth a moan;
  Such a shrill note is a riser.
'Tis true it oft calls forth a stone;
  But that ne'er jars our "Kaiser."

Geiger: "What do you think of man's descent from a monkey?"

Dr. W.: "If anybody is so foolish as to believe that man descended from a monkey, let him be so, but I decline!"

Miller, in Chemistry: "Doctor, is this formula right?"
Dr. Dowell: "Well, with whose heifer did you plow?"

Dr. Ettinger: "To what genus do *you* belong, Mr. Kressler?"
Kressler: "To the Pennsylvania-German."

Prof. Dowell: "Mr. Schmoyer, is water in any other form than in ice?"
Schmoyer: "Yes, frozen."

J. Fetherolf and Hamm spent several days at the former's home, Kempton, in scouring the hills and dales for botanical specimens.

The Freshmen were matriculated on October 22, and taken into the societies on the 24th. Sophronia received twenty-one, and Euterpea twenty-three.

Glace enjoyed the comforts of his home, at Oley, for several days.

Dr. Seip attended the Conference at East Bangor on the 9th and 10th of October.

The College Quartette participated in the entertainment held in St. Matthew's Church, October 18, and entertained the Lehigh County school marms, in institute assembled, on the afternoon of the 19th.

In Junior Society Dr. Wackernagel said: "Ruhig, Mr. Geiger."
Geiger: "Ick kann net keep all the time ruhic."

Shoefer spent a few days at his home, East Greenville, during the middle of October.

Youse, '03, visited his parents on the 13th of October, and returned again to College on the 15th.

Kurtz, '03, suffering with a felon, sought refuge under the parental roof on the 18th of October and returned to College on the 22d.

Wenrich, translating in Tacitus "Germania": "There is no *end* of children among the Germans."
Dr. E.: "I guess there is."

Dr. Ettinger presided at the meeting of the County School Directors on the 18th of October.

Dr. Bauman: "Archagoras fled to Cyrus. If a man commits a crime nowadays, will it do him any good to go to another country?"

Finch: "Yes, but they bring him back again."

In Dr. W.'s room, Nagle jumping up (extempore) began reciting the German poem, "Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein steh'n."

Dr. W.: "Nein, Nagle, ein Mann seht ein Eselein steh'n."

The Athletic Association sent a beautiful bouquet to Coach Schmidt.

Prof. Dowell led the Senior Class on a merry geological trip. The sudden bursting of a cloud ended their investigations before time was called to return, and all received a thorough drenching.

On November 5 Telford, '03, received a baby alligator, sent by a friend from St. Augustine, Florida. Opinions differ as to whether or not the specimen shall become the College foot-ball team's mascot.

Shimer, '01, spent November 3 and 4 at his home, in Shimersville.

A large number of the students saw "Mid-summer Night's Dream" played in the Lyric on November 1.

Freed, '02, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of eczema.

Rubrecht delivered a practical address to the Luther Leaguers of Grace Lutheran Church, South Allentown, on October 26, and Beck recited.

The Junior German Society elected Kuehner secretary and Uhrich treasurer.

Dr. W.: "Mr. Erdman, what led the children of Israel out of Egypt?"

Erdman: "A bright red, luminous light."

Schoefer, '01, Ink, Geiger, Miller, Bartholomew, '02, and Geisinger, '03, went home to vote.

Kressler, translating: "Agricola burned with sadness, arrogance and greed."

Dr. E.: "Who put out the fire?"

Kistler's new name, Phoebus Apollo.

On the evening of October 28, Hanover Sunday-school observed Reformation Day, on which occasion Shoefer delivered an interesting and instructive address relative to Luther's work during the Reformation.

Our political stump-speaker, Reno, '04.

Fehr, '95, Henry, Klick, Heilman, Buchman, '99, Bousch, Fritch, Flexer, and Deisher, '00, visited their Alma Mater while on the way to their respective voting places.

Athletics.

MUHLENBERG VS. PERKIOMEN SEMINARY.

When we arrived in town the Perkiomen boys were confident of victory; but a different tale was told after the game. Our new suits must have had some effect upon them. Not a man was replaced in the entire game on our side, all those who started in also finishing. An exceptionally fast and snappy game was played by our boys, the team playing together better than ever before. The score was 33–0 in our favor, and the line-up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.		PERKIOMEN.
Shimer	left end	Mullen.
Telford	left tackle	Hibschman.
Ink	left guard	Bardwell.
Trexler	center	Bechtel.
Neubert	right guard	Bishop, Spratt.
Bickel	right tackle	Heckler.
Beck	right end	Pak.
Shalter	quarterback	Lewis, Capt.
Specht	left halfback	Scull.
Kistler	right halfback	Tuggy.
Miller, Capt.	fullback	Hand.

Referee—Geiger, Muhlenberg; umpire—Townsend, Perkiomen; linemen—Fret, Perkiomen; Geisinger, Muhlenberg; timekeepers—Shimer, Muhlenberg; Goss, Perkiomen; touchdown—Miller 4, Specht 1, Shalter 1; goals—Miller 1, Specht 2; time of halves, 20 minutes.

MUHLENBERG VS. LEBANON VALLEY.

In this game luck was against us. After the first few plays the game seemed like ours, but here Fortune began to scorn us, to shatter our hopes. Several of our best players were knocked out and all our substitutes were called in, necessitating a reconstruction of the whole team. It was on account of this that the game was so badly lost, for the team was changed around as it never had been before. Yet the boys played hard against fate, although a score of 36 to 0 was run up against us. The following is the line-up:

MUHLENBERG.		LEBANON VALLEY.
Shimer, Neubert	left end	Conling.
Telford.	left tackle	Shaffner.
Ink	left guard	House.
Trexler	center	Miller.
Walborn	right guard	Yohe.
Gery, Bickel	right tackle	Balshaugh. Sheesley.
Beck, Rubrecht	right end	Roop.
Shalter	quarterback	Fisher, Capt.
Specht, Shimer	left halfback	Showers, Rupp.
Kistler, Gery	right halfback	Raudabush. Albright.
Miller, Capt., Specht.	fullback	Gray.

Referee—Miller, Lebanon Valley; umpire—Geiger, Muhlenberg; linemen—Rubrecht, Muhlenberg; Rupp, Lebanon Valley; time-keepers—Oyer, Lebanon Valley; Youse, Muhlenberg; time of halves, 20 minutes; touchdown—Showers, Gray, Roop, Yohe, Rupp, Shaffner; goals—Gray 5, Fisher 1.

MUHLENBERG VS. MORAVIAN.

This was the last game for our team this season. The team was badly crippled before, and much more so after the game. Viewing it from our standpoint, the game was a fine example of what we call "hard luck." Two good men, Ink and Specht, were injured, totally demoralizing the team. The score was 30–0 in favor of Moravian. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.		MORAVIAN.
Shimer	left end	Miksch.
Telford.	left tackle	Albrecht.
Ink, Neubert.	left guard	Helmich
Trexler	Center	Suemper.
Walborn	right guard	Frey.
Bickel	right tackle	Gross.
Beck	right end	Heidenreich.
Shalter	quarterback	Stemple.
Rubrecht	left halfback	Meinert.
Specht, Geiger	right halfback	Madsen.
Reagle	fullback	Grabow.

Referee—Enzian, Lehigh; umpire, Erb, Lehigh; linemen—Serfass, Muhlenberg; Schwarze, Moravian; timekeepers, Zerweck, Muhlenberg; Stocker, Moravian; length of halves, 20 minutes.

DROPS.

On account of his parents' objections, Captain Miller was forced to resign and give up the game for this season. Shimer, '01, was unanimously elected to take his place as captain.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Nagle, '01, was elected manager of the base-ball team. He has since been seeing about the grounds at Rittersville and has been reporting favorably.

There are already some twenty candidates for the baseball team, and the outlook thus far is very bright.

Reagle was in the game again.

Kistler, for unknown reasons, quit the game.

Coach Smith, who was injured in a game at Nazareth, is around again.

Drumheller expects to be about again in a few days.

Ink. who had his collar bone broken in the Moravian game, is getting along nicely.

The next thing on the list will be the Freshman-Sophomore game, November 14, at Rittersville.

Our Alumni.

'71.—At a recent meeting of the Luther Social Union of Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. J. F. Ohl, city missionary, read a carefully prepared paper on the question, "Is the Lutheran Church in Philadelphia meeting its obligations?" A very earnest discussion of the question emphatically answered the question in the negative. On October 22, Dr. Ohl also delivered an address on "Inner Missions" before the Central Luther League of Lancaster, Pa. At the third convocation of church musicians held in New York City, Dr. Ohl also read a paper on the question, "Where must we begin in order to improve the quality of the music used in our churches?"

'71.—The address of Rev. Hiram Peters now is 412 South Franklin street, Decatur, Ill.

'73.—Rev. George G. Kunkle, of Lehighton, Pa., is supplying the congregation recently organized at Packerton, and will in all probability become its first regular pastor.—*The Lutheran.*

'77.—Rev. M. Luther Zweizig, of Reading, Pa., has accepted the call of the English Home Mission Board to take charge of the new Mission in Detroit, Michigan.

'78.—Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Lancaster, contributes "A Parable Interpreted by the Reformation" to *The Lutheran* of October 25; also, *The Lutheran* of November 1 contains "a reflection for the Reformation season," entitled "Anglo-Saxon Versus Spaniard," by the same writer.

'83.—To *The Lutheran* of October 11, Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, contributes an article on "Commercially Pure, Some Crooked Things in Chicago."

'83.—The Wilkes-Barre Conference has elected Rev. J. O. Schlenker, '83, of Hazleton, president, and Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, of Freeland, treasurer.

'83.—On October 7-10, 1900, Rev. J. O. Schlenker celebrated the tenth anniversary of his pastorate at Christ Lutheran Church, Hazleton, Pa. On Sunday morning and evening Rev. G. F. Spieker, D.D., of Mt. Airy, preached. On Monday evening a service was held in the interest of the Sunday-school when Revs. Ritter and Ebert made addresses. On Tuesday evening a service in the interest of the various societies connected with the church was held, when Revs. Gerberich and Kuntz spoke. On Wednesday evening a reunion of catechumens was held when addresses were delivered by Revs. Rehrig, Ph.D., and Rausch. All these services were very interesting and largely attended. The pastor read a history of work done and progress made during these ten years. This showed that he baptized 1,094 children, conducted 471 funerals, performed 245 marriages, preached 1,031 sermons, conducted 587 weekday services, attended 453 society meetings, gave 589 catechetical lectures, administered communion to 11,942, made 1,304 sick visits, and 1,029 pastoral calls. The total amount of money raised during these ten years by the congregation was as follows: Current expenses, $27,564.55; special expenses, $12,216.24; benevolence, $3,386.84. The Sunday-school alone raised $6,307.85. Adding what the various societies raised brings the grand total to over $53,000. Marked improvements were made in worship and along spiritual lines. As missions have gone out of the congregation, during the past ten years, the two charges now served by Revs. Ritter and Ebert, and yet the mother congregation has not been weakened, but is numerically almost as strong, financially just as strong, and in benevolence much stronger. Rev. Mr. Schlenker has not only worked hard, but also faithfully and conscientiously, and deserves to be congratulated on the work done in the last ten years. The fruits of his work are everywhere apparent.—*The Lutheran.*

'84.—On the evening of October 15, at Lincoln, Pa., another union church was dissolved. It was a peaceable separation, the Lutherans, under Pastor J. O. Leibensperger, going out to build a new church, and for a consideration deeding the Salem church to the Reformed. There always were few union churches in Lancaster county, and now there is one less.

'84.—A most solemn and impressive service was held last Thursday evening, October 25, in the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, corner of Bedford Avenue and Hewes Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., when "Sister Edith," a graduate of the Motherhouse of Deaconesses in Philadelphia, was installed as deaconess of that parish. The pastor who performed the act of installation is the Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, and the deaconess is, and was, previous to her going to the Philadelphia institution, a member of the congregation in which she is now "servant." A number of pastors from this and neighboring cities were present and took part in the service. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles W. Jeffries, of South Brooklyn, and an address was delivered by the Hon. Charles A. Schieren, also a member of the congregation. This, with St. Matthew's Lutheran Church (G. S.), is the only English church in this borough to introduce the deaconess work; but there seems to be a strong tendency in this direction on the part of all the congregations.—*The Lutheran.*

'84.—The corner-stone of what promises to be a beautiful church, was laid on October 22, at Alexandria, Ind., in the presence of a large gathering, by Rev. W. J. Finck and C. L. V. Doser, the latter being pastor. It is a mission church, named the "Church of Our Blessed Saviour." The edifice when finished will be free of debt. The material to be used in its construction is pressed brick.

St. John's Lutheran Church, Coplay, Pa., after being much enlarged and remodeled, was rededicated on October 21. Rev. Dr. Wackernagel preached in the morning and Rev. H. J. Kuder, of Siegfried, made the principal address in the afternoon. In the evening the sermon was preached by Rev. J. F. Lambert, of Catasauqua. Rev. Dr. Schindel and his son, Rev. J. J. Schindel, are the pastors of this growing congregation.

'84.—On Wednesday evening, October 3, Rev. Elmer F. Krauss was installed as Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Lutheran Theological Seminary of Chicago. Wicker Park Church was well filled and the services were very interesting. After the charge had been delivered by the President of the Board of Trustees, Prof. Krauss delivered his inaugural address. In the language of *The Lutheran*, "it was from beginning to end an able production and had no uncertain sound. There was no trace of hesitancy, wavering, or doubt in a single line, while he clearly showed the nature and need of a sound exegesis, and showed that it must be the foundation of a true course in theology, as well as of a successful ministry. He also laid stress on the very important fact that a mere knowledge of the language, the grammar and the letter of the Scriptures, would make no one either a true theologian or pastor; but that the Word must carry grace, life and experience into the heart. Prof. Krauss received hearty congratulations and assurances of a warm welcome." Thus the Seminary adds another Muhlenberg man to its faculty. The other Muhlenberg Alumni are Dr. Weidner, president and Professor of Dogmatics and Exegesis; Dr. Gerberding, secretary and Professor of Practical Theology; and Dr. Sadtler, Instructor in Philosophy. The Seminary opened the year with forty, representing six nationalities, sixteen synods, and sixteen Lutheran colleges and seminaries.

'84.—In *The Lutheran* of October 25 Rev. George M. Scheidy, of Allentown, very pointedly writes "Who Luther Was."

'86.—The Norristown Conference of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania has chosen Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt, of Schwenksville, president, and Rev. L. J. Bickel, '82, of Pottstown, secretary.

'89.—*The Lutheran* of November 1 contains an interesting autobiographical sketch of "Missionary Behrens and his Labors at Bethany," translated from the German by Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, Pa.

'89.—The address of Rev. John H. Raker now is Lutheran Orphans' Home, Topton, Pa.

'91.—At the recent convention of the Luther League of Pennsylvania, held in Norristown, Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, of Wilkes-Barre, read a most excellent and forcible paper on the topic, "The Call to the Ministry: the League's Responsibility."

'93.—On October 12 a reception was given to Rev. P. George Sieger and his bride by the members of Emanuel Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa. They also received a purse of money as a token of good-will.

'94.—At the Lancaster Conference Rev. Frederick W. Wackernagel, of Millersville, Pa., made an address on "The Means of Grace, their Origin, Use, and Efficacy," and Rev. Charles L. Fry, '78, of Lancaster, spoke on "What Is Our Commission as Ministers?"

'95.—The address of Rev. Warren J. Ellis now is 4716 Woodland avenue, Philadelphia.

'96.—Rev. L. Domer Ulrich is pastor of a Lutheran congregation at Danville, Pa.

'97.—St. John's congregation, Quakertown, Pa., Rev. F. K. Fretz, pastor, consummated the purchase of valuable real estate adjoining their church property. It was considered the most desirable location in Quakertown. The congregation will erect a parsonage on it in the near future.

'97.—*The Lutheran* of October 25 contains an excellent portrait and biographical sketch of Rev. Gomer B. Matthews, one of the new Lutheran missionaries in India.

'97.—Rev. C. C. Miller has been installed as pastor of the Lutheran charge at Freeburg, Pa.

'97.—Rev. Edgar E. Sieger has a Lutheran charge at Beavertown, Pa.

'98.—Marvin L. Kleppinger has been honorably discharged from the United States Naval Service and is again a resident of Allentown.

'99.—James Berg, a member of the Middle class at Mt. Airy, made the address at the eighteenth anniversary of St. Peter's English Evangelical Lutheran Church and Sunday-school last Sunday evening. Rev. Cassiday is the pastor. Mr. Berg is actively engaged in Sunday-school work. He is teacher of a large Bible class in the same church. He is a logical thinker and an interesting speaker. He always has something to say, and knows how to say it. His class is increasing rapidly.

1900.—C. K. Fegley has been appointed musical director in the Sunday-school of the Church of the Ascension, Mt. Airy.

Exchanges.

While few of our former exchanges made their first appearance this year in time for mention in the previous number, the October issue of all have come to us in good time. All these we heartily welcome to our sanctum, and hope that we may mutually benefit by such exchange of thought and college activity.

We agree with the *Dickinson Literary Monthly* that it affords great pleasure to publish articles from alumni, and we are of opinion that alumni could be of great help to secure the success of a college journal and to encourage students by sending frequent contributions. But if alumni are to be interested in this work, they must be kept in touch with the doings of students and other alumni through the pages of such periodical.

The Susquehanna of October, under the title of "An Indian Romance," publishes an interesting tradition of pre-revolutionary times.

From the *Free Lance* we learn that there is a movement on foot among the students of Pennsylvania State College to organize a band to furnish music for drills and on college days.

The *Ursinus College Bulletin* has been changed from a bi-weekly to a monthly. New departments have been added and other changes effected. We wish the *Bulletin* a successful career.

The Mirror has a good article on "The Self-opinionated College Man."

"South Carolina as a Field for Journalism" and "The Race Problem," two timely topics for a southern college, are treated in the *College of Charleston Magazine.*

The Gettysburgian is very active in the agitation of debating at college. This is certainly a step in the right direction. No matter what a man's future life-work may be, the ability to present or discuss a subject coolly, impartially, and thoroughly is always very helpful.

The Touchstone deserves credit for its purely literary character. The articles of the October number are all by students and are worthy of careful reading.

From the *College Student* we learn that the heroine of Whittier's ballad, Barbara Fritchie, was born at Lancaster. When four years old she moved with her parents to Frederick, Md. She was ninety-six years old when the event celebrated in the poem occurred. The article relates many peculiarities of the woman and the times.

"There are some spectacles one can never forget," said the lecturer, after giving a description of a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell them," remarked an absent-minded old lady.—*Ex.*

Literary.

Webster, it is said, during his whole literary life, wrote but one poem, and that was upon the death of his infant son. This son was born on Summer street, in Boston, December

31, 1822, and died in December, 1824. The poem has not appeared in print for some years. It bears the title—

LINES ON CHARLES'S DEATH.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight;
Thy morn of life was gay and cheery;
That morn has rushed to sudden night,
Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

I held thee on my knee, my son,
And kissed thee laughing, kissed thee weeping;
But, ah! thy little life is done;
Thou'rt with thy angel sister sleeping.

The staff on which my years should lean
Is broken ere those years came o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the grave before me.

Thou raisest to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beholdest,
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And standest in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine;
Thou hast thy predecessor's part—
Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes
The road to heaven, and showed it clear;
But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher learning here.

Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee,
And hasten to partake thy bliss;
And, ah, to thy world welcome me
As erst I welomed thee to this!

Thy father, I beheld thee born,
And led thy tottering steps with care;
Before me risen to heaven's bright morn,
My son, my father, guide me there.

Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, United States Consul-General at Hong Kong, has gathered Chinese legends, annals, modern history and personal experience and prejudice, put all indiscriminately into a book and called it "China's Open Door." Its opening sentence, "The Chinamen of 3000 B. C. are the identical Chinamen that greeted us at the opening of the treaty ports," is a fair example of the author's knowledge and capacity for criticism.

For immediate publication is announced "Thé Spirit of God," by Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, whose previous works, as well as his annual visits to Northfield, have made him almost as well known in this country as in England, his home. His latest work is said by critics to be his most important one.

"The Church, Past and Present," a review of its history, edited by Rev. H. M. Gwatkin, has among the contributors the Bishop of London (Dr. Creighton), Bishop Barry, Rev. Chas. Bigg, D.D., Canon Meyrick, and others.

"The astonishing total of $485,000 has been realized from Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" in various ways, the proceeds going to the families of the men fighting in South Africa. This is at the rate of $10,000 a line, which doubtless breaks the poetry record."

A new uniform edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley, known as the Greenfield Edition, has just been issued by his publishers. The set consists of nine volumes.

"Charles Major, the author of 'When Knighthood Was in Flower,' has completed another story which, like its predecessor, is an historical romance. The scene of action is in the time of Charles II."

"Winston Churchill follows his famous story 'Richard Carvel' with another novel which he calls 'The Crisis,' and which will be illustrated by Maxwell Parrish, a combination of writer and illustrator, which will undoubtedly attract wide attention."

"Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, had edited, with an introduction, a volume entitled 'Liberty Documents.' As the title indicates, it embraces the famous documents in history which have tended to augment the liberty of the masses."

"Miss Mary Johnston, whose second novel, 'To Have and to Hold,' is now in its two hundred and seventieth thousand, has almost completed a third, which, under the title of 'Audrey,' will begin as a serial in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June."

"John Kendrick Bangs's 'The Idiot at Home,' which was published October 5. is already almost through its fourth edition. Possibly this is the author's most popular book since 'The Houseboat on the Styx.'"

Vol. XVIII. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 4.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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A Haloless Martyr.

A. S. HARTZELL, '97.

What a glorious thing is sacrifice! How natural and how noble! So natural, that it may be regarded as an instinctive human attribute, for in all civilized countries every person surrenders a part of his primitive liberty when he enters into society as the price of so valuable a purchase. So noble, that it is one of the few virtues which the world seldom fails to acknowledge and to reward.

The statesman, the soldier, the artist, the benefactor, all these bestow their several offerings of diplomacy, loyalty, talent, and devotion upon a grateful recipient, willing to appreciate—eager to reciprocate. But alas, there is one species—the cheerful, accommodating society man—who is an essential evil, a social necessity; but whose labors of love are doomed to go unhonored and unsung. Let us observe him for a while and draw our own conclusions.

"Oh, Mr. Jones! So glad I happened to meet you! I was told you were not coming to the Charity Euchre this evening. Now, it isn't true, is it?"

"I would be very happy to be excused this once, Miss Jolyer."

"Oh, but you simply must come. It would be terrible not to have you enjoy the evening with us."

"Thank you, but I have a very annoying cold, and I had hoped to retire early this evening. Besides, I have not made any arrangements."

"Now just listen to that! Nonsense, Mr. Jones, I know it would do your cold worlds of good; and as we are short of gentlemen, it will be just lovely for you to drop in upon us. Now, you won't refuse, will you?"

Needless to say, Jones did not refuse. The accommodating man seldom knows when to refuse. Therein lies his misery.

We will pass by his hurried walk home after his encounter with Miss Jolyer; his half-masticated supper; his frantic rush to the nearest barber, who didn't happen to be near at all; his discovery that the laundryman had failed to deliver his dress shirts and his subsequent sprint to the nearest clothier; his fluent application of biblical terms when his collar-button rolled under his dresser for the third time; his ——, but I believe I said we will pass all these by.

* * * *

"Good evening, Mr. Jones; I just knew you would come. Some persons were horrid enough to say that you wouldn't. But Miss Jolyer just told me that she met you this afternoon, and that you were wild to come."

"Where is Miss ——," he began, clenching his fists, but checked himself.

"The playing has started. Will you remove your things and let me introduce you to Miss Bore? She is a stranger, and if you will kindly entertain her until they progress, we will start a new table."

"What a dreadful cold you have?" she exclaimed when he joined her. "Have you tried Dr. Fizzle's Remedy? Mr. Jones, this is Miss Bore. Miss Bore, permit me, Mr. Jones."

Ah, yes! The curtain had risen now, for fair. Miss Bore was one of those lovely incarnations of feminine exclusiveness, common to every community, to whom "small talk" is a thing unknown; who frown upon any petty advances calculated to promote sociability; who consider it an unpardonable condescension to be pleasant; and who, despite all this, cannot understand why they are not popular.

After the usual formalities of greeting were said and done with, the silence became uncomfortable and then exasperating. Would they never progress?

"Do you—do you like fish?" he finally blurted out, in a frantic attempt to say something.

Luckily she misunderstood him.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Jones; I love to fish."

And then silence supremely reinstated itself.

The coveted progression finally came to pass, and with two other delinquents they started a new table. It soon was apparent that the delinquents were so thoroughly wrapped up in one another as to preclude any possibility of even an attempt to be sociable. They exchanged every imaginable species of "sweet nothings" to the evident disgust of Miss Bore.

Only once did the conversation become general, and that was when the opposing lady ventured:

"You appear to have a cold, Mr. Jones."

"I have," he replied, none too pleasantly.

"Have you ever applied sliced onions to your chest?"

Gong!

The delinquents progressed. Miss Bore looked relieved. Jones smiled a sickly smile and looked resigned. Mr. Mouthy and a timid-looking young lady approached from the head table, both rather crestfallen.

Jones had encountered Mr. Mouthy before, and he waited for the inevitable. It arrived before the timid lady had finished the first deal.

"As I was telling you," he drawled; and then he proceeded to tell (presumably to the dealer, but in reality for the benefit of all who might be within reach of his penetrating voice) an endless account of an uninteresting experience which happened at an uninteresting place among people whom no one knew or cared about, but in which he was always the central and heroic figure. He represented that prevalent class of anecdotal cranks.

During a brief intermission in which Mouthy replenished his wind, the timid lady found courage to observe:

"You have a distressing cold, Mr. Jones."

"Exceedingly so."

"Why don't you gargle your throat with Hyposquirmbulldide of Peroxidumbum?"

The bell came to Jones's rescue.

He could have yelled for joy as he gathered up the timid lady and fled from the presence of Miss Bore. Miss Giggle and another unfortunate were waiting for them.

"Mr. Jones, I do hope you will enable me to move. Tee-hee-he-e. I've been at this table for an age. Tee-hee-he-e-e. Oh, dear me, but don't you have an awful cold! Have you drank catnip-tea? Tee-hee-e-e-e."

The game progressed very smoothly, Miss Giggle poising on the verge of hysterics at regular intervals of half a minute.

Jones was very anxious to win. There was a young lady at the next table whom he especially desired to meet. The score was tied.

"Let me see, trumps was called. Tee-hee-he. Oh, yes, I recall. How stupid of me. Tee-he-e. There! Now I've trumped your ace, haven't I? We'd have won if I hadn't done so. Tee-he-e-e.

"Tee-he-hee," echoed Jones faintly, and swore inwardly.

And so the evening wore away. Miss Bore was his next partner, and frequently thereafter. Refreshment time found him with Miss Gusher. The salad was fishy, and he had pushed his plate aside after the first morsel.

"What!" screamed Miss Gusher, "aren't you going to finish your salad? I shall never forgive you if you don't. I made it myself and every one thinks it is grand."

"It certainly is excellent, Miss Gusher, but I never eat salads at night."

"Well, you simply must to-night or I shall be offended."

And Jones, amid refreshing visions of the restless night in store for him, bolted the salad.

"Isn't it dreadful about your cold?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Let me recommend a hot ba———."

"Excuse me, Miss Gusher, but I heard someone calling me," gasped Jones wildly, and dashed for the coat-room.

"What is the matter, Mr. Jones?"

He wheeled about and confronted Miss Jolyer. A murderous impulse took possession of him.

"I reget to say that my cold has taken a bad turn and I am obliged to leave," he ventured finally.

"Now, you will do nothing of the sort. The dancing will begin shortly and I promised Miss Bore that I would engage you for her for the first dance. She has never danced before, but she wishes to make the attempt this evening."

"I will go home," he shouted so fiercely, that even Miss Jolyer could not find the courage to offer any further remonstrance.

And home he went.

A newsboy caught up with him and shouted:

"Journal, Mister? All about the Boers!"

This was the limit. He seized the hapless urchin by the collar and shook him until his papers scattered to the four winds.

"If you dare ——" he hissed, between the vibrations, "to mention —— the name of Bore —— again —— I'll take your —— miserable life."

With a thrust that sent the terrified youngster spinning across the street, he resumed his homeward way. He had at least settled the Bore question.

And still, as he thought the matter over, there arose in his heart a tender feeling for the ungainly stranger. She was the only person in the vast assemblage who had not remarked about his cold and suggested a remedy.

A Plea for the Greek Testament.

R. R. FRITSCH, '00.

II.

By way of continuing our effort to arouse the interest of others in the study of the Greek Testament, and in following the line of word-study as pursued in our former paper, let us take the verb *dynamai* in order to draw therefrom some interesting and at the same time helpful lessons. This verb means *to be able*, expressing *ability*, *power*, *possibility* and cognate ideas. The noun *dynamis*, derived from the verb, means *power*, and the adjective, *dynatos*, means *able* and *possible*. There is a peculiar fact connected with this verb, viz, that its English derivatives express to our minds somewhat stronger ideas than were originally understood by a Greek as its primary meaning. Two of these derivatives will be used as illustrations.

There is a department in Natural Philosophy called Dynamics—the science of forces. This word is one of the derivatives above referred to. It includes in its meaning not only the latent energy, the ability to do, but also that energy in actual operation. In Matt. 22:29 we find the phrase "*dynamis Theou*"—the power of God. By virtue of the relation between these two words, we may read between the lines that God is the Author of the laws, not only of

Dynamics, but the whole of Natural Philosophy. These laws of Nature are nothing less than the will of God, for some one has said that "organic laws and physical laws are the expression of the will of God." From the fact that these laws are universal, unfailing, and powerful, we must by presumption look for an author omnipresent, unchangeable, and omnipotent, and such indeed is the author revealed to us by Revelation. The great forces of Nature, the cyclone, the raging sea, the earthquake, and the volcano, all testify to a mighty overseer and ruler. But are these the only forces of great consequence? The most powerful are the so-called "silent forces." The action of rain, wind, and temperature upon mountains is no less wonderful or powerful than that of earthquakes or volcanic eruptions. Time would seem to modify the wonder of the process, but it is no more of a miracle to change water into wine at a marriage feast than to cause it to be made from the rain of heaven which enters the ground and finds its way through the roots, branches, and grapes of the vine. The great fact remains that it was done. The ruin wrought by the Galveston storm will soon be unnoticeable, but the effects of temperature and rain on land surfaces can not be changed by man's power. Yet to us the storm appears the more powerful, while the contrary is really the case. How these silent forces indicate a characteristic of God Himself! He spoke to Elijah not out of the earthquake, not out of the rushing wind, neither out of the fire, but by a still small voice.

The figure employed in the verse "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," reminds us of another force in Natural Philosophy—that of the magnet, a silent but powerful agency. Thus does Christ become the *power* of God unto salvation to all who believe, drawing them by His love.

This same word is used to refer to the miracles and signs which Christ and His disciples performed. Hence we need not go to philosophers or commentators to inquire how Christ was able to perform miracles. If we remember the reasoning of the former paragraph, we can easily understand how God, who created these laws, could give the power to modify them. Now to modify a great law of nature requires great power. Hence the appropriate use of the word *dynamis* in the Greek Testament to refer to miracles.

In Herodotus and Xenophon we find the expression "*forces* of cavalry and infantry." Now, we have the same word in the New Testament in the phrase already cited, "the *power* of God." This brings to our minds the God of Israel who was to them the God of battles. The truth is, God is all-powerful, omnipotent; expressed in the Odyssey by the heathen writer Homer thus—*Zeus dynatai hapanta*, and by Paul—*Theo panta dynata.*

But how much more powerful does this word become when translated with the thought expressed in its second derivative, "dynamite." To our finite minds action to be powerful must be both instantaneous and effective. To repeat, we can hardly realize that mountains are leveled by rain and temperature as surely as by dynamite. But still this is true. For the "power of God" is effective in either form, whether it act instantaneously or through a period of time; whether He created the heaven and the earth in a day of twenty-four hours or in a day of twenty-four centuries; for "one day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day." The glorious universe appears as a witness to the great fact that God did create it. Peter needed to say that the Lord is not slack concerning his promises, for the reason that men want the answer to their prayers as soon as they are uttered.

Dynamite, therefore, is to our minds a very powerful agent, for the reason that it does act instantaneously and with terrific force. Reading this meaning into the verses in which the stem of this word is used in the Greek, we have a very strong commentary on those verses. While some men were digging a trench through a stratum of rock, I saw the rocks shattered into fine pieces by this explosive. It reminded me of the power, the *dynamis*, of God, who can break and shatter the hardest and stoniest heart.

In Col. 1:11 we read, "*Strengthened* with all *might*," both of which words are from the Greek word in question. Think of the force accumulated in a small stick of dynamite, and then of the power of a Christian in this world when "strengthened with all might"—dynamite.

Hence may be derived the spiritual application. We can do all things through Him who giveth us the power. And it was for this that the disciples were to tarry at Jerusalem, until they should be endued with power from on high.

In the next paper, instead of dealing with a single word, we will examine some miscellaneous verses, and, if possible, make it all the more interesting.

"The Walking Purchase."

The patriarchal relations which existed between Penn and his colony, ceased with his death; the interest which his family took in the affairs of the province was mercenary. Hence the Friends, through their reverence for their dead patron, through their inherent love of the principles of honesty, through their fair dealing in carrying out the peaceful plans of Penn, set at naught by his successors, incurred the ill-will and hostilities of the Proprietors, but at the same time strengthened the sincere friendship which the Indians cherished for the good "Mignon" and his followers. So diligent were the Quakers in protecting and relieving the wants of the Indians that the Indians were wont to say that "even the sight of a Quaker made them feel happy."

The notorious transaction known as the "Walking Purchase," though perhaps not so much of an outrage, was the one questionable act of the Quakers which produced an enmity in the breast of the Indian, which was the direct cause of massacres in later years through which many of the early settlers in our vicinity lost their lives.

The facts in the case are these: William Penn, being ignorant of the topography of his own province, bounded the purchases and repurchases he made from the Indians by natural and well-known landmarks, such as streams and hills or mountains; but where well-defined boundaries could not be named, Penn and his agents had recourse to very vague descriptions. In one case the boundary was mentioned as "running northwardly as far as an horse can travel in two days." Other cases had similarly obscure terms. Penn never expected to make less than two purchases to cover each tract, and, indeed, as was the case, he made several purchases three imes over. When the Indian chiefs were dissatisfied with any transaction, as they generally were, the easy-going Penn had but to call another "council" and make another payment and the warriors would depart well satisfied for the time being.

Thus it happened that Penn made a purchase in 1686, which called for a tract lying northward of the Neshaminy purchase, "as far as a man can go in a day and a half," and from the point thus determined eastwardly to the Delaware. The boundaries were not specifically fixed in Penn's time, nor were any other boundaries so obscurely defined. In 1737 this particular purchase was reconfirmed by an Indian "council," and the Proprietors actively brought matters to a crisis after this reconfirmation.

Several months before the treaty, in 1737, they had a small party on horseback, with a man named Jennings as the walker, make a preliminary journey. This was the only questionable act in the whole transaction, and even this was not done without the knowledge of the Indians. The walk, however, was satisfactory to the Proprietors, and they were consequently able to have the original document, made in 1686, confirmed. They employed Chapman, a surveyor, and Smith, sheriff of Bucks county, to superintend the business. They were ordered to engage the services of the most rapid and enduring walkers in the province. Jennings, who took part in the preliminary walk, Yeates and Marshall were chosen as the pedestrians. A liberal reward was promised to that man of the three "who traveled and held out the best." The starting-place was the northern boundary of the Neshaminy purchase, at a place called Wrightstown. The start was made exactly at sunrise with the three walkers touching the trunk of a large chestnut tree, Smith being master of ceremonies. The party was accompanied by three Indian delegates, and several other interested parties on horseback. Regardless of minor obstructions the direction was as nearly as possible in a straight line north. Yeates and Marshall showed no signs of weariness, but Jennings lagged before noon. At noon Jennings was out of the contest, and the Indians dropped out when the Lehigh was reached, both exhausted and incensed at what they considered the unfairness of the manner in which the walk was made. The Lehigh was crossed at the island opposite the Bethlehem Iron

Works. The party held the same general direction through Northampton county, and crossed the Blue mountains at what is now called Smith's Gap, Moore Township. On the south side of the mountain they met a great party of Indians who had expected the Gap to be the end of the day-and-a-half's walk. They were amazed to see that such a distance was covered in a day by the white men, and they thought that at any rate the Gap would be made the end of the walk. But when the party passed through the Gap they were at no pains to conceal their dissatisfaction and certain ones of the walking party expected trouble. Smith's party made their night halt at the north base of the mountain, both Yeates and Marshall being utterly exhausted. The Indians encamped a short distance from the other party, and made night hideous with their yells and howls of rage.

At sunrise next morning the walkers again set out. They had traveled but a short distance when Yeates gave out and fell into a creek. He was completely prostrated and altogether blind. He died three days after. Marshall kept right on with vigor until noon. On the announcement of Smith that time was up, he struck his hatchet into a sapling which marked the northwesterly boundary of the famous "Walking Purchase." The northern boundary was a line run directly east to the Delaware.

Marshall was a young man of 27 when he accomplished his great walking feat. By vocation he was a hunter and trapper. He covered a distance of 61 miles in the day and a half. All things considered the record was not so formidable. Pedestrians who are but amateurs consider fifty miles in twelve hours not more than normal, and we have amateur records of sixty miles in twelve hours. We must consider, however, that the walkers in Marshall's contest traveled almost in a straight line with all obstacles in such a course to overcome.

Recreation.

R. B. LYNN, '02.

When night draws the veil of darkness over the earth, all life, in obedience to nature's command, succumbs to sleep —" best friend of frail humanity, and, like all other friends, best estimated in its loss." Without "nature's nurse" to assist us in repairing the waste of the day's toil, our existence would be like a flame in the absence of oxygen—one feeble little flicker, then eternal darkness. Sleep, though aptly called "Death's younger brother," is a blessing far beyond our power to appreciate. Truly it is a type of recreation—a new creation.

But while recreation may include sleep, in its present general usage it signifies rather a relaxation from the routine of daily life. Over sleep we have no lasting influence; but we are the choosers of our own methods of recreation. Hence to us, engaged, as we are, largely in work of a mental nature, this matter is one of the greatest import. It is a recognized fact that the mind cannot be concentrated in one direction for any great length of time with impunity. Consequently the importance of wisely appointing those studies which shall follow one another.

Now, when nature has a law,—and we are justified in so terming her demand for recreation,—to ignore it is to invite chastisement. She employs no police to enforce her laws. Their violation calls down swift punishment. If one is indiscreet enough to jump over a precipice, thus ignoring the law of gravitation, the very act will be its own punishment.

At the present day it is hard to find one who allows himself no time for recreation. However, we disobey not only by ignoring nature's injunctions, but far oftener by a mock fulfillment of them. There are those who seem to regard amusement a synonym of recreation. This is not always a mistaken view. But it must be admitted that whether it is or not depends entirely upon the kind of amusement. Being human, we are prone to follow those things which, aside from wasting our time and being of no account, are positively harmful, and when taken to task we weakly seek to excuse ourselves by saying: "One must have some recreation." True, but let it be recreation. The term does not imply idleness, far less the pursuit of the harmful. It means a diversion from daily work by devoting our attention to that which, while it rests the mind, points to a field into which we may enter and acquire useful information. Life is too short to fritter away time; and the results too serious to waste it in a manner which will sap our energy.

We have already observed the nature of true recreation. How to attain it is the next question. Have a "hobby!" Also have a care that you at all times are master of the hobby; do not let it master you.

Read! but let it be that which is worth reading. Some one has wisely said: "Don't read a book till it is a year old." To read all the trash that is put on the market, simply for the sake of being able to say you have read it, is as bad as not to read at all. Rather read the classics. They may be old, but that is their highest recommendation. They are never old-fashioned. By all means read thoughtfully; do not skim. There is no hurry. Get a little, but get it right. Some of our most prominent men and women would take several hours to digest a page. Let your reading be systematic; have an end in view.

Perchance you may be a lover of music. Then follow it in your spare moments. But here again go deeper than the surface. Cultivate a taste for good music. Hear it intelligently, and if you play or sing, do it intelligently. You may ask: "What good, apart from mere innocent enjoyment, am I to derive from music?" The answer comes: First, it arouses the emotions. Take for instance "the most stupid horse that goes up hill to the sound of bells, or the most timid soldier who marches to battle with fife and drum." Secondly, used as an art. it disciplines and controls emotion. In your troubled moments you will be borne up and carried out of your sadness on the waves of sound, and in your happier moods you will hear or perform, with the highest pleasure, that which is elevating and refining in the truest sense.

Again, equip yourself with a microscope, and approach your Creator through the evidences of his wisdom and goodness. Become acquainted with the countless inhabitants of that unseen world and you will realize, as never before, the design and Intelligent Cause of all things.

In conclusion. Let your recreation re-create. Do not let it tear down and profane your Maker's temple, and, while you relax your mind from the work in hand, you will add to your store of knowledge, and at the same time lessen the labor of acquiring it.

"Jim."

A. W. ROHRIG, '03.

He was rather tall and angular, yet withal quite broad in the shoulders—suggesting great strength as well as activity. In his honest face, slightly browned by the hot rays of the midsummer's sun, one beheld a pair of clear, blue eyes that could sparkle in mirth, look wistful and sad in sorrow, and harden in anger. Apparently he was but a country lad who had been drawn to the fair by the fine weather and to make a holiday of it. But as he was standing near the race-track, entirely oblivious of the gay crowd about him and leaning with one shoulder against the white-washed enclosure, watching the horses that were being exercised for the races soon to take place, such a look of earnestness crept into his face that it struck me as quite singular in one so young, and I decided to keep my eyes on him. There was that in his face and carriage which attracted—a personal magnetism. I was interested. As I watched him and saw him moving about a little later, I noticed a quiet determination in his bearing which convinced me that, though a mere lad, he "knew a thing or two" and possessed a will which would not permit him to halt half-way. While thus gazing at him, he impressed me more and more. What a fine nose; what a firm mouth; what a powerful jaw! Yet my resolve to keep him in sight seemingly came to naught, for he disappeared very suddenly in the large crowd. It still wanted half an hour till the first race. I did not know what to do with myself in the meantime, for, while not particularly interested in races at any time, I yet knew that they would prove more attractive than anything else at the fair. While lost in meditation, I suddenly again caught sight of the object of my stray thoughts—the very person I was looking for, but this time he was seated on a sulky, driving a powerful and spirited black trotter that evidently was to enter the next race. Wondering what it all meant and endeavoring to arrive at some definite result, I became the chance listener to the following interesting remarks made by two gray-haired old men—probably well-to-do farmers:

"Wal, John, so Jim's a-goin' t' race that black hoss o' his a'ter all."

"Yas, Bill, so't seems. Ye know, his dad gave th' 'oss to 'im a couple o' years ago, as no faller c'uld do a thing with 'im. Jim's always 'ad a knack with 'osses sence a kid, an' with 'at 'ere stick-t'-it spirit o' his he's mastered th' 'oss 'til 'oss an' master ar' now fas' friends an' Jim kin get out o' 'im 'bout all that's in 'im. When th' old man died not more'n a year ago, he left a mor'gage on th' farm, an' Jim's be'n doin' 'is best t' make things go, but crops war' po'r last year an' no prospect bein' any better this, an' as money's tight th' faller holdin' th' mor'gage threatens t' sell th' farm."

"Oh, that 'xplains it then, fer I c'uldn't quite see what brou't Jim to th' races, sence he's never hankered a'ter sech things an' always be'n a steady faller, 'specially fer one s' young."

"Wal, th' race is fer 'is house an' old mother—if he kin win th' race he'll 'bout be able t' fix up th' mor'gage. I 'xpect he'll drive th' black fer all he's worth, or I don't know 'im."

It had heard about all that I cared to hear and was now even more interested in my man than before, for "Jim" must refer to my young lad, since there wasn't anyone else driving a black horse. I was on the "anxious bench" and in a fever of excitement, like a ship tugging restlessly at her moorings, impatient for the start. I wanted to see that race, and I wished from my heart that the black horse might win.

I seemed an endless wait, especially with the hot sun pouring down on me in my unprotected position, with a surging crowd of humanity all about me, seemingly just as anxiously waiting for the start. But now they come down at full speed. What a fine picture, full of life and action! The hoof-beats resounding regularly—thud, thud, thud—on the hard track; the horses' eyes shining like specks of fire shooting forth bright sparks, the ears pointing forward, nostrils wide open, taking in the air in long, loud breaths, heads and necks outstretched, the bodies sleek and glossy, with every muscle showing the beautiful action beneath the satin coat, the legs moving regularly and rapidly in long, powerful strides, with tails tucked up securely under the drivers, who sat like statues on their high-seated sulkies, scarcely moving their heads, as if afraid to take their eyes off their horses, merely blinking at the starter out of the corners of their eyes as he gives the word "go."

They're off, and as they sweep by me I see my friend in second position, apparently driving every bit as well as the veteran reinsmen about him, and I rejoice; but only for an instant. This is only the start, and these older men, who know "every trick of the trade" from their many years of experience, will no doubt work all the more not to let so young and inexperienced a fellow walk away with so rich a prize. I, who had never before been deeply interested in anything of this kind, now stand as if rooted to the ground, never once taking my eyes off the horses as they fly around the turns at full speed. What would some of my friends say if they could see me now! Well, no matter; I'm interested and wouldn't care what they'd think. Breathlessly I watch. Now they're turning into the home-stretch. Yes, he's still there with his black—but will he be able to stay! The next hundred yards will tell, for now comes the tug-of-war. All the ingenuity these men possess is now put into play, every inch of ground is contested for, every effort is put forth. Will he, can he, hold his own—he, the inexperienced youth—with these veterans?

As I see them drawing nearer and nearer, and can now behold the set look of determination on that boyish face, my fears vanish. Yes, that fellow will conquer—he'll win, for he's fighting for home; yes, for what is dearer than home—for the mother who is likely to be turned out of that place, where she spent so many happy years of her life, if he doesn't accomplish his purpose and win the race.

Oh, what a sight! Like unto a statue he sits at his place, still on a level with the veterans, although they've tried to disconcert him by all the means at their disposal, by every trick known to them.

Now they're only a hundred feet from the wire. What is that? It cannot be! Yet it is so. Quickly he bends forward, gently he whispers a few kind words to his horse, when, like a flash, amid a cloud of yellow dust, the speedy black draws ahead.

A mighty shout; the race is won. Home and mother are safe!

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

Another step has been taken along the athletic line in the formation of a basket-ball team, which is getting under way very nicely. Basket-ball is becoming recognized, more each year among the colleges, as the indoor sport to keep things in motion during the winter months. As everything needful in this game was placed within our reach, we saw no reason why advantage should not be taken of it. The team is in very efficient hands and will no doubt develop into a strong aggregation.

* * *

Yet a short space and another paragraph will be finished on the scroll of Time. But before its completion, the happiest and most hopeful lines of all the year shall be written thereon. The words will be raised above all the rest and will read like this:

"Rejoice, for Christ is born!"

It is for the celebration of this event that we look forward, and to those who have worked well and earnestly will be the greater pleasure. Many of us would not work nearly so well if we were not sustained by the hope of a vacation, so dear to a student's heart; so in the world at large many would not undergo what they do or live as they do, if it was not for the hope which the star brought with it. Although we will not see the star in the sky, nor hear the anthem as sung by the angels, yet at the end of this most glorious century we shall reap the benefits coming from them a thousandfold. Think of the increasing volume with which this mighty anthem will be sung this year as it rolls around the world! Sit thou not down idly, but be up; help swell the chorus.

As the old paragraph is ended, a new one will immediately be begun. This one shall mark the beginning of the twentieth century, the end of which shall not be ours to see, but the result of which we hope may even be more glorious than the past. Be careful that you start aright! Be on the alert, casting off the worn-out, putting on that which is new; and although life may be a mass of shattered hopes and broken promises, nevertheless, fill yourself with hope and try again. Promise yourself that the right path only shall be yours, and if you lose your way at times be not dismayed. Struggle onward, and the assurance is yours that a crown of glory will be your reward.

We wish you all, each one in his own way, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Personal and Local.

Past—Turkey.

Coming—Santa Claus.

No wonder Turkey refuses to pay $90,000 indemnity when it reads in our Thanksgiving journals of how we butcher turkey.

It does seem strange, but Heckenberger talks of a bald-headed man with white hair.

Kistler: "Doctor, that is a misprint."
Dr. W.: "No, but that was a missquint."

The latest authorities claim that a picture drawn in class is a classical work.

Dennis and Shalter were at home on November 11.

Drack has discontinued his course in the Preparatory Department.

Now, Keboch and Sultzbach, will you annoy a Senior?

Miller, '02, spent his Thanksgiving vacation with his classmate, Geiger.

Roth, '03, is becoming quite an athlete. His latest accomplishment is the swinging of an eight-foot pole.

Schlotter is the Sophomore sprinter.

Finch and McCollom have discontinued the studies of our Classical Course and have entered the Scientific Department.

Bickel and Walborn enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinner with their schoolmate, Weisley.

About the halls: "Well, Drummy, how's your foot getting along?"

Drumheller: "Oh, I can't kick."

Prof. Dowell: "What is Absolute Temperature?"

Kistler: "Well,—it's the temperature that's put on."

The noblest work of man,—Telford's Latin oration on "The Presentation of a Turkey."

Lynn, '02, and Yoder, '01, accompanied Neff, '03, to his home, where they spent Thanksgiving.

Fegley, '02, spent Thanksgiving eve among his friends in Hokendauqua.

Many thanks to our Mt. Airy alumni friends for their hearty contribution to the cause of Athletics.

We wish to inform our entire alumni body that our Christmas stocking with its stripes of cardinal and gray is hung; and that we will cordially accept all pecuniary expressions of encouragement toward the furtherance of our Athletic Association.

How queer that when, in the midst of a class spirit ennui, a banquet is held the spirits flow so freely.

On Tuesday evening, November 27, the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity tendered their friends a very pleasant and successful progressive euchre.

Dr. W. has given an ultimatum in these words: "The Freshmen have the most perfect menagerie."

They say that Rohrig uses shorthand in writing and longhand in talking.

Barndt, '03, claims that an ellipse is an elongated circle.

Zerweck says you need cheek to steal a kiss.

Why is Glase so fat?

Because he is an olein (Oley-an).

Dr. Ettinger: "Who was Proteus?"

Junior: "A man who could change himself into any old thing."

Dr. Ettinger: "Yes, and perhaps into some new ones."

Fegley delivered an able address to the Luther Leaguers in Grace Lutheran Church, South Allentown, on Friday evening, November 9. On Tuesday evening, November 13, Croman gave a very interesting talk to St. Michael's Luther League.

Burger, our latest Nimrod, while roaming the hills of Lehigh county with his airgun, shot at a bird; but the bird took the bullet for a fly, swallowed it, and flew away.

Ink's broken collar-bone has healed very nicely. Upon hearing of his accident, the "fair sex" tendered their sympathies in the form of beautiful floral contributions.

Drumheller returned from the Allentown Hospital on November 18. He has learned to use his crutches with a great deal of skill.

The Juniors banqueted at the Duck Farm Hotel on November 26. After partaking of a well-prepared and tastefully served turkey dinner, impromptu toasts were called for by Beck, the president of the class, and the following responded: Fegley, Moyer, Geiger, Miller, Uhrich, Rupp, Freed, Kuehner, Gable, Bartholomew, Appel, and Scholl. The latter's speech was elaborate and was eloquently delivered. After spending an enjoyable time all returned well pleased with their digression from the regular routine of study.

Rev. Dr. Steinheuser was stricken with apoplexy on Sunday evening, November 11, directly after church services. He is slowly convalescing.

Euterpea elected the following officers: President, Fetherolf, W. P.; vice-president, Freed; secretary, Kurtz; corresponding secretary, Heilman; chaplain, Youse; pianist, Leefeldt; critics, Ink and Uhrich.

Nagle, Reagle, Fetherolf, J. M., Hamm, and Rubrecht enjoyed a tramp on November 17 in quest of wood and minerals.

The Juniors have begun the work on their *Ciarla*. A number of athletic photos have been taken.

Committees have been appointed to arrange for the Inter-society Debate.

Kurtz, '03, taught St. Michael's English Bible Class on November 18, Croman on November 25, Fegley on December 2, Uhrich on December 9, and Freed on December 16.

Helig, as violinist, is accompanying organist Walborn in rehearsing the Christmas music at the Mission Sunday-school, First Ward.

Brunner visited Wm. Horn at Princeton College, N. J., on November 17, and witnessed the Yale-Princeton game.

Professor Dowell presented a number of books to the societies. The boys appreciate his benevolence.

Youse, while on a gunning trip during the Thanksgiving recess, allowed a rabbit to run between his legs, and then exclaimed: "See! I told you; you should have turned your gun the other way!"

Dr. Ochsenford delivered a German address in the Lehigh Church on November 18, Schmoyer an English one, and Kline, '01, rendered a solo in the afternoon and evening.

Helig spent part of the Thanksgiving vacation in Philadelphia, visiting his sister.

Quite a number of the students while away their spare moments in playing at draughts. Several have contracted colds in consequence. Your move.

On Wednesday evening, December 5, Walborn acted as organist in St. John's Lutheran Church.

As Rupp walked through the museum at the University of Pennsylvania and gazed upon the enormous skeleton of a whale, he said, after a few moments of serious meditation, "Boys, now glaub ich in die Bible."

The Missionary Society elected the following officers: President, Fetherolf, W. P.; secretary, Rhoads; organist, Walborn; treasurer, Sultzbach. At the last meeting the following interesting papers were read: "Race and the Gospel in the West Indies," W. P. Fetherolf; "Dr. Cyrus Hamlin," Rohrig; and "Parish Priests in Russia," Telford. An open meeting of the Missionary Society will be held in the near future.

Dr. W.: "What did Moses do when he saw the golden calf?"

Finch: "Had an ox-roast."

Dr. Wackernagel informed the Freshman Class that in Thibet, on each girl's birthday, she was given a skin of butter which was kept until her wedding-day, for a dower. Beware of old maids, boys!

Drs. Seip, Ettinger, and Ochsenford attended a meeting of the Colleges of the Middle States, held in the Law Building, Philadelphia, during the latter part of November.

Rupp and Rubrecht represented Muhlenberg College at a business meeting of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Union, held at the Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, on November 29.

Finch would like to know if the Germans get their *Frau* from the Latin *fraus*, a fraud?

Dr. Bauman: "Did you study your Greek, Neubert?"

Neubert: "I think so."

Thus far this term the Euterpean Society has purchased fifty-one new books in Fiction, Histories, Biographies, and Science.

The three lower classes tendered their tokens of respect and gratitude to Professors Ochsenford, Ettinger, and Wackernagel on November 28 in the form of turkeys, "doggies," and speeches. With regards to the latter, the Freshmanic spirit found that one presentation address was inadequate fittingly to express their sincerity of purpose, and therefore in presenting their turkey to Dr. Wackernagel, five tongues were employed, viz, English, German, Latin, Greek, and the well-known Pennsylvania Dutch.

Wieder: "I ain't no dummy."

The Sophronia Literary Society held a reception in honor of its new men, on the evening of the 9th of November, in their Society Hall. The occasion was a pleasant and memorable event. The hall was tastefully adorned with cedar, fern, and autumn leaves. During the evening the gathering was entertained by the rendition of solos, quartettes, recitations and essays. The one-act College farce, entitled "Chums," proved a very amusing feature. The Ruhe Orchestra furnished the music for the evening. After partaking of light refreshments the happy assembly was bidden a kind good night.

Landis, '01, has met his **Waterloo**,
In that he met his charming " Lady Lou."

Athletics.

FRESHMEN VS. SOPHOMORES.

In our last, but not least exciting foot-ball game of the season the Sophomores defeated the Freshmen in a well-played game, at Rittersville, by the score of 11 to 0. The playing of the Freshmen was a surprise to many, they giving the Sophs a little more trouble than they had anticipated.

During the progress of the game the spirit of the afternoon was augmented by some Freshmen stealing a large banner, the standard of the Sophs. This precipitated a general mix-up and made things lively for a time.

The line-up was as follows:

SOPHOMORES.		FRESHMEN.
Walborn	left end	Stofflet.
Wertman	left tackle	Beil.
Geisinger	left guard	Ritter.
Trexler	center	Shearer.
Bittner	right guard	Reichard.
Shimer	right tackle	Mills.
Rohrig	right end	Finch.
Shalter	quarterback	Henninger.
Telford	left halfback	Neubert.
Youse	right halfback	Kleckner, Deily.
Specht	fullback	Kriebel.

Time of halves, 20 minutes; umpire—Reagle; referee—Geiger; timekeepers—Freed, Shimer, H. E.; linemen—Serfass, Miller, Wm.; touchdowns—Telford, Specht; goal—Specht.

NOTES.

Geiger, '02, has been elected captain of the foot-ball team for 1901.

The basket-ball team was picked as follows: Forwards, Finch and Walborn; center, Kriebel; guards, Geiger and Miller, Wm.

Nagle reports progress with base-ball affairs.

Our Alumni.

As usual the October number of the *Lutheran Church Review* contains a number of contributions from the pens of Muhlenberg graduates. Rev. J. F. Ohl, '71, Mus. D., writes on "The Work Done and Forces Employed in the Inner Mission of Germany;" Rev. P. George Sieger, '93, contributes a nine-page article on "Christian Science;" Rev. Paul L. Strodach, '96, continues his study of Luther's hymns in a "General Doctrinal Survey of the Hymns of Luther;" Rev. Charles L. Fry, '78, describes the "Spiritual Havoc Wrought by Novels;" and Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, '95, translates from the German of Dr. Theodore Zahn the article on the "Contents and Arrangement of the Gospel According to St. Matthew."

'70.—Rev. J. G. Kuntz, Freeland, Pa., is president of the Upper Lehigh Valley Luther League.

'71.—Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., Philadelphia, contributes an article on "Two Dangers that Threaten our Deaconess Work," to the Lutheran of November 15.

'74.—Since James L. Schaadt has been mayor of Allentown there has been a great deal of hustling in the matter of municipal improvements. During the past summer the principal part of the city's main thoroughfare, Hamilton street, has been asphalted. The work has been suspended for the season, but will be renewed in the spring, the good results so far obtained inspiring the people with a desire to get as much improved paving as possible. Meantime a movement is in progress for the adoption of a comprehensive sewer system. Under the authority of councils a commission has been appointed consisting of the mayor, the chairman of the health board, the city engineer and certain councilmen, to gather data relative to a system of house sewerage, the probable cost of construction of such system, the cost of operating the same, the rentals to be paid by property owners, and report to councils all information gathered by them with the most feasible plan for the sewerage of the city. This work has been taken up with such earnestness that nobody doubts that by the time work could be done in the spring all the plans will be perfected. Allentown will soon have a great reputation for push.—*Philadelphia Press.*

'78.—The *New Era* announced on Thursday that the Rev. Charles L. Fry, pastor of Trinity Lutheran Church, had received a call to the pastorate of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Seventh and Montgomery streets, Philadelphia, and stated it was probable that he would accept. It can now be stated positively that he will do so, for at a meeting Thursday evening of the Vestry of Trinity Church, held on a special call, his resignation was presented and accepted. St. Luke's Church has had no pastor since last May, when Rev. J. L. Sibole, for twenty years its pastor, a classmate of Rev. Fry at the Philadelphia Theological Seminary, by the way, resigned to take a charge at Buffalo, N. Y. A congregational meeting was held Wednesday evening, when it extended a call to Rev. Fry. The latter had preached no trial sermon there, had not even an intimation of the intended call, so when the official letter arrived from the congregation on Thursday morning, the call came as a complete surprise to him. He was prompt in making up his mind to accept it, and his reasons for so doing were set forth in his letter of resignation to his own vestry. Mr. Fry will be missed not only by his congregation,but by a host of workers in the cause of religion generally, and by a legion of warm personal friends. He is a man who has not confined his energies to his congregation, but has devoted much time and labor to the work at large, and his influence has been widely felt. He is at present president of the Lancaster County Sunday-school Association; president of the Lancaster Sabbath Association; chairman of the Executive Committee of the University Extension of Lancaster; dean of the Department of Teacher Training of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, and member of the Executive Committee of the Chautauqua; Literature Secretary of the Luther League of America, having charge of the work of outlining its reading courses; and founder of the Christian Kindergarten of Lancaster, at the Y. W. C. A. building. Rev. Fry came to Lancaster in 1881. direct from the seminary, as assistant to the late Rev. Dr. Emanuel Greenwald, and practically had charge of the congregation until Dr. Greenwald's death in 1885, when he was chosen his successor. As the call to St. Luke's designates January 1 next as the time for his assuming charge there, he will not sever his connection with Trinity until about that time.—*Lancaster New Era.*

'81.—Hon. Joseph W. Mayne, recently elected representative from Lehigh county to the Pennsylvania Legislature, has registered to read law with E. J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., '79.

'83.—November 11, the Rev. J. O. Schlenker, of Hazleton, had a reopening of his Sunday-school room after extensive repairs had been made, frescoing, painting, and carpeting the room. The large room was filled to overflowing. Prof. Ehlinger's orchestra and a very large choir rendered some excellent musical selections. The pastor was assisted by Rev. W. M. Rehrig, who made an address on the "Importance of the Sunday-school as an Auxiliary to the Church." Another important service was held in the evening when an appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. W. M. Rehrig, Ph.D. Rev. Schlenker recently created a sensation by preaching against foot-ball in a most vigorous manner.

'83.—Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, recently delivered a lecture on "The Philosophy of Travel" before St. Matthew's Lutheran congregation of Chicago.

'84.—At the eighth convention of the Luther League of New York State, held in Utica, N. Y., October 29, 30 and 31, Rev. S. Y. Weiskotten, of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivered an address on "Clean-cut Convictions."

'85.—Wilson K. Mohr, Esq., Allentown, Pa., has attained the highest office in the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows in the State of Pennsylvania.

'89.—Rev. E. O. Leopold, from Elizabethville, Dauphin county, Pa., to Eckert, Lehigh county, Pa.

'90.—Dr. A. J. Yost has been elected president of the Allentown branch of the State Capital Building and Loan Association of Pennsylvania.

'91.—Rev. M. J. Bieber, Binghampton, N. Y., was reëlected corresponding secretary of the State Luther League of New York that met recently in Utica, N. Y. He was reëlected president of the Broome County Sunday-school Association, including Binghampton, the county-seat of Broome county.

'92.—*The Lutheran* of November 22, contains a very helpful list of books for a teachers' library, compiled by Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph.D., of Scranton, Pa.

'92.—The corner-stone of the Lutheran Church of the Transfiguration, Philadelphia, was laid on Sunday, November 18, by the pastor, Rev. H. Branson Richards. A large number of persons were present to witness the ceremony. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. Fry, D.D., and by Rev. S. Laird, D.D., president of the Ministerium, and Rev. C. J. Hirzel, president of the Philadelphia English Conference. Several of the neighboring pastors were also present and assisted at the service. The silver hammer, owned by Dr. Wm. Ashmead Schaeffer, was used in laying the stone. A much-admired feature was a beautifully executed coat of arms of Luther, presented to the Luther League by a friend of the congregation. It is beautifully painted on a highly polished marble and will find a place in the new building. The pleasant weather gave an opportunity for the friends of the congregation to gather in large numbers. There were ten clergymen on the platform, all robed. It was an auspicious day for this growing congregation. The building will be finished about February 1, of next year.

From the *Stroudsburg Times* report of the Monroe County Institute we clip the following: Prof. E. T. Kunkle, of Brodheadsville, began his discussion of "Observation" in a masterly way by an apt illustration from ancient history. It is necessary that men go away to higher institutions of learning to have their eyes opened. Germany uses all efforts today to lead the world in this line of thought. The teacher should make all possible efforts to get observations along any line of work. He held that many never try to burst the chrysalis which binds them in a very narrow world. Lessons of observation should be, first, the development of observation or perception. Second, knowledge. Third, the power of expression must be developed. Fourth, and last, is the interest which the child derives or the enjoyment.

'94.—Miss Clara L. Biery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Biery, of Shamrock, Berks county, was married this afternoon to Max Schall Erdman, only son of ex-Congressman and Mrs. C. J. Erdman. When the engagement of Mr. Erdman and Miss Biery was announced some months ago an elaborate wedding was contemplated at the home of the bride, but on account of the illness of the bridegroom's father, the marriage was performed at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. N. W. Helffrich, North Eleventh street. Rev. Mr. Helffrich is Reformed pastor of the Longswamp Church, of which Mrs. Erdman is a member. The only attendants of the couple were the bridegroom's mother and the parents of the bride. After the ceremony a wedding collation was served at the home of the bridegroom's parents on Hamilton street, near Fifth, and this evening the couple will leave for New York, where they will then sail on Saturday for Savannah. Their trip will extend through Florida and the Everglades and will occupy a month. Upon their return they will reside at Shamrock until spring, when they will take possession of their home in this city. Mr. Erdman is a graduate of Muhlenberg College, class of 1894, and later he became private secretary of his father while the latter was serving two terms as member of Congress. In the meantime he attended law lectures at the Georgetown University and in 1897 he was admitted to the Lehigh county bar, since which time he has been praticing his profession in the law office of Erdman & Diefenderfer, of which his father is the senior member. The bride is a daughter of Uriah Biery, who is one of Berks county's leading citizens. He is extensively engaged in mining enterprises and has done much to upbuild his native county. He is a prominent Republican and represented Berks county in the recent National Convention as alternate delegate. Mrs. Erdman is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women, class of 1893, and has hosts of friends.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'95.—The Quakake parish in the Wilkes-Barre Conference, recently resigned by Rev. P. A. Behler, is still without a pastor.—*The Lutheran.*

'95.—Rev. Warren J. Ellis, Philadelphia, recently returned from a delightful tour through Scotland.

'95.—The corner-stone of the chapel of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, Elizabeth, N. J., Rev.

F. C. Krapf, pastor, was laid on Sunday, November 4, at 3.15 p. m. The weather was fine and the attendance large. Addresses were made by Rev. M. S. Waters, of Newark, N. J., Rev. C. G. Fischer, of the German Lutheran Church, Elizabeth, Rev. C. Armand Miller, pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New York City, and Mr. Samuel Gilbert, of Phoenixville, Pa., who began the movement on May 21, 1893, and became the first Sunday-school superintendent. Besides the addresses of the day, the order of service was marked by the singing of some of our strong Lutheran hymns, among which was Luther's battle hymn. The pastor conducted the liturgical service of the laying of the stone. Thus had been laid the foundation of another church of the Reformation in one of the suburbs of the great metropolis.—*The Lutheran.*

'96.—Samuel Henry, a graduate of Muhlenberg College in the class of 1896, was last week elected principal of the Boyertown High School. He had been teacher of the A Grammar School in that borough, and, upon the resignation of Prof. T. J. Houck, Mr. Henry was elected principal.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

'96.—From the Allentown *Chronicle and News* we clip the following: St. John's Lutheran Church, on South Fifth street, was the scene of a quiet wedding this morning at ten o'clock, when Rev. Jeremiah Jacob Schindel and Miss Jessie Appel Hausman were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. Dr. S. A. Repass. The choir of the church, of which the bride is a member, with Mr. C. A. Marks presiding at the organ, sang Lohengrin Bridal Chorus as the party approached the altar. The groom, attended by Mr. W. A. Hausman, Jr., a brother, and Miss Mattie R. Fritch, of Philadelphia, a cousin of the bride, were preceded by the ushers, Marcus S. Hottenstein, Esq., Joseph C. Slough, Esq., Mr. Allen V. Heyl, and Fred Hausman. Arriving at the altar the party, with the entire congregation, remained standing during the ceremony, all joining in the Lord's Prayer at the conclusion. Immediately afterward the bride and groom received the congratulations of those present and then left with the 10.15 train on the Lehigh Valley. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Wm. A. Hausman, of this city, and is very well known, having many friends here, where she has been active in musical circles and church and Sunday-school work. The groom is the son of Rev. Dr. Jacob D. Schindel, and a grandson of the long-deceased and widely-known Rev. Jeremiah Schindel. He is a native of this city, a graduate of Muhlenberg College, of the class of 1896, and of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy of the class of 1899. He was ordained to the ministry of the Lutheran Church shortly afterward and immediately accepted a call to act as assistant to Dr. Schindel in the Whitehall charge, consisting of five congregations, located respectively at Mickley's, Egypt, Coplay, Cementon, and Laury's.

'97.—By permission of the Synodical Board of Missions, which has promised aid at the recommendation of the Allentown Conference, St. Stephen's Church, located in the western part of the town, unanimously elected the Rev. Ira W. Klick, of Myerstown, pastor. Mr. Klick accepted the call and assumed the duties of his office on Sunday, the 18th inst. Prof. Wackernagel, who had served the church from its organization in October, 1897, as pastor *pro tem.*, took farewell of the congregation on Sunday the 11th.—*The Lutheran.*

'97.—George E. Kramlich, formerly instructor of Ancient Languages at the Keystone State Normal School, Kutztown, is principal of the public schools of Brookhill, Jefferson county, Pa.

'97.—The following is taken from the Allentown *Chronicle and News:* The wedding of Miss Minnie L. Kuhns, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amandas Kuhns, of No. 127 North Eleventh street, and Rev. Ira O. Nothstein, of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, North St. Paul, Minnesota, took place at six o'clock last evening in St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, North Fourteenth street. The interior of the church was handsomely decorated with plants and flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. William Wackernagel in the presence of a large number of friends. The couple was unattended except by the ushers, who were Edgar J. Heilman and Harvey L. Straub. The wedding march was rendered by C. H. Neubert. After the ceremony a reception was held at the church and later the couple left for New York. From there they will go direct to their future home in Minnesota. The bride is a graduate of the Allentown High School, class of 1891, and for several years was teacher of one of the Fountain Hill schools, The bridegroom is a native of Lehighton and graduated from Muhlenberg College in 1897 and from the Lutheran Theological Seminary last June. Soon after St. Mark's Church, North St. Paul, elected him pastor.

Exchanges.

All our exchanges of November have reached us promptly and have been accorded a hearty welcome. It is interesting to notice the uniformity of the contents of the college magazines in general, and at the same time the diversity of subjects treated and the manner of presentation. While we are aware that a more or less uniform spirit pervades all institutions of learning, it is through our exchanges that we learn of the feelings, ideas, and aspirations peculiar to the individual institution.

In looking over the contributed articles, one is impressed with the fact that so many are based on some noted literary character of whom the writer may have made a special study, and on places of interest that have been visited by him.

The *Dickinson Literary Monthly* contains several good selections of poetry. As a neat and spicy literary magazine we read it with pleasure. The article entitled "The Farmer from Huntingdon" furnishes some interesting features of Oliver Cromwell's life and work.

The *Elizabethan*, although of but recent existence, ranks well with journals of similar institutions. It is their first attempt of a purely student publication. We wish it success.

The *College Student* contains an excellent article on "Hawthorne's Seclusion." The reason for the twelve years of almost absolute seclusion of this great author is ably set forth by the writer.

An article in the *Susquehanna* treats those students who wander from one college to another, never staying long enough at any one to form a love for it, under the head of "Tramps."

Friend: "Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money."

Father (feelingly): "Yes, all the time."—*Ex.*

A nice sketch of the "Olympic Games" is given in the *Black and Red* by a Sophomore.

Old Maid (purchasing music): "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'"

Saphead: "Why, er—no; I guess 'twas the other clerk."—*Ex.*

The *Lafayette* contains the most copious foot-ball notes of all our exchanges.

Literary.

There is one side of Mark Twain's character that merits the admiration of every one. It has been splendidly shown in his determination to pay the liability incurred through the failure of a publishing house and in the success of his five years' effort. But it does not stop there. He is faithful to the last degree to every promise he makes. Some years ago he was elected a member of a prominent Grand Army Post in Maryland, and he promised to be present at the annual meeting and make an address. It was an opportunity for the people of Baltimore to deluge him with hospitality, and a committee was formed to take charge of him for a big reception as soon as he was through with his speech at the banquet. This speech was one of the best he ever delivered and it put the crowd in roars of laughter. But he did not attend the reception. The explanation he gave almost brought tears to the eyes of those who received it. His daughter was critically ill in Hartford. He would not break his engagement with the Grand Army Post, but the reason he did not accept the reception also was that, within a few minutes after he had concluded his address, he was taking the first train home.

Another story illustrates his fidelity to his friends. In a certain city he was visiting a man who had become prominent in literature although poor in the goods of this world. The leaders in society had invited Mark Twain to a reception and he had about concluded to go, when he asked if his friend would also be present. The reply was that he had not been invited. Instantly Mr. Clemens said that under no circumstances would he attend the function, and when an explanation was pressed for he said a few things that made the snobs feel rather humiliated.

In another case he assisted in a reading, and, finding that the other man was in need of money, refused to accept a penny for his services or his expenses. All the proceeds went to the poorer man.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

In his new volume, "The Rulers of the South," Mr. Marion Crawford attempts to bring out the somewhat interesting fact that many of the virtues and qualities which churchmen unreservedly consider the direct results of Christian teachings were in reality developed from a pagan ideal, imperfect though it may have been. People who insist upon the radical difference between the spirit of paganism and that of Christianity and hold that the doctrines of Christ had essentially changed human nature will find considerable interest in the way that Mr. Crawford manages his subject, interwoven as it is in the formative influences of Sicily, Calabria, and Malta.—*M. L. Times Review.*

"The Mantle of Elijah," already published in England, will be presented here by about November 22. The consensus of opinion among the English reviews is that it is far and away Mr. Zangwill's best work.

The demand for the illustrated edition of "David Harum" was so large that it was impossible to supply books to fill all orders received by the time of publication, and a second edition was passing through the press before the first had been distributed.

The Apostles' Creed in its present form is not older than the fourth century, and it is impossible to determine its authorship. The fathers of the first three centuries, in their controversies with heretics, endeavored to prove that the statements in this creed were true, but they never affirmed that the Apostles wrote it or even ever saw it. It was used in the Greek Church first. The Roman Catholic Church of the eleventh century adopted it, and it passed into the ritual of the Church of England. The Westminster divines subjoined it to their catechism. It is used in the baptismal confession of the Reformed, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, and other churches. Therefore "The Apostles' Creed in the Light of Modern Discussion," by Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., ought to have a circulation beyond the bounds of Congregationalism. While Dr. Stimson believes that every creed needs to be re-interpreted for each age, he clearly points out that in essential things the faith of the twentieth century is the faith of the first century. Dr. Stimson treats the creed in the sense of an apostle, that is, of the man who has a message, because he has something that he believes. It is a fresh and inspiring book which brings home the meaning and the spirit of this famous creed. The tone is reverent and the writer appeals to the New Testament for his final authority.—*Book World.*

"Eben Holden might be an autobiography. It follows the fortunes of an orphan boy from his childhood to his arrival at man's estate, and the lighter incidents of the earlier years are given more care and space than the stirring and important events of later times. To one who writes of his own experiences such treatment is natural. Memory throws a softened light on the happenings of boyhood days and the joys of youth, and in the distance their proportions are not so readily perceived. It is the present, close at hand, that is less alluring, less in keeping with the play of fancy and tender, lingering descriptions. The boy, now a man, tells the story. It begins with the loss of parents and brother by a sudden stroke of ill-fortune in a home among the hills of Vermont, and the quick-following flight of the old man who has worked for the family, with the orphan boy carried on his back to save him from the grasp of interested neighbors who propose a charitable future for the child. This old man, whose name is given to the book, is a delightful creation. His tireless industry, his never-failing kindness and patience, his quaint philosophy and humor, and his unshaken courage and faith, are proved in every chapter, and with all the gifts placed at his disposal and distributed with a lavish hand, only once or twice are his manners or his means obviously artificial. He finds a home in Northern New York for himself and his charge, and there the boy grows up, secures an education, and falls in love. Then comes a journey to the metropolis, an engagement on the *Tribune*, under Greeley, to be deserted for a place in the ranks of the Union army, an eventful career in uniform, and a home-coming to happiness and honor among old friends. Not a wonderful career, but the hero has no intention of occupying the center of the stage, and gives his best endeavors to bringing forward those with whom he becomes intimately acquainted. There are homely graces in all the portraits, and more than one will be remembered."—*Argonaut.*

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., JANUARY, 1901. No. 5.

Pax Universalis.

GEO. H. DRUMHELLER, '01.

The sixteenth century saw the Renaissance, the revival of the fine arts. The seventeenth century saw the revival of poetry and literature. The eighteenth was the age of philosophy, which prepared the minds of men for all the glorious discoveries of the ninteenth century, the age of science. Thus each is marked by some distinct characteristic; of one, reform; of another, scholastic reaction; of a third, free thought; of a fourth, research. What will be the distinctive feature of the twentieth century no one can tell, in spite of the many wild predictions. Yet from our knowledge of the past we may at least presume the future. "The whole history of mankind is the divine training of our race. There is no caprice, there are no accidents in history. Whether we think of a Providential government of the world or the evolution of great original and inevitable forces, every century is the legitimate successor of its predecessors; those things which are to transpire in it are the children which are born in orderly succession of the bridals which were made by God in the great temple of nature. Therefore we may predict what the children will be from our knowledge of the parents. That which is transpiring before our eyes at the close of the nineteenth century will inevitably bring about that which will be in the twentieth century."

Assuming this to be true, I believe we may safely say that the child of the nineteenth, and likewise the distinctive feature of the twentieth, century will be Universal Peace throughout all the nations of the world.

Already we have twentieth century lamps, stoves, bicycles, and other inventions that have been so highly improved that they do, indeed, seem to be in advance of the times. Yet so wonderful has been the mechanical revolution in the last hundred years that it is no mean honor to have been an Edison, a Morse, a Fulton, a Holland, a McCormick, or a Roentgen of the golden age of invention, the nineteenth century. At a recent gathering in Boston one of the speakers made the following statement: "The century received from its predecessors the horse, we bequeath the bicycle, the locomotive, and automobile; we received the goose-quill, and bequeath the typewriter; we received the scythe, we bequeath the mowing machine; we received the sickle, we bequeath the harvester; we received the hand printing-press, we bequeath the Hoe cylinder press; we received gunpowder, we bequeath nitroglycerin; we received the tallow-dip, we bequeath the arc light; we received the galvanic battery, we bequeath the dynamo; we received the flint-lock, we bequeath automatic-firing guns; we received the sailing ship, we bequeath the steamship, the greyhound of the sea; we received the frigate "Constitution," we bequeath the battleship "Oregon;" we received the beacon signal fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy; we received wood and stone for structures, we bequeath 20-storied skyscrapers of steel. Such are a few of the bequests of the nineteenth century to the twentieth." If I were to try to answer "Why all these phenomenal changes?" I would say that the increased population and progress of the world demanded them.

Note, if you will, how, when there is the need of a certain invention or discovery, we always have the inventor or discoverer at hand; and again, how, on the other hand, when the world is not ready to receive and utilize an invention or discovery, all attempts at bringing about the same fail. This last is clearly seen in the invention of flying machines. The world will some day need such machines and when that time arrives then will also the inventor of the same arrive.

Such improvements as I have cited we point to as signs of increasing civilization. It was in view of such apparent superiority over barbarism that the Czar of Russia thought the world had become civilized highly enough to dispense with war forever and institute Universal Peace. But as in the case of aerial navigation, the world was not ready to indorse universal peace. The Czar apparently forgot that war is a volcano bursting forth at times from some unknown internal force uncontrolled by man, overshadowing all with its threatening cloud, casting devastation and ruin on all sides, not to be snuffed as a candle, but when the proper time comes will become extinct of itself. When this time will be no man can tell, but this we may presume, that if invention progresses in the next century as it did in the last it will make war impossible. Already battles are fought at long range with smokeless powder ; already Holland proves conclusively to his own satisfaction that a nation equipped with submarine torpedo boats would be impregnable and that battles between such boats would be impossible; already Zeppelin with his dirigible balloon destroys whole armies with a single shell. Therefore it seems plausible that universal peace will be brought about not as the result of any peace conference at The Hague, but the product of inventive Genius.

The Redemptioners.

The very earliest of the German settlers to leave their country for ours came over before Wm. Penn founded Philadelphia. These were German Quakers. A considerable number of them arrived in 1682, and settled Germantown. In the years from 1708 to 1750, Pennsylvania received the great influx of Palatinates, Germans so-called because they hailed from the Palatinate, whither many had fled from all parts of Germany as religious refugees. Among them were all classes of people, of various religious beliefs, who emigrated at first for the enjoyment of religious toleration, and later more for the improvement of their temporal condition. Glowing accounts of the surpassing advantages to be realized in the new country were circulated in the Fatherland by conscienceless Germans, called "Neulaenders," who had resided in this country for a short time, and who made it a special business to inflame the minds of the people until the mania for emigration spread to all classes. People of moderate means, as well as those of more considerable wealth who lived in profusion and comfort in Germany, left all behind to seek the forest land of which they had heard so much. They learned too late the deception which had been practiced upon them aud bewailed in bitterness the change they had been eager to make. Poorer emigrants, small farmers and tenants at home, benefited greatly by the change and laid the foundation of a prosperity to which they never could have attained at home. Many a prosperous and influential citizen of our own country owes his advancement to the bold and timely emigration of his German ancestors, who otherwise might have been held with their posterity in perpetual thraldom. Thousands of these were given free passage to our shores by Queen Anne, who, on account of the religious persecution they were subjected to, invited them to London.

The Redemptioners were those Germans who, being unable to defray the expense of the passage to the New World, entered into contracts with the shipmasters by which they were, upon arrival, to be sold as servants to the highest bidder, for a term of years sufficient to pay off the debt contracted. The term of indenture was three or five years, depending upon age and physical condition. The price paid was generally ten pounds ($27 in colonial money). The comparatively wealthy settlers in and about Philadelphia were the buyers, as they had more need of their service, and more ability to pay than the settlers upon the small clearings farther in the interior.

The Redemptioners, however, came over in such numbers that the market in the lower part of the Province was over-supplied and a market had to be sought in the interior, or, in other words, in our own immediate vicinity. From this circumstance there sprung up a class of traders who bought at wholesale from the shipmasters and then marched the poor Redemptioners to the distant settlements, and bartered and sold them like sheep or cattle to farmers as they had opportunity. These traffickers were called "soul drivers," and were held in great contempt by the people of the settlements, who did all in their power to hinder the traders and aid the Redemptioners. The Redemptioners in their sturdy German honesty submitted to the sales and faithfully served the stipulated term of labor. They at last tired of the journeys from Philadelphia to the Blue Mountains, and learned that escape was easy. They had the instigations of the settlers to free themselves, and as they were led through the sparsely settled districts they escaped in great numbers. They oftentimes resorted to queer methods, but were invariably successful in the accomplishment. Frequently a trader started at Philadelphia with a crowd of twenty, and by the time he arrived at the upper end of the Province he had but one or two to dispose of, the others having escaped.

There is a story related of one who was more than ordinarily bright. He was the last in the gang and traveled alone with the trader. When they got to the Lehigh he determined to put into execution a well-laid plan. Arriving at a log tavern the Redemptioner made it his business to see the landlord immediately and represent himself as the trader, who, having but one more left, would be willing to sell him at a price much below his value, he being a strong, healthy laborer, invaluable in most any kind of work. He confessed, however, that the subject was inclined to be impudent, even insubordinate; was a great liar, even representing himself as being a trader. "But" said he, "a man of your strength will soon cure him of such nonsense." The flattered landlord readily concluded the transaction and the Redemptioner certainly accomplished his own redemption.

When the desertions became so frequent the system died out. The Redemptioners were not all from the Palatinate. There arrived in New York people of different nationalities who had contracted with shipowners for the payment of expenses incurred, in terms of labor. The majority of them were Presbyterian-Irish. In taking up at random the *New York Gazette* from 1766, we find among the advertisements many offering rewards for runaway servants; such as "three pounds for the runaway servant Connor O'Rourke," "five pounds for certain runaway German miners, Bruderlein, Baum, Ostman, imported under contract." How many persons came to New York and Pennsylvania as Redemptioners is not authentically known. Many came who after their term of years of labor had expired, by their industry and frugality became well-to-do farmers or tradesmen and influential citizens of the Province. It is said that Col. Jacob Stroud, afterwards the founder of Stroudsburg, was one of this class.

A New Year's Story.

A. W. ROHRIG, '03.

A number of college friends were lounging about in Edward Hampton's rooms discussing the coming Christmas and New Year vacation. The severest examinations were over and the look of anxiety of the previous days had given way to one of relief and expectation. They talked over their plans and prospects and all were jubilant about the long-looked-for good times. But no, not all—for over to the right, hidden away somewhat in the corner, sat one whose serious and even sad face plainly told that all this was not for him. His was an interesting face. There was a manly resolution depicted in every outline of it, and one felt inwardly drawn toward him. Honesty was written all over that face. Place something in his hands and you felt certain that those hands would perform the task conscientiously and as well as your own—perhaps better. The very face and general appearance of this young man would attract attention anywhere, and yet he seemed to be forgotten and lost sight of here. Only for a brief moment, however, for soon from all sides came the question, "How about yourself, Jim?" This was eagerly put and showed that while they were filled with joy at their prospective pleasures, he had not been forgotten. Jim looked about at the inquiring faces and answered, "Well, boys, you know that I'll have to remain and see to it that things keep moving. Though mother and I would be only too glad to spend Christmas together, it's out of the question, for, as you well know, Indiana is quite a ways off." At this answer all glanced at him with crestfallen faces as if an unexpected calamity had suddenly befallen them. Indeed, they couldn't have looked more serious and gloomy if the announcement of a sudden change for the worse in their own plans had come. It hurt them that Jim, the truest and best of friends, was not to enjoy the happy Christmas time at home, and a deep silence fell on all. It was becoming painful, when Jim broke it. "Come now, don't permit this bit of news to interfere with and spoil your happy thoughts. Let me hear a little more about the skating and the hunting and the other sports to which you were looking forward." This remark of Jim's did not produce much of an effect, and the former good cheer would hardly have been restored had not good-natured, jovial Ed. Hampton hit upon a plan. With his face all aglow he shouted, "Boys, I've got it! I say, Jim, you must come home with me and we'll have good skating and, I dare say, even shooting. Father writes that rabbits and pheasants are plentiful this year. Since it is only a few hours' journey you'll promise, won't you?" And so Jim promised to spend this vacation with his friend's parents.

Two days later they were speeding toward Hamptonville, and after a two-hours' ride they reached the pretty little village situated among the mountains of northeastern Pennsylvania. It lay nestled away like a bud among its leaves. Here their vacation was to be spent. The village, with its clean and bright aspect, in its romantic situation, had favorably impressed Jim, but when he beheld Edward's mother with her kindly beaming countenance and heard her hearty, motherly greeting it dawned on him that Hamptonville was the next best place to home. While the boys were getting settled Mrs. Hampton prepared dinner, and here Jim made the acquaintance of Mr. Hampton. This constituted the family, for Edward was an only child. Dinner over, which, by the way, was so bountiful that the boys silently wished Mrs. Hampton could be prevailed upon to open a boarding house at college, Edward invited Jim to examine the interesting features of the farm-yard—dogs, cattle, and as fine a lot of carrier pigeons as one could find anywhere. Some of these birds Edward valued so highly that he could not have been induced to part with them. There were some which on several occasions had made flights of well-nigh six hundred miles in a day. After all the pets about the home had been introduced, their good points and individual accomplishments explained, the boys brought forth their skates to go out on the dam which Mr. Hampton owned and from which he was accustomed to reap a rich ice harvest each winter, as the large icehouses in its immediate vicinity fully testified. They found many enjoying the excellent skating which the ice of the dam afforded, and here they spent a most delightful afternoon. The weather continued cold and they had the finest kind of sport for almost an entire week; moreover, the harvesting of the ice-crop was quite interesting, and the hours passed all too soon.

Two days before New Year the weather moderated perceptibly, and as skating was now out of the question and a change quite welcome they decided to take their first hunting-trip. "We'll take a few of the young homing pigeons along," said Edward. "After we've tramped about for a while and covered some distance I'll liberate them. We can see whether they'll get home before us." And so they took two of these feathered pets that were just about able to fly and had only been without the care of the parent birds a little over a week—to test their homing instincts.

In this part of Pennsylvania are found extensive stretches of hard-coal lands, and in many deserted spots among the mountains you will come across caved-in mines. The edges of these are so thickly lined and overgrown with dense underbrush that it is at times quite impossible to notice these holes until one gets very near the edge, where the danger of a further cave-in is imminent. Men have been known to lose their lives in these places, and in some instances the bodies were never recovered. To go down one of these may mean instant death in the mass of sliding earth and rock, or, if you are but bruised and shaken-up, starvation awaits you.

Our two friends, in their zeal and eagerness, fell into one of these forgotten mines, but fortunately they escaped with but a few slight bruises. They found it an utter impossibility, however, to scale the steep and almost perpendicular sides. Nothing but death from starvation and exposure seemed ahead, unless perchance a stray hunter should come upon them. This chance was very remote, for they had wandered much farther than at first contemplated and were now fully ten miles from any settlement. As the horror of the situation began to dawn on their boyish minds they set about to plan how they might help themselves out of the difficulty. But they could think of nothing. They had almost despaired when a rustling noise attracted their attention. They sought for the cause of this and beheld in a hidden nook, at the bottom of their present quarters, a box which they had quite overlooked and forgotten—the homing pigeons which had gone down with them. Instantly Jim jumped for the box. He danced around for joy when he found the birds unharmed. A happy thought had flashed through his mind. They would tie a message to the tail feathers of the birds and in all probability the anxious parents, who were aware that Edward had taken the pigeons along, would keep a sharp lookout and await their return. These birds were the only hope the boys had, for all their ammunition had been spent in a vain attempt to attract attention. They secured the messages to the birds and gave them their liberty. It was late in the afternoon, but as the weather had moderated and it would in all probability not be so severely cold during the night they concluded that a one-night's stay under the open heavens would not affect the young birds so very much. Their only fear was that the birds might be too young to find their way home. Evening came, and being warmly clothed they set about to make themselves as comfortable as possible. Thankful that they were protected from the wintry blasts and that the night promised to be mild and clear, they fell asleep.

Two days had passed. New Year's morning was at hand, and still no help. Almost all hopes had fled, and it began to appear that it was God's will they should die of starvation and exposure. They awoke almost overcome with the cold. Complete exhaustion had set in. Within all was dark, while the sun shone bright and the air on that New Year's morn was crisp and clear. The sky seemed clothed in deeper blue and appeared to look down on them in mockery. The boys imagined that the year but newly ushered in by the Creator's hand rejoiced at their misfortune. This made it all the harder for them to commit themselves to the inevitable fate. Besides, they were in their youth, when life seems doubly dear. While the very day and all nature about them spoke of life, they felt the chilly, clammy hand of Death embracing them. Silently the tears pushed their way across the pallid and drawn cheeks. "Jim, let's pray once more, for I can't believe that God will permit us to suffer much longer," said Edward Hampton. Both went down on their knees. This moment would never be forgotten by them should they escape this place. Let scoffers say there is no God and no eternity—that death ends all. Here in the intense silence of their solitude these boys felt His presence. Everything about them filled them with His power and man's insignificance and dependence upon Him. The air breathed to them of His greatness, majesty and vast and endless power. Their hopes returned with their prayer. Despondency gave way to silent peace and security. Was he not a merciful God? Yes, he would rescue them! With peace in their hearts they grasped hands. It required no words to express their thoughts and feelings. As they stood thus face to face, eye gazing into eye, they read all that was written on their hearts within. Here were two boys—no, no longer boys, for these few days of intense suffering, longing, and returning peace had made men of them,—who had learned what some cannot learn in a life-time.

Evening arrived and with it came freedom. Their friends were standing above. They were found at last. Intense happiness overpowered them. But in their joy they did not forget to thank Him, Who had been their stay and comfort in this weary trial. One of the pigeons had come in that morning completely exhausted and filled with small shot from the gun of some too ardent sportsman. In its half-dead condition, though never away before, it had returned home to die. Yes, to die, but to bring life to the boys and happiness to the grief-stricken and frantic parents. That was the happiest New Year's night the Hampton family ever spent together and it will never be forgotten by them or Jim.

A Midnight Adventure.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

At eighteen years of age I was janitor of a church in the village of Panorma. The church, besides the large audience-room where the congregation assembled each Sunday, consisted of a basement in which all other meetings were held. It was here that Mr. Silas Bellows met his singing class of twenty-four pupils every Wednesday evening. As I was a member of the class and janitor, I was always the first to be present and the last to depart.

It happened on a certain Wednesday in December, after Mr. Bellows had assembled his class, that a terrific storm arose. It is a notable fact that terrific storms usually attended the singing master wherever he went, and this occurrence was in strict keeping with his character, but, nevertheless, he found them a source of great inconvenience. On this evening in particular, the feeble voices of his pupils could scarcely be heard, owing to the violent rattlings and horrible screechings of a shutter in a window in the rear of the basement. Mr. Bellows felt keenly the spite which the elements seemed to bear him. The noise of the shutter increased, disturbing his feelings so much that it became necessary to remove it. This was easily done and the singing class continued its exercises until nearly ten o'clock before the storm abated.

As soon as the storm had ceased and all had left, I looked after my fires, put out the lights and started for home. The wind had changed and the mercury of the thermometer was seeking to confine itself entirely in the bulb. It was with no small degree of indignation, therefore, that upon reaching home I found the family had retired and locked me out.

A young man who finds himself in this predicament is always adverse to waking up the neighborhood. My upper room window was not fastened, but I did not wish to climb because I had once before made a sudden descent to earth assisted by the law of gravitation; moreover I recalled the experience of an acquaintance who was shot at with a gun that had been kept for a burglar twenty years. Thus I rejected all plans until I thought of the basement. Here, indeed, was a way out of my difficulty and I felt greatly elated. I returned to the church, rearranged the drafts of the heater, and gathered up several cushions to construct a bed for myself.

I chose the Bible class-room as the best place to stay for the night, partly because it was near the heater and also, perhaps, from a feeling that one is more unlikely to see a ghost in a small apartment than in a large one. Not that I am in the least superstitious. It is true, I have sometimes fallen indefinitely into space, and have been chased by persons armed with butcher knives and shotguns, but I have always recognized it in the morning as a nightmare instead of a vision. But though I have never seen a ghost, I prefer to guard against all possibilities when in proximity to a graveyard.

I slept soundly for two hours and then awoke with a "strange sensation." Those who are familiar with ghost literature know that an unusual feeling of this sort indicates the presence of a supernatural being. For the first time in my life I knew what it was to be "paralyzed with fear." I lay helpless, listening to the terror-inspiring sound of footsteps as they moved up and down the aisle overhead. At what moment the dread goblins would descend the stairs and demand an explanation of my presence, I did not know. At length the sound of the footsteps ceased directly over the radiator. Evidently the ghosts were warming themselves. A low muttering sound was then heard and as I listened more intently I could distinguish voices. I recovered somewhat from my fright, and arising softly from my bed so as not to attract the attention of my ghostly visitors, I moved toward the door. My purpose was to increase the distance between the church and myself.

As I neared the door I felt a strong current of cold air which did much to revive my courage. My curiosity was aroused and upon investigation I found the draught came from the library window from which the shutter had been removed. It all flashed across me in an instant; there were burglars upstairs and they were after the silver collection plates. As I was in the Bible class-room and away from their point of entrance they were unaware of my presence. My duty was plainly to frustrate their designs, but I secretly wished the responsibility rested with some other person, though I felt better able to cope with burglars than with ghosts. There was another consideration, also, that nerved me to action. What effect would it have upon my reputation were it discovered that I slept in the church that night and the collection plates were missing in the morning?

There was a trap-door which separated the upper apartment from the basement, and it was concealed by means of a low partition about the stairs. This trap-door could be lowered and fastened from below. As the burglars had entered through the basement, all that was necessary for me to do was to fasten the trap-door and I could have them securely confined in the church. The main entrance I knew was locked and I had the key in my pocket. They could not escape through the windows for the upper ones were dangerously high from the ground. I should be able to get assistance at least before they could make their escape.

I was perfectly familiar with every part of the church, and this enabled me to creep quietly up stairs. I could hear them talking but I had no time to listen. Noiselessly I lowered the trap-door and fastened it. I then descended the stairs and, leaving the basement, was about to run for assistance when suddenly the church bell pealed forth as if in the wildest excitement. Clang! Clang! Clankety! Clang! Some one was ringing who overturned the bell at every stroke. To say I was startled is a very mild expression. Why should burglars be ringing the bell? There was no need of my running for assistance now, the whole town would be awake in an instant.

When several citizens had reached the church, I produced the key and we all entered. Inside were two well-known but badly frightened young men. They had been prowling around all night looking for mischief, and finding a shutter off the basement window they thought it would be a huge joke to enter and awaken the whole town, making their escape by means of the trap-door and window before discovery. Finding their retreat cut off, they were as greatly terrified as I had been.

The mystery was finally explained to the good people of Panorma and they considered it a good lesson for both the janitor and the mischievous young men.

Chinese Education.

H. E. SHIMER, '01.

In no country of the world is education held in higher honor than in China. Though the government fosters it only by making it the road to political preferment and by supporting the various examinations, the knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, to a greater or less degree of proficiency, is all but universal. But as there is no alphabet in the language, and words are represented by what may be termed symbols, the written language is one of which more or less may be acquired, and a certain mastery of it does not presuppose the whole. Thus a merchant may know the symbols for the articles which he sells and the numerals, so as to be able to keep his accounts, and yet have no ability to read the contents of an ordinary book. The number of adult males who can read the classical books with readiness is probably not not more than three in a hundred; of women one in a thousand. When we speak of the knowledge dispensed in Chinese schools, we must not judge its quality by the requirements of the Western nations.

The home education of the Chinese sets us a worthy example. They have a favorite proverb that "of the hundred virtues, filial duty is the chief." There is, perhaps, no maxim more early and more carefully instilled into the minds of the youth of both sexes among this people than that of implicit obedience to parental authority. A small book called "Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety" is published to illustrate the nature and inculcate the importance of this duty. The incidents related in this little volume have probably influenced in no small degree the minds of the Chinese youth. Teaching by historical example is always interesting and impressive, and this book illustrates, by examples drawn from ancient Chinese history, the meaning of the popular maxim before quoted; for, incredible as it may appear, the Chinese generally regard the examples given in this book as real facts, as actual occurrences. They are loth to admit that there may have been an exaggeration or a misunderstanding of the truth. The following seems the most touching of all the examples contained in the book to which we previously referred: "In the country of Wei, Wang Shwai served his parents very dutifully. His mother, while living, was exceedingly frightened whenever it thundered, and, having died, she was buried in a hilly forest. Afterward, when there happened wind and rain and he heard the voice of Hoheang mumbling and thundering along, he immediately ran to the grave, and reverently kneeling down, wept, saying: 'Shwai is here, dear mother, do not fear.'"

Let us now consider their system of education as applied in their schools. There are numerous primary schools in China, supported by the people of a neighborhood who choose to send their children. There are no schoolhouses, schools being commonly held in a spare hall or room belonging to a private family. There is no village tax nor any aid from the government received for the support of schools. Each parent must pay the teacher for the instruction of his children. Besides these, there are private or family schools, the pupils being few and select, belonging to rich families.

Girls are seldom sent to school or taught to read at home. Education is not regarded as fitting them to fill in a better manner the stations they are expected to occupy. Pupils do not study, in school, books on mathematics, geography, and the natural sciences, but the writings of Confucius and Mencius. These they are required to commit to memory, and recite with their backs toward the book. This is called "backing the book."

They are not taught in classes but each studies the book he pleases, taking a longer or shorter lesson according to his ability. They all study out loud, oftentimes screaming at the top of their voices. They first learn the sounds of the characters, so as to recite them from memory. After years of study they acquire an insight into their meaning and use. They commence to write when they begin going to school, tracing the characters given them as patterns on paper by means of a hair pencil and China ink. It requires an immense amount of practice to write the language correctly and rapidly.

The discipline is severe. The teacher keeps his rattan or bamboo hanging in a conspicuous place, and he uses scolding, castigation, starving, and imprisonment to stir up the diligence of his pupils in their necessarily distasteful tasks. We smile at these methods and wink at our own which are as much too lenient as theirs are too severe. Instead of having the teacher keep a disobedient pupil in after school, thereby punishing herself, there should be a truant school to which all such pupils should be sent. Our system, as it is at present, tends to make pupils more obstinate because of the leniency with which they are treated.

Those in pursuit of a higher education place themselves under the care of a competent teacher, from whom they receive instruction in the Chinese classics and in the art of composition. After many years of severe toil, and running the gauntlet of repeated examinations in which his competitors are numbered by thousands, the successful scholar becomes a member of the Imperial Academy, a position that brings him high honors and also a generous support from the royal treasury. Henceforth he is a member of the Imperial Government.

The candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts is required to write essays and a poem on themes given out after the doors have been shut and sealed for the day. Generally the literary chancellor requires the candidates to appear before him to prepare compositions in prose and poetry only twice. The best on the second list of names and seats of candidates are the fortunate ones who are adjudged to be worthy of the first degree in the scale of literary rank of bachelor of arts.

This description relates to the established manner of competing for literary rank by participating in the regular examination before literary officers. But there is another way of attaining the same rank, much shorter, surer, and less fatiguing, for those who have the necessary means and are willing to use them to obtain the coveted rank. Those who have more money than brains, by a kind of artifice of the government, are permitted to purchase the privilege of wearing a button on their caps and of being excempt from arrest and punishment by the civil mandarin. Until a few years ago the sum, which would, if paid into the treasurer's office with that design, buy of the Emperor the rank and title of sewtsai, bachelor, was one hundred and eighty-three taels. Nowadays, in consequence of the low estate of the Emperor's funds, it is asserted that twenty-five taels will suffice. This will procure for him a diploma that entitles him to compete for the second literary degree along with those who have attained the bachelorship by the exercise of their literary qualifications in the regular and honorable manner.

To sum up the results of this inquiry, the whole system of Chinese education confines the mind within a narrow circle of ideas, perpetuates the fixed customs of the people, encourages outward morality and ceremony, and renders progress well-nigh impossible. In the language of Williams, an able author already quoted: "Owing to this undue attention to the classics, the minds of scholars are not symmetrically trained, and they disparage other branches of literature which do not directly advance this great end. Every department of letters, except jurisprudence, history, and official statistics, is disesteemed in comparison; and the literary graduate of fourscore will be found deficient in most branches of general learning, ignorant of hundreds of common things and events in his national history, which the merest schoolboy in the Western world would be ashamed not to know in his. This course of instruction does not form well-balanced minds, but it imbues the future rulers of the land with a full understanding of the principles on which they are to govern, and the policy of the supreme power in using those principles to consolidate its own authority." As adapted to perpetuate an exclusive national existence, the Chinese system may not inappropriately be designated ancestral education.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

The new century finds us in a state of unrest. We seem to have worn out the old and to be looking around for something new. We are prospering, and as a result our clothes do not seem to fit us anymore. We need new garments in which to wrap and protect our energies, but we cannot expect to cast off the old and put on the new in a week, nor yet in a month or a year, but after due deliberation and effort we think the desired result will be attained. Yet as we are now situated we cannot expect to expand much farther, for in our present state we are very limited. During the last few years this fact has become more and more prominent: that we have the energy; the one thing that is lacking being the space in which to use it.

Thus we find ourselves at the beginning of the new century. Who will presume to picture us at its close. With our Athletic Association started, and with many more things in their nucleal state, which bid fair to become important factors, there is a bright future before us. Moreover, with all these fair predictions we must bear in mind that the greater responsibility for the future of Muhlenberg rests with ourselves—with those who pass out from its doors as graduates—and that with us lies the greater power to reflect credit on our institution by our attainments or help it along by our successes.

* * *

The curtain is rapidly falling; our play is drawing to a close. The attempt was made and our trials were many, yet if our labors were appreciated, even in the least, we shall feel amply repaid. Nevertheless, it is rather reluctantly that we lay down our tools and pass out, for our experience was rather a pleasure than a trial. Yet it could be made more of a pleasure if the support of our fellow students was more heartily and more freely forthcoming. We are too apt to forget our duty in this respect and to overlook the fact that this monthly voices the thoughts and sentiments of our institution as a whole. Do you not, then, think that you should help lend timbre and tone to this voice? By all means is it your duty to do so. We heartily wish our successors a great amount of success, and hope that they will receive the loyal support which they deserve.

Since the beginning of THE MUHLENBERG we note a steady advancement in many ways. It is quite natural that this should be so in this age of change and progress. We cannot stand still; we must advance, for while we are standing still the world and those around us are going forward, and we are in reality going backward. Let us hope that succeeding editors will spare no energy in trying to advance it to as high a peg as is within their reach. We desire to most kindly thank all those who have aided or encouraged us, in any way whatever, whether in thought, word, or deed, and before the curtain closes us out from view we bid you adieu.

Personal and Local.

What a surprise!—my Christmas report.

Some students come one day after they're here.

In this cent'ry just begun,
We'll be judged by what we've done;
Still our Locals will be spun,
Just to share our college fun.

Yoder, '01, and Nagle, '01, enjoyed a hearty dinner at the home of their classmate, Schmoyer, on January 2.

The boys are enjoying the exhilarating effects of the good skating afforded by the artificial ponds of this vicinity.

During the recent fight for speakership in the State Legislature, it was hard to tell which would win between pro- and con-fusion.

Weisley, '02, attended the Seventeenth Biennial Congress of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, held at Boston, during Christmas week.

Bachman, '02, has proved himself quite an authority on the manufacture of armor plates.

Yoder, '01, expects to render a musicale in the near future.

A good orator is one who puts the right word in the right place at the right time.

"Why don't you engage in athletics, Lindenmuth?"
"Well, because my watch stopped; so I don't have time."

Who said, "You pusillanimous picayune"?

Youse, '03, never pays to go into an opera house. He walks in backwards, then they think he is walking out.

Why is Paul like a horse? Because he likes Timothy.

Prof. D.: "Mr. Kistler, is there any difference between two and three?"
Kistler, '02: "Yes, sir; that's what they said when I went to school."

After each post-basket-ball-practice shower-bath, Neubert fans out his flowing locks.

Wenrich, '01, usually writes a long letter, because he doesn't have time to write a short one.

Geiger, '02, is posing as a carver.

Dr. E.: "Is Surrentina a man?"
Scholl, '02: "No, sir; he is a woman."
Dr. E.: "No, that he-she is a vina."

Hurrah for the basket-ball team.

The manufacture of olive oil out of cotton seed evidently shows the progress of civilization.

Schmoyer says everything rattles at times.

The Sophomore Banquet will soon materialize. The Freshmen are wide awake and may cause some trouble.

The Seniors enjoyed a turkey supper at the Duck Farm Hotel on December 19. From all appearances they were royally entertained.

TO THE JUNIORS.

A cute little cat with feline ways,
Real cleverly knows how to pass the days.
Heat through a glass-pane it does not spurn,
Trap with the mouse 'twill never return.

A recent interpretation of Faith, Hope, and Charity is as follows: Faith, the gift that saves mankind; Hope, the gift that cheers mankind; Charity, the gift that makes mankind.

Fegley, '02, addressed St. Stephen's Luther League, South Bethlehem, on Friday evening, December 7.

Moyer, '02, in discussing sulfites and sulfids, said: "Dr., what is the difference between a *fite* and a *fid* ?"

Euterpea elected Rubrecht, '01, Beck, '02, and Freed, '02, to represent her in the coming intersociety debate; Uhrich, '02, Benner, '01, and Fegley, '02, as alternates. The men slated to defend the interests of Sophronia are the following: Shimer, '01, Moyer, '02, Ruhe, '01, Reagle, '01, Rupp, '02, and Reno, '04. Force of circumstances has compelled the postponement of the debate, which was booked for January 25.

Dr. E.: "What is the Latin word for *after*, Mr. Kistler?"
Kistler, '02: "*Poster.*"

On December 18, in the afternoon, Freed, '02, addressed the Primary Department of the First Ward Mission Sunday-school.

Schofer, '01, and Shimer, 01, delivered the addresses at the Christmas exercises of the Mission Sunday-school on the evening of December 18.

The Christmas gifts presented to the students who teach in the Mission Sunday-school, evince the fact that the scholars appreciate their efforts.

Some Juniors formally entertained upon their return after the Christmas holidays.

Dr. Seip: "Do you spell your name A-p-p-e-l?"
Appel: "Yes, sir."
Dr. Seip: "Do you know the reason?"
Appel: "No, sir; but it is pronounced Ap-pel'."
Dr. Seip: "Yes, when I see the *name* I feel like pronouncing it Ap-pel', but when looking at you I pronounce it Ap'-pel."

Class 1903 elected the following officers: President, Neff; Vice-President, Kauffman; Recording Secretary, Youse; Treasurer, Schlotter; Corresponding Secretary, Walborn; Monitor, Yerger.

An open meeting of the Missionary Society will be held in the College Chapel on Tuesday evening, January 22. Rev. Rausch, of St. Luke's Church, will address the meeting, the Glee Club will render several of its choice selections, and McCollom will recite. The students are requested to escort their friends to this meeting.

Drach has again resumed his studies in the Academic department.

Dr. W. (as chairs begin to move): "Now boys, those chairs are not *verhexed*."
Huntsinger, '04: "No, sir; they are automobiles."

Dr. W.: "Smiths are generally very strong."
Wieder, '04: "Do you mean blacksmiths?"
Dr. W.: "Yes; Goldsmiths are generally delicate."

Dr. W.: "Hans, who was the goddess of wisdom?"
Hans, '04: "I don't know those goddesses."
Dr. W.: "Well, you had better become acquainted with this one."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Keboch, what is understood in this triangle?"
Keboch, '04: "The legs."

Dr. E.: "Who were the descendants of Romulus?"
Dent, '04: "His ancestors."

Rentzheimer, '04, is authority for the following: "Scipia, the divine man of Africa."

The Junior Class elected the following officers: President, Gable; Vice-President, Scholl; Treasurer, Brunner; Secretary, Heckenberger; Monitor, Fegley.

Dr. B. (in Astronomy): "Mr. Serfass, where does the sun rise just now?"

Serfass, '01, after much deliberation, answered, "I do not know."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Serfass, you had better rise earlier in the morning."

Athletics.

MUHLENBERG VS. NATIVITY.

Our basket-ball team played their first game in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium December 14, against the Nativity team of South Bethlehem. Our boys showed up very well; as well as could be expected for their first game, for if they continue to improve at the same rate we need entertain no fears for their future. Nativity didn't have any to spare, although our boys played under different rules from those by which they were accustomed to practice. The score at the end of the game was 12 to 11 in favor of Nativity, and the line-up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITION.	NATIVITY.
Finch	forward	A. Munsch.
Walborn, Wieder	forward	Olpp.
Kriebel	center	R. Munsch.
Miller, Wm	guard	Wieand.
Geiger	guard	Leisenring.

Referee, Rapp; umpire, Yound; timekeeper, Hersh; halves, twenty minutes.

MUHLENBERG VS. LEHIGH.

Muhlenberg played its second game with Lehigh on the evening of January 15, at South Bethlehem. The game was well played and exciting throughout, although it looked as though our boys had lost confidence a little during the second half. The first half was nip and tuck, the score standing 16 to 12 in favor of Lehigh. During the second half, we were able to throw only one goal. The goals for Muhlenberg were by Neubert 4, Wieder 2, Kriebel 1, from foul, Kriebel 1. The final score was 31 to 15 in favor of Lehigh, and the line-up was as follows:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITION.	LEHIGH.
Neubert	center	Ballyes.
Geiger	guard	Klarr.
Miller, Wm.	guard	McKelvy-Mawhainey.
Wieder	forward	Fisher.
Kriebel	forward	Pfahler.

Referee, Smith; umpires, Brodhead and Parsons; time of halves, 20 minutes.

NOTES.

Kriebel, '04, has been elected captain and Reagle, '01, manager of the basket-ball team.

The additional members of the basket-ball team are Wieder, '04, Neubert, '04, and Shalter, '03.

The basket-ball team will be fitted out with new suits.

The managers of the basket-ball and base-ball teams are busily engaged filling out their schedules.

Our Alumni.

'70.—*The Lutheran* of January 3 publishes an historical article, entitled "a Century of Missionary Achievements," written by Rev. W. K. Frick, of Milwaukee, Wis.

'71.—Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. D., of Philadelphia, contributes an article on "A Question of Liturgical Propriety" to *The Lutheran* of December 27, and in the same paper of December 13 he answers very fully the oft-repeated question, "What Shall We Do?" He also contributes an article on "Institutions of Mercy in the Nineteenth Century" to *The Lutheran* of January 3.

'72.—St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Amanda, Ohio, of which Rev. W. A. Beates is pastor, had thirteen accessions at the fall communion, seven by confirmation and six by transfer from other congregations.

'73.—Rev. W. A. Myers, with whose "At Leisure" papers our readers are familiar, has been in failing health for some time, and totally unable to attend to his pastoral and pulpit duties. Rev. Prof. G. B. Hancher, Ph. D., formerly principal of the Kutztown Normal School, has been elected by Grace Church, Reading, Pa., as his assistant until such time as he shall again be able to resume work.

'73.—Rev. D. Luther Roth, Pittsburg, Pa., has secured a lot for a Lutheran church up on the hill in a new and rapidly growing section of the city. It is entirely beyond the reach of any other English Lutheran congregation, and is a fine opening for English work.

'74.—Hon. James L. Schaadt, Mayor of Allentown, is becoming famous throughout various parts of the United States for the rather unusual form of punishment which he deals out to offenders. Not long ago he ordered a youthful wrong-doer to be soundly spanked in Mayor's Court.

'74.—Prof. Edgar D. Shimer, Ph. D., Assistant Superintendent of the Public Schools of New York City, is a member of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, of which Bishop Henry C. Potter, LL.D., is the president.

'75.—In *The Lutheran* of December 20, Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., of Milwaukee, Wis., suggests a very practical way of helping the orphans, in an article entitled "Raising an Orphan Child."

'76.—The December meeting of the Pastoral Association of the Pottsville Conference held at Frackville, Pa., was attended by nine pastors, of whom six, including the President, Rev. H. F. Clymer, '76, the Secretary, Rev. W. F. Heldt, and Messrs. Gebert, '88, Smoll, '82, Umbenhen, '80, and Bond, '88, are all graduates of Muhlenberg College.

'77.—The dedication of the handsome new church edifice erected by the Church of the Reformation, Rochester, N. Y., took place on Sunday, December 23, in the afternoon. The pastor, Rev. Wm. J. Miller, conducted the consecration service, and Rev. M. L. Zweizig, of Detroit, preached the dedication sermon. In the evening, the Rev. Dr. Kaehler, of Buffalo, preached to a large congregation. The local pastors, Revs. W. E. Murray, M. G. Erbes, L. L. Mayley, C. Betz and C. Roeder, were present to add to the interest of the festivity.

'78.—Rev. and Mrs. Charles L. Fry were given a reception on December 17, after the regular meeting of the Missionary Society of Trinity Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa. The affair was a surprise and assumed the nature of a farewell to the retiring pastor and his wife. Rev. Fry's address now is, 1920 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

'79.—Edwin J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., of Allentown, Pa., is a prominent member of the Independent Order of Red Men. At a recent anniversary of Lecha Wonk Tribe of Allentown, he delivered an interesting and eloquent historical address.

'79.—Frank M. Trexler, Esq., is a prominent member of the South Allentown Land Improvement Co., Allentown, Pa.

Among the speakers at the fiftieth anniversary of St. James Lutheran Church, of Reading, Pa., were Rev. Charles J. Gable, Rev. Luther J. Gable, Prof. S. C. Schmicker, and J. Henry Zweizig, Esq.

'83.—Dr. N. Wiley Thomas, chief of the Philadelphia Gas Bureau, has been elected a member of the supreme governing body of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. He was the founder of the Muhlenberg Chapter.

'84.—The church edifice of the Church of the Advent of Trenton, N. J., Rev. J. Heissler, pastor, after having undergone improvements in the way of frescoing, recarpeting, and stained glass windows, was rededicated Sunday,October 14. Those officiating at the service were Drs. Spieker and Wackernagel. Revs. N. F. Schmidt, of Schwenksville, Pa., P. Z. Strodach and H. R. Wendel, of Trenton. The first three preached sermons. The others conducted altar service.—*The Lutheran.*

'84.—Prof. E. F. Krauss, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, recently delivered a scholarly and practical address on "Child Study" before the annual meeting of the Lutheran Sunday-school Association of Chicago.

'84.—Sunday before Christmas twenty persons were received into Zion Church, Siegfried, Pa., Rev. H. J. Krider, pastor, by confirmation and three by letter. Large and valuable donations were sent to the Orphans' Home in Germantown for Christmas.

'87.—A dispatch from Ithaca, N. Y., says that Dr. George A. Miller, instructor in Mathematics at Cornell University, has received a prize of two hundred and sixty dollars from the scientific academy of Cracowa, Austria, for his work in theory of groups. This theory is one of the most modern branches of pure mathematics and it is extensively used in the advanced theory of algebraic and differential equations. Dr. Miller has published many original monographs on the subject. Dr. Miller is a native of Lehigh county, having been born at Lynnville in 1863. He studied at Muhlenberg College and was graduated in 1887, with honor. He studied later at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; Michigan University and at Leipsic. He was a professor at Eureka, Ill., before going to Cornell. Prof. Miller is a brother to Thos. E. Miller, the merchant of Seventh and Gordon streets, and to the wife of County School Superintendent Alvin Rupp.—*Allentown Daily Item.*

'87.—*The Lutheran* of January 3 contains a very interesting article on "One Hundred Years Ago—How Our Fathers Lived," from the pen of Rev. John W. Richards, of Lancaster, Pa.

'88.—November 5, the Luther League of West Hazleton, Rev. E. F. Ritter, pastor, celebrated its tenth anniversary. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and colors of the League. The congregation was well represented. Addresses were made by W. M. Rehrig on "Luther and Education," and Rev. J. O. Schlenker on "The Open Bible."

'89.—Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, Pa., continues his "Missionary Notes" in *The Lutheran.* He is becoming an acknowledged authority on the history of missions.

'90.—Dr. Albert J. Bittner, of Allentown, has been reelected one of the physicians at the Lehigh County Almshouse.

'90.—Dr. Harry S. Snyder is to assume one of the characters in the Pennsylvania-German version of "Pinafore," which will be rendered in Allentown during the present winter.

'92.—At the six o'clock service on Christmas morning, the boy choir of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church, Wilmington, Del., Rev. Frederic Doerr, pastor, was robed for the first time. The robes are similar to those used in the Church of the Incarnation, Philadelphia, at Pottstown and at Spring City. St. Stephen's is making a vigorous effort to be free of all indebtedness. Thus far a large proportion of the mortgage indebtedness has been subscribed. Rev. Mr. Doerr has been correcting a floating error of long standing in one of the Wilmington papers, viz, that the celebration of Christmas was left to Episcopalians and Roman Catholics. He very properly reminded the public that Lutherans know the joys of celebrating Christmas from the sixteenth century on down. —*The Lutheran.*

'92.—Art glass windows were placed in the Lutheran church at Coudersport, Pa., recently, and on Sunday, December 16, were consecrated. Appropriate sermons were preached on the occasion. The pastor, Rev. I. H. Stetler, with his people rejoice in a year of prosperity.

'93.—We wish to congratulate Rev. P. George Sieger, of Lancaster, Pa., upon the excellent eight-page monthly entitled "The Parish Helper," which is published in the interests of Emanual Lutheran Church of Lancaster, Pa. The December number contained good pictures of Muhlenberg College and the Mount Airy Seminary, and brief discussions of subjects helpful and interesting to all church-workers.

'94.—The fifth convention of the Miami Valley District of the Ohio State Luther League was held Wednesday, December 26, 1900, in St. Mark's English Lutheran Church, Newport, Ky., Rev. F. C. Longaker, pastor.

'95.—Rev. Frederick C. Krapf, of Elizabeth, N. J., has been reëlected President of the Luther League of the State of New Jersey.

'96.—On Sunday, November 4, the corner-stone of Grace Lutheran Church, Rev. J. F. Kramlich, pastor, was laid in the presence of 1,500 people, who had gathered to take part in the service. A number of the neighboring pastors were present and participated in the exercises of the day. Addresses were made by Rev. N. F. Schmidt, of Schwenksville, and Rev. J. H. Waidelich, of Sellersville. Revs. W. F. Fegely, of Trappe; A. B. McIntosh and L. C. Haigler, of Spring City;

N. Miller, of Phoenixville, and E. C. Trafford, of Kimberton, took part in the service. After placing the usual articles in the corner-stone the liturgical service of laying the stone was performed by the pastor.—*The Lutheran.*

'97.—The Rev. Francis Miller, a recent graduate of the Theological Seminary, has entered upon his duties as pastor of Salem Church, Frankford, Philadelphia.

'97.—Rev. A. C. Schenck, pastor-elect of the Fleetwood, Rockland, and Topton Lutheran congregations, was installed last Sunday by Rev. Dr. M. C. Horine, of Reading; Rev. Dr. G. F. Spieker, of Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, and Rev. J. J. Cressman, of Kutztown, the committee appointed by the president of the Ministerium for the purpose. Services were held at the three places; in the morning and afternoon at Fleetwood and Rockland in the German language; in the evening at Topton in the English language.—*The Lutheran.*

'97.—Sunday, November 4, witnessed the installation of Rev. H. Morris Schofer in the Pinegrove charge by Rev. George Gebert, of Tamaqua. The day was an ideal one and the church was crowded to the door. A Reformation service was held in the morning and with the installation service of the evening, the vesper service, which the pastor-elect had prepared with his choir, was introduced. Already the new pastor has inspired the people with new hopes and confidence, and the outlook for the future is bright.

'98.—On the evening of December 30, Bernard Repass preached a well-prepared sermon in St. John's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa., of which his father is the pastor.

Exchanges.

The greetings and compliments of the season are a common subject for all the college magazines. In addition to these, many of our exchanges publish interesting and entertaining Christmas and New Year stories.

The article "Medical Shams" in the *Western University Courant* contains so much of common sense and practical import that it is worth while to give a short summary of it.

These medical shams are embraced not only by the ignorant and vicious, but by some people of apparent culture and education who seem to be unable to distinguish between educated, honest physicians and the imitators and humbugs. The writer thinks that instruction in the proper grades of our public schools in some of the neglected subjects of physiology and hygiene, and the admonition that parents and physicians of established reputation and good character are the ones to be consulted in cases of sickness, would put an end to the majority of these frauds by depriving them of patronage. Publishers should refuse such advertisements, but a majority of these are reluctant to do so because these "ads" are a large portion of the publisher's income. Some few of the best journals exclude all "ads" of such a nature. The writer concludes by stating that a measure should be enacted forbidding the distribution of pamphlets and circulars of proprietary medicines and quack doctors in which symptoms of diseases are described.

"The Genius of a Toe" in *The Sibyl* is an interesting and nicely written story.

The Gettysburg Mercury of December is especially rich in its literary department.

"Education and a Livelihood" in *The Midland*, although an old subject, is interesting for the practical way in which the subject is presented.

"The Story of Mr. and Mrs. Browning" is nicely told in *The Buff and Blue.*

The Pharetra is the neatest college journal on our desk.

The *Dickinson Literary Monthly* is good, as usual. "Life on the Planet Mars" attracts special attention.

Man is like unto a kerosene lamp,
  He isn't especially bright,
He's often turned down, usually smokes,
  And goes out at night.—*Ex.*

Went to see a foot-ball game,
Thought I could play the same,
So in haste I joined the 'leven,
And I'm writing this from heaven.—*Ex.*

Literary.

A new novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is pretty sure to be a long one. "Eleanor" fulfills our expectations in this respect. The conversations, the descriptions, the paraphernalia of culture, of which we are practically never allowed to lose sight, provide exactly the kind of background that is best calculated to set off to advantage the romance of "Edward Manisty" and the two women who love him. He is an English politician turned dilettante; whose dissatisfaction with his party, just at the moment when his future as a public man seems brightest, causes him to resign and abandon the affairs of his country for a period of reactionary trifling in the south. He is revolted by the corruption and maladministration in Italian politics; the Pope attracts him as a symbol of the religious force whose very endurance through the centuries seems to him to rebuke the materialistic sins of the government, and he plunges into the writing of a great book on the problems and fate of the nation. Here arises Mrs. Ward's chance to interpolate the grave observations of which she is so fond. The prevailing tone is one of sadness. Italian sunshine is constantly pouring down upon the scene, but "Manisty" and both his companions are inclined to take life seriously, and when they are not working out their own problems they are talking about the troubles of Church and State, so that even the beauties of the landscape are somehow tinged with melancholy. None of the characters are very powerfully drawn.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

That the marvelous success of "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller, has been largely due to good generalship is best shown by the fact that never since the story leaped into success have the publishers failed to meet their orders. When the two hundredth thousand was rushed to press fourteen presses were at work on the printing and five binderies were busy binding the book. The paper is now being made for the two hundred and twenty-fifth thousand of "Eben Holden."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Herbert Spencer, in spite of his great age, is sufficiently well in health to continue the work of revising his books.

He hopes eventually to revise all those that form part of his great system of philosophy. Already he has revised three volumes, which includes the "First Principles," and a fourth may be ready next year. It is likely that Mr. Spencer may, before then, add some papers to the little volume of his writings, which consists of "Various Fragments."—*Times Saturday Review.*

The Book World for January gives us a short criticism on *Wit and Wisdom of the Talmud* by Madison C. Peters. If this work of a former Lehigh Countian becomes as widely known as its author, it will undoubtedly be a great success; however, the author though popular has not yet come down to us as a shining light. The thought strikes us that some day he may be a follower of Mohammed.

Half a million copies of "David Harum" have already been sold, and the sales still averge 500 copies a day. The calls for the illustrated edition are at present greater than can be supplied by the publishers.—*New York Times Review.*

The Criterion for January contains, in its editorials, a quite lengthy article with reference to the arguments put forth by Minister Wu for Confucianism. The editor clearly shows that Minister Wu unconsciously refutes his own words, that though he has publicly condemned our cherished traditions, no anti-Chinese outburst has been the result. After comparing the practical results of Confucianism and Christianity, he says: "Yet Minister Wu contends that 'Confucianism is the highest form of civilization and morality.' Can that be called the highest form of civilization and morality which cannot point to a single hospital, a single asylum for the insane, a single reformatory, a single institution for the blind, except brothels for little blind girls; which exalts the glory of having sons and fills the palace of its Emperor with 3,000 eunuchs; which sanctions concubinage and denies to children any rights, save in relation to their parents; which never urges truthful speech, and which allows lies?"

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Ferns and Their Haunts.

D. W. HAMM, '01.

Phaenogamous plants appeal more readily to our nature than any other plants. This is due, perhaps, to their brilliancy and variation of color; to their fragrance or, perhaps, to the fact that they prefer cheerful places and surroundings—places where they can sport and revel all day long in the bright sunshine; where the gorgeous butterflies and gaudy insects may visit them and sip their sweet nectar, transfering pollen as a recompense; where the bees may find them and pilfer their sweets, where they can receive the homage of admiration and bestow a smile of equal warmth upon all beholders; where the wind may take up their seeds and waft them away to some distant land. No matter where these delicate children of Nature take up their abodes, whether in the open fields, in the grassy meadows, along the babbling brook or winding stream, in the copse or along the borders of woods, they always lift their beautiful faces to the sun as it rises above the hills to kiss away the morning dew.

What a remarkable contrast there is between the haunts of the Phaenogams and the Fungi! Not only is there a marked contrast between their places of abode, but also between their very natures and structures. Cold, clammy Fungi are the outcasts, the lepers of the Floral Kingdom. "Ghoulish parasites, uncanny saprophytes." They prey and thrive upon the juices of living plants and decaying vegetable matter. They spring up like phantoms and as quickly disappear, their remains polluting the air with their foul stench. Unlike the Phaenogams they prefer moist dells, mossy glades, shady woods, deserted lanes, fence corners, marshes, dark and damp forests. Their haunts have rather an aspect of gloom than of cheerfulness. What crime have these creatures committed that they have fallen and become such degraded and branded sinners? Perhaps they are the descendants of some "ancestral knave elected to live by piracy, to drain the already digested food of his neighbor." His brethren, beholding the ease with which they might live, became accomplices of his crime and as a result their posterity are doomed to be outcasts and to live a life of gloom. Some of these clammy creatures, however, seem to me to deplore their wretched condition and to long for their former virtuous life. They have not all fallen so low, and some of them, breathing out the sweet "odor of violets, of anise, or of new-mown hay," show that they are not altogether repugnant and prove that they once belonged to a nobler race. On the other hand, those that have fallen into utter disrepute have the scent of "garlic and tainted fish." Some, however, endeavor to conceal their true character in the beauty of their color. The Laced Stinkhorn (Phallus duplicatus), with its olive green pileus, with its beautifully laced and cylindrical stem, with its delicately netted veil surrounding the whole of the stipe from pileus to volva, and with its delicate pink volva, endeavors to conceal its indentity. But its repugnant, disgusting, loathing odor reveals its true character. Just as we take compassion upon all sinners, so do we also upon these; and there are men, I am glad to say, who are not afraid of "the wood witch," or fear to touch "the bad man's bread" or to open "the devil's snuff box." These misnamed and despised plants are very interesting, and with the aid of the microscope we can do naught but marvel at the sights which it reveals to us. Yet men who take an interest in them are ridiculed as "non compos mentis," to waste their time on such foolishness.

No other plants know so well how to choose their haunts as the ferns. Their surroundings are their greatest charm. If you wish to know them you must search for them in Nature's most sacred retreats. You must roam through the wild, untrodden depth of the forest; plod through tangled swamps, wend your way along the banks of the swiftly rushing stream; visit the dashing waterfall, the mossy dells, the shady ravines, and the crannied mountain walls. You must climb steep cliffs and scale mountain ledges, because on these some of our rarest ferns are at home. Though ferns neither waste fragrance on "the desert air," nor possess a richness and variation of color, nevertheless, when we sit among them in the deep solitude they awaken new thoughts, and stir strange emotions within our souls. They bring us into closer communion with nature. I often think of what Thoreau once said: "If it were required to know the position of the fruit dots or the character of the indusium, nothing could be easier than to ascertain it; but if it is required that you be affected by ferns, that they amount to anything, signify anything to you, that they be another sacred scripture and revelation to you, helping to redeem your life, this end is not so easily accomplished."

It is in spring that we should take up the study of ferns. If we go out, when the March winds are still rampant, in search of ferns, we will not be so richly rewarded. The only ones to greet us are the evergreen species, and even these are not very conspicuous at this time because they lie nestled closely to the bosom of mother earth and are partly covered with the leaves which protected them from the cold and stress of winter.

It is in the latter part of April or the beginning of May, when the mountain rill begins its merry song, when the woods begin to stir with new life, when the air vibrates to the notes of the bluebird, that the woolly croziers of the great Osmundas push their way through the ground, in the marshes or along the mountain stream. These croziers soon unfold and develop into fronds of tropical luxuriance.

Among the last year's fronds of the Christmas Ferns we may find the curled up fronds of this year wrapt in brown chaff. As the season advances we may each day find new batches and species of ferns. "There is nothing more aggressively newborn than a young fern, and this thought will recur constantly as you chance upon the little wrinkled crozier-like fronds, whether they are bundled up in wrappings of soft wool or protected by a garment of chaff; or whether, like many of the later arrivals, they come into the world as naked and puny as a human baby."

Early in May we find the Osmundas in their full stage of development. Along the rocky banks of the brook we see the Cinnamon Fern arrayed in all her splendor of delicate green. Amidst the shady rocks of our deeper woods we may find the Interrupted Fern robed in an equally dainty color of green. In the swamps, amidst the shrubbery and fallen trees, the Royal Fern, adorned in its tender red and green, rises to the majestic height of six feet.

On the rocky banks of the mountain stream or beside the dashing waterfall, the Fragile Bladder Fern unfolds its tremulous fronds, which by the latter part of May are covered with fruit dots.

By the first of June many of the ferns are well advanced, and the botanist may begin to search for these quaint children of nature and become acquainted with them. Upon the wooded hillsides and along the woodpath we may find the umbrageous Eagle Brake. It is strange, but nevertheless amusing, how we sometimes falsely imagine queer things concerning names of plants with which we are not acquainted. Before I was acquainted with the Eagle Brake I imagined it to be one of our rarest ferns and that it, like the eagle, loved to dwell in higher regions, where it might be beyond the reach of man. "There is," however, "a difference of opinion as to the origin of the plant's scientific name, which signifies 'eagle wing.' Some suppose it to be derived from the outline of the heraldic eagle which has been seen by the imaginative in a cross-section of the young stalk. It seems more likely that a resemblance has been fancied between the spreading frond and the plumage of an eagle." Along the fences and in the depth of the forest we may find the beautiful light green Lady Fern without any marred fronds, which fronds later in summer are marred. In the swamps and marshy places we see the yellowish green fronds of the Sensitive Fern unfold. They soon lose their tender green and develop into large dark-green fronds. In the middle of July they send out their sporangids or fertile fronds, which ripen by September. This fern succumbs to the first frost. Their sporangia remains standing through the winter.

Amidst the rocks and secluded places of the forest, where the sun scarcely penetrates the thick foliage of the trees, and where there is a deep silence, the Maidenhair Fern, with its tender green frond and black shining stipe, springs into existence as if by magic. Soon after the Osmundas have come to fruition and sown their spores, we may, in our rambles through the forest, find the Rattlesnake Fern. Perhaps, to one who finds this fern when mature, its title will seem somewhat obscure. Before maturity, however, the sporangias resting upon the summit of the long fleshy stem have a pyramidal shape, like the rattles of the venomous reptile.

On ripening, they assume a position somewhat parallel with the stem. One cannot guard this fern too well, because its fruiting season is of short duration. After the spores are sown the once fertile portion dries up, while the sterile portion remains until late in fall.

Upon the minute shelves and in the smallest chinks of high rocky ledges, where it seems almost impossible for even the smallest plant to secure a foothold, where the mountain brook dashes and tumbles over it and with its mist and spray refreshes its dark-green leathery fronds, the Mountain Spleenwort reigns supreme. The fronds of this fern are so small and spread themselves flat against the rocks, that it requires the keenest eye to observe it. If you do not search for a special kind you will fail to notice it.

By the latter part of July nearly all the ferns are in full foliage and many in fruit. In the swamps, growing on decayed logs and stumps, the Crested Shield Fern is now fruiting. In the deep, rich, moist woods the Goldie's Ferns are heavily laden with spores. On the wooded hillsides and among the rocks of the forests the Evergreen Wood Fern and the Christmas Fern greet us on every side. In moist places of the woods we may find the Spinulose Shield Fern. Where the water comes dashing down the mountain side, where it can dip its plume-like frond into the sparkling water, the Bulblet Bladder Fern adorns the rocky banks. In the wet meadows, moist thickets, and along the mountain rills the New York Fern and the Marsh Shield Fern may be found. These two ferns resemble each other very closely. The long stipe and the revolute margin of the fertile frond of the Marsh Fern enable the novice to distinguish between the two. In rocky places and open woods we may find the Ebony Spleenwort. On shady cliffs and mountain ledges we may look for the little Woodsia.

In the crevices of limestone cliffs the little Wall Rue seeks shelter. This peculiar little plant is extremely rare in some localities. It grows quite abundantly in our region. On cliffs under the deep shade of the hemlocks, nestling close to the rocks, we find the delicate Maidenhair Spleenwort. Here, too, creeping over the rocks, we may find the quaint little Walking Fern, the constant companion of the Maidenhair Spleenwort.

In August, in the open woods, in the rocky uplands and fringing the borders of the brook, in fence corners and along the highway the Dicksonia or Hay-scented Fern may be found in full fruition. These sensitive light-green fronds sometimes in early fall turn golden yellow or bleach pure white. This is the only fern, with the exception of the Fragrant Shield Fern (this, however, does not grow in this locality) which sends forth any fragrance. When dry, or when a fresh frond is shriveled between the fingers, the sweet scent of new-mown hay becomes especially noticeable. "The very scent of it," says Thoreau, "if you have a decayed frond in your chamber, will take you far up country in a twinkling. You would think that you had gone after the cows there, or were lost in the mountain."

In the pocket of some dry limestone cliff, where it is somewhat sheltered, the Purple Cliff Brake grows to a large size. The little Wall Rue is its usual companion. This fern is also rare in some localities. Some of the limestone cliffs of our region are literally covered with this fern. On one of our botanical trips last fall we found specimens of this plant measuring twenty-one inches in length.

As we enter the heart of the glen, we find upon the rocks overhanging the blithe brook, the Long Beech Ferns in full maturity. In the somewhat drier parts we find its kinsman, the Broad Beech Fern. Its triangular fronds, broader than long, render it very conspicuous. In the deeper shade and on the flat rocks the Common Polypods thrive. In the greater depth of the glen, at the foot of some hemlock, in the tangled underbrush, or on some overhanging shelf, the dark-green plume-like fronds of the Spinulose Shield Fern (var. dilatatum) curve gracefully outward.

In fall, when the fields and forests are clothed in the hectic hues of autumn, some of our most conspicuous ferns fade away, vying with the golden color of the maples and other forest trees, while others are just coming into fruition. In moist places we now find the triangular and much-dissected frond, and branching, grape-like fruit clusters of the Ternate and Little Grape Ferns.

Although nature is now wrapt in deep slumber, yet ere long it will again burst forth with gladsome voice. If then, after having spent the whole week in solving algebraic equations, demonstrating theorems, conversing with Horace, Tacitus, and Plato, that spell of "taedium vitae" steals over you, take your botany and roam over hill and dale through field and forest and search for the children of nature. Ere you are aware you will be deeply engrossed in examining plants and you will exclaim that life is worth living after all. As you approach the mountain side, a grand sight meets your gaze. You begin to ascend. Step by step you will ascend the rugged mountain. You see rocks carpeted with moss, ferns growing from every crack and crevice. You become more and more enraptured and as you advance nature becomes more and more sublime, until your heart breaks forth and joins in the sentiments of Job: "Break forth into singing ye mountains. O forest and every tree therein." At last you reach the utmost height and behold the land afar, the utmost extent of the hills and valleys, wild forests, and fertilizing streams, and cultivated fields. What a magnificent scene! As you stand gazing upon the sublime scene, many thoughts flit through your mind. You now recognize the mighty power of God. As the shades of twilight begin to fall, you plod your way homeward and ponder over the hidden beauty of nature as it has been revealed to you. You will then realize the truth of the poets words,—

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears."

The Codex Sinaiticus.

G. S. FEGELY, '02.

Codex is a Latin word, originally meaning the trunk of a tree. Later on it was applied to wooden tablets, covered with wax, on which the Romans wrote their records. Finally it was applied to any written document, but especially to collections of laws. Modern scholars apply the term to versions of the Scriptures and other important secular manuscripts.

Such codices are in the general form of a book, and contain especially the New Testament and classic writings in uncial characters. Uncial characters are large and of nearly uniform size, resembling modern capitals, but with greater roundness.

Codices are written on vellum or parchment, the oldest kind of writing material. Ordinary parchment is made from the skin of sheep and she-goats. The better quality, vellum, is made from the skins of very young calves, kids, and lambs. A peculiar kind is made from the skins of asses and enameled.

The method of making parchment and vellum is the same as in dressing skins for leather. Skins are limed in the lime-pit until the hair is easily removed. They are then stretched tightly and equally, and the flesh is dressed, as in currying, until perfectly smooth. It is next ground with a flat pumice, previously dressing the fleshy side with powdered chalk and slaked lime sprinkled over it. Still stretched, it is allowed to dry. This process is important. It must be done slowly and in the shade. Sometimes these operations must be repeated to insure excellent quality. Much depends on the skill with which the pumice is used and the quality of the pumice itself. Thoroughly dried, the lime and chalk are removed by rubbing with a soft, unshorn lambskin.

The parchment and vellum were then used by ancient writers for codices of the classics and the various codices of the Scriptures. Of all these the codex Sinaiticus is undoubtedly the most important, for it is inferior to no other in antiquity, authority, and completeness.

In 1844, Constantine Tischendorf, who, although only twenty-nine years old, was already famous as an editor of the Greek Testament, having undertaken a journey in search of ancient manuscripts of the Scriptures, arrived at the Greek Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai. Here he was shown a beautiful codex of the Gospels, the pride of the convent, written upon beautiful white parchment and adorned with beautiful paintings.

Judged from the character of the writing, it must date from the seventh or eighth century, but Tischendorf found it inaccurate and of slight importance. Something more precious than this had been thrown aside by the illiterate guardians of the library. In a basket filled with remains of a damaged manuscript, Tischendorf saw a large number of leaves of a Greek manuscript of the Septuagint of the Old Testament, which he recognized as one of the oldest. The contents of the basket were destined for the flames, and previously two baskets of similar material had been burnt. He obtained possession of nearly fifty sheets, but was refused other portions, and permitted to copy only one sheet. He had betrayed the value of this treasure, which had appeared valueless to the monks, but yet hoped that the rest of the manuscript might be obtained. Proposals for it were made through a friend. but only to learn that the monks, having discovered its value, would not part with it for any consideration.

In 1853 he again visited the monastery in the hope of finding manuscripts of the sacred text. To facilitate his research, he gained the protection and aid of Alexander II, of Russia. In the early part of 1859 he presented himself for a third time at the gates of the convent. After repeated calls, a door was opened, thirty feet above ground, and a rope lowered to receive the letters which he brought. Usually guests are received through this door. They seat themselves on a crosspiece at the end of the rope and are drawn up by the servants.

Tischendorf's credentials procured for him a more distinguished reception. The steward of the convent appeared and conducted the guest through a door seldom used. The baggage and interpreter took the usual journey through the air. He tarried there five days, carefully examining the library. While walking with the steward, they conversed about Old Testament text. Having returned to the convent, the steward invited him to partake of a luncheon in his cell. He accepted the invitation, and, while eating, the steward remarked that he had a copy of the Septuagint version, and thereupon produced a large manuscript wrapped in red cloth. Glancing at the vellum, Tischendorf recognized it as belonging to the same codex of which he rescued some leaves from the basket fifteen years before. Turning over the different sheets he beheld to his astonishment, in addition to a large part of the Old Testament, the beginning of the New, and the Epistle of Barnabas.

Apparently, soon after the original discovery in the waste-basket, the monks had found these sheets and placed them with the fragments which Tischendorf rescued from destruction. The German guest, concealing his joy, begged permission to take the manuscript to his own chamber. He found that it contained the New Testament entire, whereas all other manuscripts of the first class are more or less imperfect. In spite of a poor light and lack of heat, he spent the night in transcribing the Epistle of Barnabas.

Understanding the aversion of the monks to part with the manuscripts, Tischendorf obtained, after some opposition, the privilege to copy the entire codex at Cairo. At his suggestion the monks were at last persuaded to offer the codex as a gift to the great monarch. Thus, in little less than eight months after its discovery, they gave the treasure into his hands to be borne to St. Petersburg, to be held for a time simply as a loan made to facilitate the publication of an accurate edition, until the confirmation of the archbishop should enable him to present it formally to the emperor.

It is written on vellum sheets of extreme fineness and beauty, the skins of antelopes and asses. It is written in uncial characters of great beauty and simplicity, resembling forms of the best papyrus. It has little punctuation and that of the oldest manner. Its orthography and etymology are characteristic of the fourth century.

The number of columns presented to the sight when the book is open is one of the striking proofs of the age of a codex. Then do we have reason to be assured of the great antiquity of the Sinaitic codex, for it alone, of all known manuscripts, presents eight columns when the book is open. This fact with others renders it probable that it was copied directly from an Egyptian papyrus. The remarkably large size and great beauty of the vellum sheets give further evidence of its antiquity. They are the largest known, and a single animal could only contribute two leaves of such unusual size. Again, as time went on, smaller and coarser sheets of parchment took the place of the beautiful vellum used in the older manuscripts.

The peculiar order in which the books of the Bible follow each other corresponds with what Epiphanius testifies as existing in some of the manuscripts of his day; and proves that the codex was written before the present order was established.

From the evidence given, it can be assigned to the fourth century of our era, and with the highest probability to the first half of the same.

The Arrest of Oscar the Pious.

C. K. FEGLEY, '00.

It had been "the unanimous sentiment of the student-body in regular convention assembled that the occasion is one demanding a more than ordinary demonstration on the part of said body." Accordingly a committee had been appointed "to take necessary steps toward said demonstration." The committee consisted of "Josh" Sebarling, "Pete" Tunlore and "Zeus" Kendle, all three justly celebrated for their enthusiastic college spirit. This brief business being disposed of, the meeting adjourned amid general uproar, everybody feeling that the success of the enterprise was assured since arrangements were to be managed by such fertile brains and zealous minds as those of the trio.

The occasion of this mass meeting and extraordinary demonstration was this: "Prexy" Hambold, the scholarly, gentlemanly, well-beloved head of the college would return from Europe on the fifteenth of October. Thither he had gone to attend the quinquacentennial of the University of Halle, his *Alma Mater*, bearing the congratulations of the authorities of Berglan, his present incumbency. He was coming home bringing greetings and even gifts from the Old World seat of learning. He had been honored; Berglan had been honored. It was no more than fitting that his "sons" should welcome him right royally and give vent to their enthusiastic appreciation of all these things.

Oscar Jethston, class of umpty-seven, had not attended the mass meeting; he had not read the appeals for funds posted on the bulletin boards; and so when the committee's representative waited upon him in the interest of the funds he had confessed gross ignorance of the entire affair.

"It was simply appalling, my beloved co-laborers," said "Josh" to the committee. "That dear old fossil hadn't heard a thing and it took a full hour of my most persuasive eloquence to convince him of the propriety, necessity, and general rightfulness of the affair from moral and ethical standpoints.

Nor was my labor vain; the impassioned utterance of my utmost ambitions for this 'Triumphus Hamboldi' smote the heathen's heart and conscience. With trembling contrition and sore trepidation he enriched the fund by twenty-five cents. Sic semper religiosis."

Oscar was a character at Berglan, known among the students as "The Pious." He was thin; he was tall; he was badly dressed except on Sundays, when he "blossomed;" he was a poler of the most pronounced type. His face was white and pinched and thin, and his shoulders stooped from study and lack of exercise; while his great dark eyes looked out from under shaggy brows in such a solemn, melancholy way as to suggest the visage of some mediæval ascetic worn with long fasts and weary vigils, and burdened with an imaginary consciousness of weakness, sin, and guilt unpardonable. On Sundays, attired in a garb of somber hue, but withal of approved cut and fit, he would solemnly wend his way to a slum mission where in the rôle of superintendent he would conduct what "Zeus" called "a Sunday-school stunt." After morning service in the college church and a hastily swallowed luncheon, he would again hie churchward to another Sunday-school, where he officiated in the capacity of "the beloved teacher of our large and prosperous Young Ladies' Bible Class." How he attained unto this exalted and honorable position in view of his retiring disposition and melancholy demeanor, is a mystery inexplicable—"facts are stubborn things." This was the round of Oscar's life: Throughout the week, pole, eat and sleep; Sundays, superintendent, eat, teach and sleep; Monday, once more pole, eat, sleep. Whatever was more than this had no place in his life; so, having paid his quarter to the celebration fund, he once more fell back to the regular program.

The fifteenth of October came on apace and with it came the demonstration. Bands of music, the faculty in carriages, and the student-body in order of class organization met "Prexy" at the station, and amid music, pyrotechnics, and huzzas escorted him up the main street of the city, and out to the college campus. Here speeches of welcome and responses thereto held the crowd an hour longer; but after the bands and the students had united in rendering "Berglan, Berglan, dear old school!" a three-times-three-and-tiger for

Berglan ended the official demonstration. It was not so late, however, but that crowds of students, fired with the enthusiasm of the hour, started out to spread the name and fame of Berglan throughout the city with more zeal than wisdom or dignity.

Oscar, too, had been thrown out of his ordinary habits by the excitement; he, too, started out to celebrate the—well, he didn't know just what. He solemnly stalked down the mile and a half of Main street; he turned and solemnly, gloomily, singly stalked back again.

Opposite The Hamilton, whom should he meet but the redoubtable committee of arrangements, satisfied with the knowledge of duty well performed, and flushed with the "healths" of "Prexy," Berglan, the faculty, and a host of other college interests.

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah for Berglan! Hip, Hip, Hurrah for 'Prexy'! Wow! Hurrah! Let 'er snort! Hip! Hurrah for 'Old Pious'!!!"

"Hello, Oscar, old boy! Celebrating too? Good boy! Always said you had spirit! Grand time, eh? What's the matter with Berglan? Ray-ray! Ray-ray! Flim-flam! Tam-ram! Hip! Hurrah for old Berglan!!!"

Gracious, this was awful! Oscar tried to slip away, but the committee would not have it—he "must help to celebrate." So willy-nilly, with "Josh" on one side, and "Pete" supported by "Zeus" on the other, away and up the street came Oscar. Old Dr. Lamb, the professor of mathematics, passed, and must needs be greeted most vociferously by the trio. Oscar shrank and trembled at the look of mild surprise the doctor gave him. Three young ladies of Oscar's Bible Class going home from a missionary conference gasped as they beheld the form of their beloved teacher surrounded by such howling, reeling mates. Oscar felt faint as he thought of the impression his environment would give and tried once more to slip away. 'Twas all in vain; the trio was celebrating and Oscar was helping; it would be a downright shame to break up the party now.

Just at this point the celebration on the part of the three committeemen and their unwilling partner reached proportions greatly surpassing the views of decency entertained by Officer Schmertzer of the city force. He summoned Officer

Krentz to his aid and together they descended upon the unsuspecting celebrants.

"Now den youse ghaps petter gome along mit us, und we will see vat der mayor dinks von dot gollege."

Taken completely off their guard the collegians fell easy prey to the police. Officer Krentz supported "Zeus" and "Pete," while Officer Schmertzer performed the same kind service for "Josh" and Oscar. Their charges proved most tractable at first; but suddenly Officer Krentz found himself in the center of a most lively tussle. A moment later he picked himself up from the gutter to find his charges vanished. Meantime his colleague was having a most lively time with "Josh"—only the passivity of Oscar saving him from a fate similar to that of the unfortunate Krentz. That arm of the law hastily reënforced his brother officer, and together they safely landed their charges in the city jail.

Now came a scene most ludicrous. "Josh" in cell 42 raved against all authority and government in most approved anarchistic style, but as suddenly broke forth into the most unblushing and entirely unsubdued boastings of his beloved Berglan, both in speech and in song.

Oscar, seated in cell 43, was overwhelmed with remorse and shame. Loud wailings of despair issued from his cracked throat.

"How can I ever face my professors again! Oh, why did I ever start away from college to-night. I should have been studying! What will my young ladies say? And what will become of Mizpah Mission? Oh, miserable boy; your influence for good is lost forever! You whose name will to-morrow appear among the reeking reports of petty mayor's court cases! Oh! oh! oh! Now is the dream of my parents shattered! Now can I never enter the ministry! What seminary will admit a man whose past is blackened by a blotted character? Arrested as a nuisance, as a disturber of the city's peace, and classed with midnight revelers and brawlers! Oh, horrible! horrible! oh! oh! oh!"

Just how long the agony of both lasted was never known; but within a very short time the ever-faithful "Zeus" and "Pete," reënforced by Dr. Lamb and even "Prexy" himself, went to see the mayor, and effected a speedy release of the culprits.

The trio went off rejoicing loudly, shouting the praises and virtues of "Prexy," "Lambkin," and "His Nibs."

Oscar went in sorrow and despair to his room. Glaring public disgrace he had escaped, but his conscience smote him sore notwithstanding. He continued his Sunday-school work; but now he poled harder, ate faster, and slept less than before, as if in penance for his sins. Thenceforth his face became whiter and thinner, his eyes more lusterless and gloomy.

The committee, cause of all this woe, showed few outward signs of contrition for their misdeeds. But that they felt called upon to make reparation for the wrong they did Oscar the Pious was evinced by the magnanimous and undelayed manner in which they presented him with the newer and more sonorous title of Oscar the Martyr.

A Plea for the Greek Testament.

R. R. FRITSCH, '00.

III.

Hoping that what has already been written may have interested some one in the subject, I wish to continue by citing several examples instead of adhering to a single word throughout the paper.

As a minute study of the snowflake under the microscope enhances its beauty by revealing its symmetry, so does the Greek text of the Testament become still more interesting when studied with the careful shading of meanings discovered by the use of the Lexicon. Or, again, when a precious stone, removed from its setting, and after having been cleaned, is replaced and then shines with renewed splendor, so when a word is taken out of a verse, broken up and thoroughly examined that its real meaning may be determined, after it is replaced and read again a new thought breaks forth and we see deeper into the meaning of the verse, as we could look deeper into the heart of the diamond after the dust was removed.

As the snowflake falling from the sky is said to be hexagonal as to its crystalline structure, so I wish to explain in this paper six words in order to point out the beautiful lines of thought in the Testament, which, like a snowflake, pure and white, came as a revelation from the pure heavens, telling us of a better country beyond the skies.

More specifically, though, How did it come? In 2 Tim. 3:16 we read that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." The last four words are in the original, *theopneustos*, compounded of *Theos*, "God," and *pneo*, "to breathe," and, speaking of the wind, "to blow." Hence the literal meaning is "God-breathed," from which I get this thought: As the snowflakes one by one fall, as they are driven by the wind, *pneuma*, and finally form great drifts so as to stop all traffic, so did the words and thoughts recorded in the Bible come into the minds of those who wrote, until the whole became such a powerful collection of thoughts that hell itself cannot overcome its power in the world.

A common word, though full of meaning, is "angel," which means a "messenger," and just as we may imagine the little snowflake as coming from a distant world with its message of purity, hesitating, as it were, to touch the filthy mud as it hovers in the air, so we associate with angels an airy lightness as they in pure white hover about us as ministering spirits. Contrasting the white snow with its surroundings after it has fallen to the earth, and in like manner contrasting our idea of angels with the average mortal, we can understand the meaning of the question asked by Spenser,—

> "And is there care in heaven? And is there love
> In heavenly spirits to these creatures base?
> There is.
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant!"

Such squadrons can be best represented by the army of snowflakes hovering in the air. With this meaning of "messenger" read into the word "angel," it means that any one who carries a dime to relieve a destitute one or a message of comfort to a sorrowing one, becomes not only a messenger of peace and joy, but an angel indeed.

St. Paul was an angel in this sense of the word. He carried his message to his countrymen, and after they refused it, went to the Gentiles. He was inspired by a desire for souls. But how strong does this desire appear to us when reading as follows. In 2 Cor. 5 : 14 it says, "The love of God *constraineth* us." This word is the same as that used in Luke 4 : 38, where "Simon's wife's mother *was taken* with a great fever." Hence we learn that as a raging fever burns in a man's physical frame, so did Paul's love burn within his heart for his fellow-men. Is this not a satisfactory explanation why his words were so ardent, while those of some preachers are so cold and lifeless?

Paul's love for men's souls brings up the thought of brotherly love. In Heb. 13 : 1 we read, "Let brotherly love continue." In the Greek text it is, *Philadelphia maneto*, which motto was printed on one of the pamphlets given to registered delegates at the Christian Endeavor Convention last November in Philadelphia, familiarly called the "City of Brotherly Love," its real meaning. This example is perhaps more interesting than instructive.

There is a word found in the language of our weather bureau service referring to earthquakes as *seismic* disturbances. In Greek this word as a noun means an earthquake. It is used in the Testament as a noun, and a verb derived from it is also used in several verses. As a noun it is found, besides other places, in Acts 16 : 26, where an earthquake, shaking the prison where Paul and Silas were kept, opened the doors and thus set them free. In Matt. 27 : 54 an earthquake occurred at Christ's crucifixion. In Matt. 8 : 24, where Christ slept in the vessel during a storm, this same word is translated by the word "tempest." In other words, if we were to translate this passage according to the original text, we would be obliged to understand that the fearful waves were really immense upheavals of water caused by an earthquake at the bottom of the sea across which they were sailing. It is the literal meaning of the verb derived from the noun which makes the verses in which it is used interesting. In Heb. 12 : 26 God is represented as shaking the earth and the heaven with His voice. Literally, His voice might then be represented by the underground rumblings during an earthquake and by the roaring thunders during a violent storm. In Matt. 21 : 10 the city was *moved* as Christ made his triumphal entry into the city. This is the same word. So, when Christ enters a heart, lofty looks and vain thoughts fall down before Him as tall buildings do in a city when shaken by an earthquake.

I will close this paper with a little explanation of the word translated into English by "verily," which is repeated thus, "Verily, verily, I say unto you," before an important utterance of Christ to those whom he is addressing. This word is in the original *amen*, a Hebrew word embodying the thought of "faithfulness, truth, firmness, and trustworthiness." By it Christ means that what He is about to say is true and worthy of all acceptation. In the Hebrew translation of the New Testament, as well as in the Greek and Latin texts, the word "amen" is itself retained, while in other languages it is translated by other words equivalent in meaning, viz, in English, "verily, verily," in German, "wahrlich, wahrlich," in French, "en vérité, en vérité," in Spanish, "de cierto, de cierto," in Welsh, "yn wir, yn wir," and in Hungarian, "bizony, bizony." It is the same word with which we close our prayers, meaning thereby that such are the true desires and longings of our hearts, and, on the other hand, that we acknowledge our belief that He who has promised to answer our prayers is true and faithful in keeping His promise.

If time will permit, this series will close with a paper in the April or May issue of the monthly.

Has it Come to This.

You speak of the wonderful things that will come,
When a decade or more of its swift course shall have run;
When our homes will be free from mosquitoes and flies,
And a bakery ready-cooked suppers supplies;
When our great men will talk with the people of Mars,
And with airships we'll float from the earth to the stars:
When no chimneys you'll see and no coal will be sold,
For from spigots we'll buy all our air, hot or cold;
When we'll sit in a tube and we'll shoot through the earth,
And when man by his smartness will suffer no dearth.
Then I plainly can see that no need there will be
For our colleges, schools, and our big 'Varsity.
Education by mail will be found in their stead,
And the campus and hall will be gloomy and dead.
You just pick up their catalogue,—see what they do.
Yes, they teach you to paint, play the violin, too;
Every *ology, ic*, every course you name
Is complete in this wonderful school, so they claim.
And they even teach dentistry, hence, I presume,
They will extract our teeth by mail very soon.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this issue of The Muhlenberg the newly elected staff begs leave to present its greetings. We, upon whom the labor to promote the interests of our college journal now devolves, are fully cognizant of the duties and responsibilities of our several tasks.

We thank those who have labored to make The Muhlenberg a success thus far, and at the same time invite the coöperation of the students in our endeavors to maintain its reputation for excellence.

* * *

The much-talked-of meeting of the Trustees, which was to have decided the future of Muhlenberg, has taken place, and although no definite action on the location of the new college buildings was taken, we rejoice that they have given their sanction to intercollegiate athletics, and hope that the students will demonstrate that this was a step taken in the right direction. Reports show that the college is in a flourishing condition, and the prospects of future growth are very bright.

Though we are now privileged to engage in intercollegiate athletics, we must not forget that this privilege also confers a duty.

We are sorry to learn that a number of students who clamored most loudly for athletics are delinquent in giving their support to the finances of the Athletic Association. Again, there are a few who are disgusted with the progress which has been made in athletics thus far, and consider the cause unworthy of their support.

This is hardly the true spirit. Nothing will be accomplished along this line unless we as students take a proper pride in our institution, and are willing to abide existing conditions until the changes, which we believe will soon take place at Muhlenberg, will enable us to promote athletics with greater ease and on a grander scale.

When Disraeli, who in his time swayed all England, first arose in Parliament to address that august body of men, it is said that he became so confused and unnerved that he was openly hissed and compelled to sit down, saying resolutely, however, as he did so that they would live to see the day when they *would* listen to him. And they did. We may remain an unrecognized factor in intercollegiate athletics for some time to come, but if we are willing to lend our pecuniary as well as sentimental aid to athletics now, there is no reason why we should not before long attain a creditable position in this sphere of college activity.

* * *

We wish to call the attention of the students to the fact that hereafter the exchanges which reach THE MUHLENBERG will be placed on file in the reading-room, where they can be examined and read, subject, of course, to the rules governing the other reading material found there. This will afford all of the students an opportunity to acquaint themselves with the literary work done in other colleges, and will in addition be a source of miscellaneous information. As is well known, THE MUHLENBERG has a special department devoted to exchanges. We fail to see what benefit comments and criticisms on articles found in these exchanges are to the students unless they themselves have an opportunity to read and consider these articles. Therefore the innovation, which we hope will prove of interest and advantage.

It has been noticed that after the lapse of a few years, requests to discontinue their subscriptions to THE MUHLENBERG have come from some of our alumni. This is very discouraging both to the editors and to the business managers.

One of the aims of any college journal is to keep alive the interest and affection of alumni for their *Alma Mater*, and a special department is set aside for the accomplishment of this purpose.

We do not urge our Alumni to renew their subscriptions on this score alone, but we believe that this is one of the ways by which loyalty to their *Alma Mater* can be shown.

During past years THE MUHLENBERG has been steadily advancing, many changes and improvements have been made, and you, Alumnus, can aid us materially in our efforts to further its best interests by continuing your subscription.

* * *

The manager of the Glee Club is rapidly securing engagements for the season now practically at hand. The club is practicing daily to furnish its patrons with a musical treat this year. This is an organization which is called upon to equip itself without any outside aid. It differs from an athletic team in not receiving financial aid from the students in order to put itself on a working basis. There is no question but that so far as influence for good is concerned, a college glee club of merit is a valuable advertisement for any college, and, realizing this fact, the club has since the opening of College been working hard to become an organization representative of Muhlenberg, and one deserving the commendation of students, alumni, and friends of the institution.

The manager has arranged for the club to give a concert in March, under the auspices of Salem's Reformed Church of Allentown, when the students will do well to use their influence in swelling the attendance and incidentally accord the club a rousing reception. The manager informs us that he will be glad to hear from any of the students who have information pointing to a prospective engagement for the club.

* * *

Although the recent open meeting of the Missionary Society was rather well attended, yet it was noticeable that quite a few of the students were absent. The reasons for such absence are not obvious. It is to be deplored that there are so many among us who are disposed to smile when a meeting of the Missionary Society is announced. There is perhaps no zeal more praiseworthy than that exerted in behalf of those who live in benighted lands, where the blessedness of the Gospel is as yet only the dawn preceding the sunburst of the full power and radiancy of His glory. We recommend faithful attendance at the meetings of the Missionary Society on the part of all our students, but especially do we think it important for those preparing for the ministry to become conversant with and interested in missionary work.

Personal and Local.

Rupp (in upper hall): "D——r wedder, boys, didn't it snow last night!"

Ink, '02, took a flying trip to East Stroudsburg State Normal School, and returned with orders for ninety sets of suit-hangers.

Kistler, '02 (in hall): "Wuchter, look out, I'll nab you."
Wuchter, '04 (scared): "I wasn't after you, Kistler."

The student-body is glad to see Dr. W. resume his chair after a week's illness.

Prof. O.: "Mr. Scholl ('02), why does heat crack glass?"
Scholl: "Well, that's the law."

Glase, '02, to Neff, '03, discussing the recent election: "What's the number of Pennsylvania's electrical votes?"

For the last two weeks, on account of sickness, Dr. Dowell has been unable to meet his classes.

Schmoyer, '01 (knocking at 27): "Hello, Doc!"
Heckenberger, '02 (from within): "Doc's attending a *Ciarla* meeting."

Rupp, '02, has been making extensive tours in the interests of the Glee Club. The season bids fair to be a profitable one, as a nice schedule has been arranged. The Glee Club has our hearty good wishes.

The latest organization at College is the Perkiomen Club, the object of which is a secret. It is composed of students who prepared at Perkiomen Seminary. The following are its newly elected officers: President, Shimer, '01; Vice-President, Geissinger, '03; Secretary, Schofer, '01; Treasurer, Fegely, '02; Correspondent, Shimer, '03; Monitor, Youse, '03.

Kistler, '02 (speaking extempore): "My reasons I don't know myself. But still there are many reasons that can be given."

Dan Gery, the cop (to Rupp, '02, and Scholl, '02, between the hours of 12 and 1): "Say, you fellows musn't think you're in Bethlehem. If you don't take care I'll run after you."

Sickness claimed the following for a time: Ruhe, '01, Rupp, '02, Woodring, '02, Lynn, '02, Dennis, '03, Neff, '03.

The following officers have been chosen to guide Euterpea's "ship of state": President, Schofer, '01; Vice-President, Fegely, '02; Recording Secretary, Geissinger, '03; Corresponding Secretary, Rhodes, '04; Chaplain, Kleckner, '04; Pianist, Walborn, '03; Critics, Rubrecht, '01, and Freed, '02.

While eating "kisses" at a social function, in company with some lady friends, Freed, '02, asked Fegely, his classmate, whether "kisses" grew on bushes. The latter replied, "Yes, when a fellow has a mustache."

Dr. B.: "So, gentlemen, the phonograph is a peculiar machine. It may be compared to the Judgment Day, in that you get out whatever you put in."

Glase, '02: "Hello, Bill!"

Miller, '02: "Well, what is it?"

Glase: "Are you going to see Richard Savage play Henry Miller?"

Of late the question of using music in conjunction with the medical art has been discussed at length. Yoder, '01, seriously contemplates joining the new school. He frequently demonstrates to the boys that Nature has given him a rare voice, the qualities of which baffle all attempts at description.

From henceforth the members of the Glee Club will appear before the public in full dress.

'Tis poor policy to imagine yourselves at New York, seated around the festive board, when in truth you are still at the Valley Station vainly endeavoring to render your pates innocent of flour and water.

Dr. D.: "Mr. Fegely, how do you reduce that oxide?"
Fegely, '02: "Put it in a recruit, and roast it."

Dr. W.: "Freshmen, Mr. Bachman? Oh, they are green; the very greenest green. But, then, where there is greenness there is life, and where there is life there is hope. So let's not despair."

One of our dignified Juniors recently received a recipe for kisses. Strange to say, the Junior in question is sorely in need of such a recipe.

The Freshmen are anxious to know whether Barndt's father is on a fair way to recovery.

A well-known Soph at the 'phone. "Hello." "This is Lee Erdman; did he order a sled at your place?" "No." "Well, he should have."

Dr. O., recently serving as a witness at court, missed several recitations.

Dr. B.: "Two watches, differing in their beats, when placed side by side, have been observed to beat together."
Zerweck, '02: "Ah, yes; two hearts beat as one."
Dr. B.: "But, Mr. Zerweck, I don't think they get quite so close together."
Dr. W.: „Herr Rupp, was bedeutet z. B.?"
Rupp, '02 (reading German): „Zwei Bier."

The Hecktown Quartet of the Senior Class, composed of Shimer, first tenor; Schell, second tenor; Hamm, first bass; and Fetherolf, J. M., second bass, give regular concerts in Dr. W.'s recitation-room. For further information apply to Landis, '01, who is manager of the quartet.

Heckenberger's ('02) latest discovery—a lion that is all loins.

Prof. D.: "Mr. Finch, smell the contents of this dish, and tell me what it is.
Finch, '04: "Doctor, it smells like oil of cloves."
Prof. D.: "No, it's applejack."
Finch: "Why didn't you tell me before, Doctor."

The Sophomore Banquet.

Of course, the Class of 1903 must have a banquet—one that would in every way do credit to the class that so successfully produced "Hickory Farm" last year. So, amid sweet strains of music—sweet as those of a "night-in-gale," but in this case produced by the Freshmen and Junior classes—they departed on Thursday morning, January 24, in the "wee sma' hours." The miraculous happened; for in the very halls of their *Alma Mater* fell snow and rain at one and the same time—due to the earnest efforts of their fear-inspired rivals. However, so manfully did the Sophomores bear themselves under such unusual conditions, that one of the Juniors, disgusted with his protégés, broke out in melodious strain, "You Freshmen are a set of ——— cowards!" But most pleasing of all was it to the members of 1903, when with hearty handshakes many a Junior wished them God-speed on their journey.

They left via Lehigh Valley at 5.07 A.M. and arrived at their destination, New York City, Twenty-third street, at 8 o'clock, whence they immediately proceeded to their headquarters, the Halloran. From here they left in a body for City Hall, where they called on the Hon.. Robt. A. Van Wyck, first mayor of Greater New York. Reinforced with a letter of introduction from the Hon. Jas. L. Schaadt, mayor of Allentown, the boys had no trouble in accomplishing their purpose. They were received with a hearty handshake by the mayor of New York, who had a kindly word for each one. After being shown around City Hall, the honorable gentleman kindly gave them, among others, letters of introduction to Major-General Brooke, of Governor's Island, and Rear-Admiral Barker, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and told them that if he could be of any service they should call on him, "especially," said he, jokingly, "if you get into trouble, boys, call on me and I'll get you out." The World Building, Brooklyn Bridge, historic St. Paul's, Old Trinity, Wall Street, the Stock Exchange, the Sub-Treasury, Battery Park, Governor's Island, the Statue of Liberty, the Navy Yard, Central Park, the Museum of Natural History, Grant's Tomb, the Speedway, Riverside Drive, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Waldorf-Astoria, and places of minor interest were visited.

On Friday evening, January 25, at 10.30 o'clock the boys sat down to as fine a banquet as the Halloran was able to serve, and all did ample justice to it. In addition to the regular members of the class there were present Edward Mayer and Emil Fisher, members of 1903 in their Freshmen year. After the inner man had been fully attended to, the toasts followed. Many serious things, interspersed with wit and humor, made the hours pass all too soon; and all parted with honest regrets when the festivities were broken off.

After four days of interest in the "greatest city of the world," in Mayor Van Wyck's words, the boys returned Sunday evening, conscious that the time had been well spent. It being Sunday, the return was not marked by any unusual demonstration, but all felt that this was not needed inasmuch as they had done themselves proud on their departure.

TOASTS.

Toastmaster, . . . Vice-President R. C. Kauffman.

"The Immortal '03," . . . . . C. R. Telford.

"A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star."—*Longfellow.*

"Our Learned Preceptors," . . . . . J. D. Heilman.

"Ever their phantoms arise before us."

"Muhlenberg," . . . . E. G. Leefeldt.

"Be to her mind kind, and to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind."—*Prior.*

"Our Friend, the Enemy," . . . . Harry W. Shimer.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."—*Perry.*

"Our Ambitions," . . . . F. Croman.

"Our ambitions such joy ambition finds."—*Milton.*

"Our Country," . . . . A. W. Rohrig.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."—*Horace.*

"Hickory Farm," . . . . C. W. Webb.

"If it be true that good wine needs no bush,
'Tis true that a good play needs no epilogue."—*Shakespeare.*

"Fond Reminiscences," . . . . . H. E. Orff.

"I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me."—*Shakespeare.*

"Womankind," . . . . J. M. Weaver.

"Thou comest between me and those books too often!
I see thy face in everything I see!"—*Longfellow.*

"Die Muttersprache," . . . . . . O. S. Yerger.

"Sprache, schön und wunderbar,
Ach, wie klingest du so klar."

"Knight of the Fragrant Weed," . . . J. G. Walborn.

"Sir Rufus puffed his own weed in solitude."—*James.*

"Our Banquet," . . . . M. J. Wertman.

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day."—*Sidney Smith.*

The Open Meeting of the College Missionary Society.

The Missionary Society held its annual open meeting in the College chapel Tuesday evening, January 22, 1901. A large number of students and townpeople were present, although for many of the former the near approach of the Sophomore banquet threatened to eclipse all other events.

W. P. Fetherolf, the president, opened the meeting by announcing the mission hymn,—

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run."

After further devotional exercises, consisting of a psalm and prayer, the regular program was rendered. After the Glee Club had rendered two of its excellent selections, the Class of 1904, justly celebrated now for its kidnapping tendencies, furnished two entertaining speakers in John McCollom and Lee Erdman. The former delivered a recitation entitled "The Death of Benedict Arnold." The sad narrative carried with it a moral which made a deep impression upon all. The grace and expression which he manifested throughout indicate that he will some day become a successful public speaker. Lee Erdman's thrilling recitation, "Lasca," gave proof of the speaker's ability and its own merit by the great applause which followed it. In one exercise the College Quartette alarmed the audience by singing the startling and realistic selection, "They're Going to Expel Us To-morrow." Their unfortunate plight and honest confessions seemed to arouse the sympathy of those present, for the applause bespoke great earnestness. The address on the subject of missions was delivered by Rev. Chas. Rausch and needs no words of praise. After singing the well-known and appropriate hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," the meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer and Doxology.

It is to be hoped that all the students who enjoyed the well-rendered program will remember the object of the society which rendered it. Their presence at its regular meetings is welcome and encouraging.

The Freshman Sleigh-ride.

The Class of 1904 has added another event to its past record, the annual sleigh-ride. For several weeks had the anxious youths been waiting for the precious gift of nature which might enable them to enjoy this rare sport. On the 5th of February, after the morning recitations, the class assembled at the home of one of the classmates, where promptly at 3.30 P.M. arrived their four-horse sleigh. It was but the time of a few moments till they were settled on the same and were joyously gliding along the smooth roads to the little village of Monterey. It must be remembered that the class left the city of Allentown without any hindrances, neither were they supplied with flour and water, an old style of paste which always sticks, but with the old-style requisites always in demand on such occasions, an empty stomach and a pocket full of money. Mr. Fisher, the landlord, entertained the class in a magnificent style, as was shown by the menu placed before them. After the class partook of this menu, toasts were responded to by all. The rest of the evening was spent in games, music and dancing. It was an early hour in the morning when the class prepared to go back again to their *Alma Mater*. Some who partook of too many of the delicacies placed before them, were not able to respond to their names the next day in recitations. Upon the whole, everything passed off smoothly, and all declare that it was an event that will be remembered by every member of the Class of 1904.

The Sophomore Sleigh-ride.

This was one of the greatest surprises of the season, to the upper classmen as well as to the Freshmen, as never before in the history of Muhlenberg College has such an event been known to the Sophomore Class. The Freshmen had long been waiting for snow, and an opportunity was given them for their annual event Monday evening, February 4, but owing to their "*freshmanic*" ignorance, they knew not how to go about it, and failed to get a sleigh. "*Sophomoric*" wisdom then took the event in hand, and with excellent success taught the Freshmen how to carry on such an affair.

Three Seniors were invited to accompany the class. The Sophomores started for their destination, Coopersburg, at 8 o'clock, and many a forlorn Freshman cast a longing glance after them. They stopped at "Hotel Barren," at which place all partook of an excellent supper. Other pleasures were then participated in, and they returned at an early hour next morning, joyful over their innovation. As the famous Class of 1903 has established this event, it is hoped that it may continue a future addition to the pleasures of the Sophomore Class.

Athletics.

This issue finds Muhlenberg entering upon her second month's basket-ball career. She began the season with two defeats, but she is trying her utmost to advance in the face of them; in fact, the tide is already turning. This is due to the hard, conscientious practice of the team, as well as to the excellent leadership of Captain Kriebel. The entire student-body, cognizant of this fact, has given the team both its material and sentimental support. Thus, with the coöperation of all the fellows, the success of the season is practically assured.

MUHLENBERG VS. MAUCH CHUNK Y. M. C. A.

The game scheduled with the Nativity A. A., of South Bethlehem, for Saturday evening, January 19, was canceled because of the alleged sickness of some of Nativity's players. Through the efforts of Manager Reagle the Mauch Chunk Y. M. C. A. team was secured. The fact that Muhlenberg won by the decisive score of 39 to 5 proves conclusively that each man acquitted himself nobly. Wieder was frequently applauded because of the comparative ease with which he threw goals. The line-up follows:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITIONS.	MAUCH CHUNK Y. M. C. A.
Kriebel, Capt	attack	Painter.
Wieder	attack	Capt., Deemer.
Neubert	center	Ross.
Miller	guard	Hildebrand.
Geiger	guard	Moyer.

Goals from field—Kriebel 8, Wieder 10, Neubert, Deemer, Hildebrand; goals from offence—Kriebel, Ross; final score, 39 to 5; referee—Vogt; timekeepers—Luckenbach and Dorney. Halves of twenty and fifteen minutes.

FRESHMEN VS. PREPS.

The 'Varsity had no game scheduled for Saturday evening, January 26, so the Freshmen and Preps played a match game. The Freshmen, although Kriebel, their best player, could not enter the game on account of sickness, completely outplayed their rivals and won by the score of 68 to 2. The game was uninteresting and devoid of any sensational plays. The line-up:

FRESHMEN.	POSITIONS.	PREPS.
Finch	attack	Conrad.
Wieder	attack	Stopp.
Neubert, Capt.	center	Drach.
McCollum	guard	Laros.
Rick	guard	Capt., Spielmann.

Goals from field—Finch 9, Wieder 3, Rick 7, Neubert 10, McCollum 5; goals from offence—Drach 2; final score, 68 to 2; referee—Moyer; timekeepers—Miller and Geiger. Time, twenty-minute halves.

MUHLENBERG VS. NATIVITY.

Saturday evening, February 2, saw Muhlenberg administer a crushing defeat to the Nativity A. A., of South Bethlehem. Since Muhlenberg had been defeated by them three weeks before by a score of 11 to 12, the result of this game was eagerly awaited. Equipped with new suits, the team played as never before and defeated Nativity by the unexpectedly large score of 58 to 2. Despite the one-sidedness of the score the game was replete with brilliant passing and goal throwing. In the last half Nativity played as though dazed, Neubert and Kriebel throwing goals almost at will. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITIONS.	NATIVITY.
Wieder	attack	Miller.
Kriebel, Capt.	attack	Leisenring.
Neubert	center	Capt., Munsch, R.
Geiger	guard	Munsch, A.
Miller, W. M.	guard	Olpp.

Goals from field—Neubert 10, Kriebel 13, Wieder 5, Miller; goals from offence—Munsch, A., 2; referee—Vogt; timekeepers—Glase and Young. Halves of twenty minutes. Score at close of first half, 28 to 2. Final score, 58 to 2.

MUHLENBERG VS. MAUCH CHUNK Y. M. C. A.

On Saturday evening, February 9, Muhlenberg journeyed to Mauch Chunk to play what was to have been a basket-ball game with the Y. M. C. A. team there. The game, however, was more replete with foot-ball tactics than with any brilliant basket-ball playing. As a result of injuries sustained in the game, Captain Kriebel and Miller were unable to play the following week. The team had been weakened by the absence of Geiger, who was called home on account of death in his family. It is to this fact, as well as to the rough treatment the team was subjected to, that Muhlenberg attributes her defeat of 20 to 7. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITIONS.	MAUCH CHUNK Y. M. C. A.
Kriebel,Capt.,Telford,	attack	Painter.
Wieder	attack	Hildebrand.
Neubert	center	Capt., Ross.
Miller	guard	O'Donnel.
Finch	guard	Schwartz.

Goals from field—Kriebel 2, Wieder, O'Donnel 2, Painter 3, Schwartz 4, Hildebrand; goal from offence—Kriebel; referee—Rogers; timekeepers—Bawldy and Reagle. Halves of twenty minutes. Score at close of first half, 8 to 7. Final score, 20 to 7.

Our Alumni.

'71.—Rev. J. F. Ohl, city missionary in Philadelphia, was recently elected a member of the Pennsylvania Prison Society, organized in 1787, and at its annual meeting last week was placed on its Acting Committee for the current year. The latter, consisting of fifty members, together with the officers of the society, constitute the Board of Official Visitors to the Eastern Penitentiary and the Philadelphia County Prison. Upon these, among other things, is laid the obligation of regularly visiting the prisoners in their cells, and bringing such influences to bear upon them as are calculated to lead to genuine repentance and amendment of life. Our missionary also regularly holds one of the religious services at the Penitentiary on the first Sunday of each month, and frequently conducts service at the new county prison, Holmesburg. Since the death of Dr. Mann, the Prison Society has had no clerical representative from the Lutheran Church.—*The Lutheran.*

'72.—Rev. M. O. Rath, pastor of the Salisbury parish, near Allentown, has begun services in Mountainville, a village of several hundred inhabitants, at the foot of the Lehigh Mountain, with encouraging prospects. The first services were attended by about 175 persons.

'74.—Hon. M. C. L. Kline has been elected president of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Allentown, Pa. With reference to his election, the Allentown *Chronicle and News* says: M. C. L. Kline, Esq., the new president, has had considerable experience in the management of banking institutions as director of the Second National Bank, and is fully equipped to discharge all its duties. His election is an indication that the affairs of the company will be administered in the same careful, conservative manner, which has characterized the institution from its very inception. An able lawyer, with a particularly clean record as a financier, well versed in the settlement of estates and affairs involving legal as well as financial complications, his position as president of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Company will add all possible strength to that institution. Mr. Kline was born in Salisbury and is the only son and child of the late Edwin Kline. In 1874 he graduated from Muhlenberg College and two years later was admitted to the bar. Since that time he has occupied a conspicuous position in public and official life. In 1877 he was elected City Solicitor and in 1886 he became the District Attorney, a position he filled with great credit. He is at present solicitor for Sheriff Bitting and sustained the same official relations to ex-Sheriff George Bower, Samuel P. Miller, and Frank C. H. Schweyer. Mr. Kline has long been prominent in Democratic political circles and has served on the State Committee. He was County Chairman a few years ago. He will continue the practice of law in his offices in the Stiles building.

'75.—A new and commodious parsonage is being completed for the pastor, Rev. C. H. Hemsath, at Washington, Pa. It is built adjoining the church on same lot and costs $2500.

'76.—*The Lutheran* of January 17 contains an excellent and earnest article from the pen of Rev. Prof. S. E. Ochsenford, D.D., entitled "The Ministerium in the Nineteenth Century."

'77.—Rev. W. J. Miller, of Rochester, N. Y., has accepted the call extended to him by Zion's Lutheran Church, of Greensburg, Pa.

'77.—Rev. M. L. Zweizig has accepted the call recently extended by the First Lutheran Church at Leechburg, Pa.

'78.—The January Convention of the Central Luther League of Philadelphia was held on January 22, 1901, in Messiah Lutheran Church, Sixteenth and Jefferson streets, Mr. Monroe Reist presiding. The address was given by the Rev. Chas. L. Fry. Subject, "The New Century and the League's Opportunity."

'81.—Hon. Joseph W. Mayne, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature from Lehigh county, although serving his first time, has been appointed to the most important committees. A college training is helpful even in politics.

'81.—A New Year's service, commemorating the opening of the twentieth century, was held in St. Mark's Church, South Allentown, Rev. C. E. Sandt, pastor, on January 1. An address, welcoming the twentieth century, was delivered by the pastor, and a sermon preached by Rev. J. J. Cressman, of Kutztown. Being associated with a Reformed congregation, two pastors of that denomination also took part in the service.

'84.—Rev. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of Chicago, contributes an article to *The Lutheran* of January 17, on "Ourselves and the Zeitgeist."

'84.—Rev. W. D. C. Keiter has resigned his Altonah congregation so as to be enabled to devote all his time to his growing Trinity Church, West Bethlehem, which demands all his attention. The resignation took effect with the beginning of the year. The Allentown Conference constituted St. Thomas Church, Altonah, and St. Stephen's Church, North Bethlehem, a separate parish at its October convention.

'84.—The Brooklyn Pastoral Association has elected Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, '84, president, and Rev. L. D. Gable, '95, secretary.

'85.—On Sunday evening, January 20, a memorial service for the late Rev. F. W. Weiskotten was held in Salem's Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., of which Rev. Weiskotten had for nine years been pastor. The present pastor, Rev. William Hoppe, was assisted by Rev. Wm. D. C. Keiter, '84, and Rev. Frank F. Fry, '85.

'85.—The tenth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Franklin F. Fry in Grace Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, Pa., was suitably celebrated on the closing Sunday of the old year. As a substantial token of their appreciation of his faithful service, the congregation presented him with a purse containing nearly three hundred dollars. Five hundred and eighty-eight members were added during the ten years, and more than eighty thousand dollars were contributed.

'85.—The pastors of the Bethlehems, Rev. Frank F. Fry, '85, Rev. C. W. Hoppe, '85, Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, '84, and Rev. W. F. Schoener, '83, have organized a pastoral union. There are to be monthly meetings. Three have thus far been held.

'85.—The January meeting of the Lancaster Pastoral Association was held in Grace Church, Dr. C. E. Haupt, pastor, on January 14. A referred question, "Will the Latin Nations Ever Yield to Protestantism," was answered by Rev. A. M. Mehrkam, '85, and another, "What Should be the Distinctive Form of a Cross for the Lutheran Church?" by Rev. F. W. Wackernagel, '94. A sermon outline on an Epiphany theme was presented by Rev. C. D. Clause, '88.

'86.—Rev. H. W. Warmkessel celebrated his tenth anniversary as pastor of Hope Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., with special services. The altar services were conducted by Pastor Warmkessel, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Spieker, of Mt. Airy Seminary, Philadelphia, on 1 Thess. 2 : 19-20. At the close of the services the pastor was congratulated by the members of his congregation. He was given a pleasant surprise by the gift of a handsome gold-headed cane as a testimonial from the congregation. The cane bears the inscription: "Presented to Rev. H. W. Warmkessel by members of Hope Lutheran Church, Reading, Pa., December 30, 1900." The congregation has grown steadily during the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Warmkessel and has a membership of 230. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 300 children.

'88.—During the absence of Rev. Frank Richards, D.D., the president of the District Synod of Ohio, who will spend the next two months in the West Indies, Rev. John M. Wenrich, of Stoutsville, Ohio, will attend to the duties of President Richards.

'90.—At the open meeting of the College Missionary Society, held in the chapel on the evening of January 22, Rev. J. Charles Rausch, of Allentown, delivered an excellent address.

'91.—The Rev. M. J. Bieber, pastor of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Binghampton, N. Y., has declined to consider a call to the First Lutheran Church at Rochester, Pa., lately vacated by the Rev. J. E. Whitteker, former superintendent of English Lutheran Home Missions of the General Council. The congregation is older, a great deal larger, and the salary correspondingly higher than is the case in Mr. Bieber's present parish, but feeling that he can still serve his church effectively in that city he has decided to remain.

'92.—Rev. H. Bransom Richards is the secretary of the Philadelphia English Conference.

'93.—Dr. Roderick E. Albright has been elected president of the Calvert Building and Loan Association of Allentown, Pa., and Marcus S. Hottenstein, Esq., '96, has been chosen attorney for the same.

'93.—Emmanuel congregation, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. P. George Sieger, pastor, through its executive officers, has purchased 40 feet of ground adjoining their property, making a plot of 115 by 150 feet at the corner of two principal streets at the West End, on which they propose to erect, in the future, in addition to their present buildings, a handsome church and parish house.

'93.—St. Peter's Church, South Bethlehem, Pa., Rev. W. F. Schoener, pastor, at its annual meeting, in recognition of the pastor's untiring efforts for the welfare of the church, and in view of the consequent prosperous condition of the congregation under his pastorate, covering almost fifteen years, has for the second time increased the pastor's salary. The present increase is at the rate of $300 per annum.

'95.—Joseph H. Stopp, a member of the Philadelphia bar, was united in marriage on January 30, to Miss Maude E.

Kurtz, of Allentown, Pa. The bride is a graduate of the Allentown College for Women. Mr. and Mrs. Stopp will be at home after February 26 at No. 1340 Pine street, Philadelphia, Pa.

'96.—A course of lectures on "Prominent Men and Events in Church History" have been arranged by the pastors of Millersville, Mt. Joy, Marietta and Emmanuel, Lancaster, Pa., congregations to be delivered before the Luther Leagues of these several churches during the coming winter. They include the lives of Augustine and Father Heyer, and discussions on Lutheran Hymnology and Colonial History. The pastors, Revs. W. P. Barr, '96, C. F. Kuder, F. W. Wackernagel, '94, and P. G. Sieger, '93, will alternate on a monthly circuit plan.

'97.—Rev. Ira W. Klick was recently installed as pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church by the Rev. Dr. William Ashmead Schaffer, of Philadelphia, assisted by Rev. Dr. William Wackernagel. A brief sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Wackernagel, who was the former pastor, and he was followed by Dr. Schaffer in English. The church was tastily decorated with flowers and potted plants, and the music by the choir, under the direction of Professor Neubert, was inspiring.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

'00.—Robert C. Horn is doing post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University, and his brother, William M. Horn, is enrolled in the graduate department at Princeton University.

Exchanges.

The oft-quoted Samuel Johnson once said, "No one but a fool ever wrote except for money." Taking this remark literally and without question, the irresistible conclusion is that we have this month come into close communication with a myriad of these unhappy members of society. Allowing that this epithet applies to the particular young men of the colleges who last month were prevailed upon, perhaps after much turning of the screws, to contribute to respective magazines, it is but fair to say that the time spent in scanning the results of their efforts was spent most profitably. If the students who write for college monthlies, and write without compensation, are fools, I need only say that they are deriving more benefit from their foolishness than the wise (?) from their wisdom (?).

The editors of our various exchanges exhort their students to greater interest in and more contributions to their papers. Apparently the aid of the wise is needed and the problem is "how to secure it." I believe that money will secure it. Let the managements of the college journals offer cash for poems, essays, stories, etc., and their columns will always be filled with excellent matter.

The proof-reading of many of our exchanges has been lamentably poor. We are not so apt to censure the rapidly gotten up newspaper for this sort of failure, but college journals should certainly be models in this direction. "The Priest's Revenge," a story in the *Touchstone*, is an especial sufferer. Expressions such as "Dost I not know," "What becamest of thy lieutenants?" "Hast an ague seized thee?" and many others, have been left uncorrected and seriously mar the story.

The *Buff and Blue* comes to us with an amusing "Original Ghost Story," as well as the gruesome "Ghost of Mesa St. Jean."

We are glad to notice that A. K. Heckel, a former student here, has become a member of the editorial board of the *Roanoke Collegian*. The literary editor of this paper points out the remarkable resemblance between "The Head of a Hundred" and "To Have and to Hold," a coincidence which the author of "Mary Johnston," in the *Touchstone*, might have used in his rather severe criticism of her work. Coincidence reminds us of the fact that the Mephistophelian exchange editor of the latter monthlies has stuck his two-pronged fork into the writers of "An Ideal of American History," published in the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, and "Abraham Lincoln," published in the *Gettysburg Mercury*. Which writer will extricate himself from the flagrant charge of plagiarism or explain this "psychological phenomenon?"

The study of "Wordsworth—a Poet of Nature" in the *Ursinus College Bulletin* is clever and interesting.

Since that New England professor has signified his intention of compiling a book on college slang we are more alert for these expressive forms of speech. The word "poler," meaning a student who works like a machine and, like Niagara, never takes a rest, is used in the *College Forum*, but its significance fails to impress us. "Life's Stream," in the same paper, is a poetical mosaic of ideas, and is better in form than "Onward," the author of which seemed cramped by the prescribed forms of poetry, and so went a happy-go-lucky Whitmanesque way.

"The Sweetest Songs are Those That Tell of Saddest Thought," is the title of an essay in the *College Folio*, published by our sister institution, Allentown College for Women. The essay can be best described as a sweet song sung with saddest thought. An excellent effort.

The Lafayette for January was the annual foot-ball number in which the records of players and the team were given. It proudly points to Lafayette's consistent foot-ball standing for years, which has been phenomenal considering her size and comparing it with that of the company she travels in. THE MUHLENBERG wishes every ensuing number may tell as good a tale.

The Indian as a romantic character is creeping more and more into college fiction. *The Susquehanna* contains a story of this nature.

We are in receipt of illustrated circulars from the management of the Pan-American Exposition, which promises to be a useful, artistic, and intellectual treat of an order surpassing that which most expositions afford their visitors. The statuary, designed and executed by the best native and American sculptors, will be a valuable artistic feature. The architecture, from pictures of unfinished buildings, will be sublime in its magnitude.

Literary.

Mr. A. Conan Doyle is practically the first to supply a detailed history of the great Boer War in its many operations, and he has done this in so interesting and enlightening a fashion that readers will be grateful for having the events of history so clearly and yet concisely placed before them. One feature of the volume is that it favors no political faction or party, nor has Mr. Doyle intentionally set himself to the task of vindicating the actions of any particular general or war-office official. He narrates the facts as he has found them, without fear or favor, and though further disclosures may give cause for a modification or withdrawal of some of the opinions expressed, there can be no doubt that on our present knowledge Mr. Doyle's judgments and criticisms are amply justified. The history opens with an able and lucid account of the Boer position, founded on their actions from the first days of the Dutch Settlement in South Africa up to the time of the signing of the Convention in 1884. Their hardy, virile, unconquerable nature is especially pointed out. Mr. Doyle then proceeds to a consideration of the cause of quarrel, and he enumerates the more serious of Uitlanders' grievances. At the same time the Boer side of the question is by no means lost sight of, and the argument that the country was theirs and did not belong to the crowd of newcomers in search of gold who clamored for a share in its government, is discussed at length. And so, after chapters respectively devoted to the negotiations and the eve of battle, we come to the actual outbreak of hostilities. The remainder of the book is devoted to a description of different strategic movements. . . . All is related in a graphic and scholarly manner that adds dignity to the description.—*London Publishers' Circular.*

"The Infidel," by Miss M. E. Braddon, is a book well worth the reading. It has strength and it has sweetness. Its central figure is a character admirably drawn and thoroughly consistent. The story is built around the religious revivals of John Wesley, and in sharp contrast to Wesley and his followers one sees the modish life of English aristocracy in the reign of King George II, the London of the Walpoles and Herveys, Carterets and St. Johns, Pitts, and Foxes. Miss Braddon writes freely of religion and religious characters, yet she never for one moment forgets that she is writing a romance. She is not guilty of a dull page in the entire book. The story opens in Grub street, where William Thornton and his beautiful daughter are scribbling for their living. The father has brought his daughter up on Voltaire, and has made of her an infidel like himself. She wins the love of Lord Kilrush, who marries her on his deathbed, bequeathing to her all his fortune and exacting from her a vow that she will never marry again; that she will lie by his side when life is done, and that the vault shall be their only wedding bed. The story goes on to tell of the life of the infidel after she becomes Lady Kilrush; of her palatial home and her stately receptions; of the good that she does among the sick and the destitute. It tells of her meeting with John Wesley; of her friendship with George Stobart, afterward Bishop of Northborough, and of the sacrifice of self to the vow made to her dying husband. The theme is certainly a strong one, and Miss Braddon has handled it in a forceful manner.—*The Bookman.*

A recent list has been compiled of the "largest editions" of new books published in the United States during 1899–1900. The title of the twelve most popular books in the list, arranged in the order of their popularity, were: "David Harum," "Richard Carvel," "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "To Have and To Hold," "Janice Meredith," "Eben Holden," "The Reign of Law," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "The Day's Work," "Red Rock," "The Redemption of David Corson," and "Wild Animals I Have Known."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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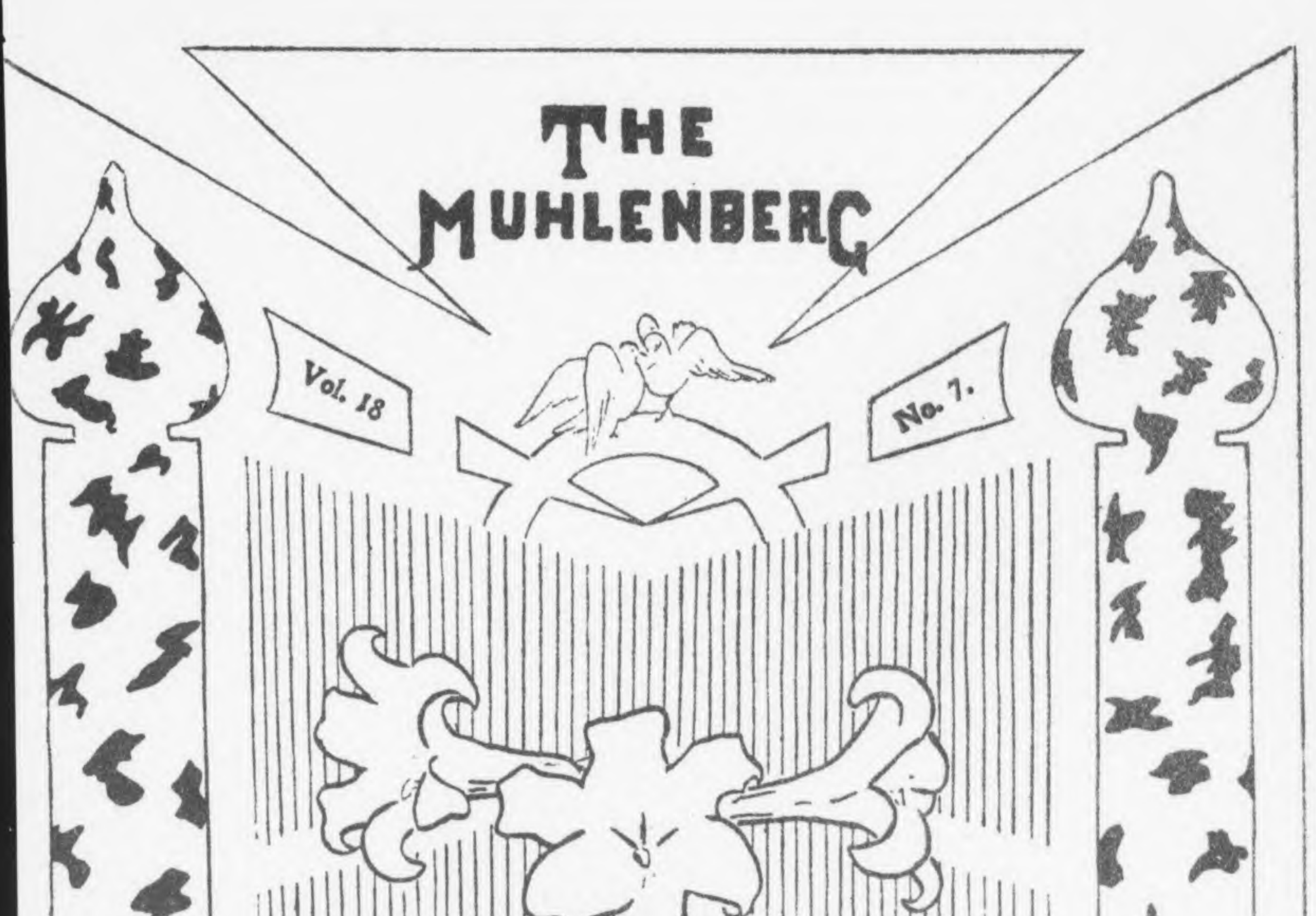
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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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EASTER DAY.

Hail! Hail! glad morn, whose early dawn beheld
The sorrowing Mary on her pious way
Toward the rock-hewn sepulchre, where lay
Her crucified Saviour and her God.
With her, Salome and James's mother true,
Bearing spices bought for His annointment,
Which Nicodemus, who by parents' judgment
Was first a Pharisee of strictest sect
But then by God's illumining power and light
A follower with Joseph of the Nazarite,
Had left unfinished on that dread black eve.
(For sunset dim approaching marked the end
Of Jewish time of work and all turmoil.
'Twas Sabbath day wherein no man dared toil.)
So Christ's dead body naught but myrrh and aloes did receive.

"Who for us shall roll away the stone
Which mocking Pharisees with cringing fear
Have sealed and set to watch a guard severe?
For who shall roll away the ponderous stone
Of grief which darkens our sad, empty minds?"
These women wailed. Then Mary in her haste
Preceded Mary and Salome, the chaste,
But when she saw the yawning sepulchre,
Alarmed, she sped away to tell her friends
Yet missing came to Peter and to John
Telling all she saw. Who, being urged on,
Proceeded to the tomb with loved Mary.

Meanwhile the others coming saw the stone
Moved by mightier force than e'er the rock had rent.
(For the angel of the Lord, with raiment
As it were of lightly driven snow
And countenance like lightning, had removed
The rock and terrified the blinded guard.)
They, entering in, a white-clad form regard
Which frighted each until it spoke: "Be not
Affrighted. Ye seek Jesus crucified.
He is not here for He is risen.
He is not here but He has risen.

Come see the place wherein the Lord did lay.
Go quickly while it yet is early day;
Tell His brethren He is risen, verily
Risen from the dead. Into Galilee
Before you will He go; there ye shall see Him."
Lightly with joy they left the powerless tomb
And went to chase the Lord's disciples' gloom.

Informed by Mary, two men now draw near.
Expectant John the guilty Peter did outrun
But felt compelled the yawning tomb to shun
Till Peter the impulsive had preceded.
There lay the linen cloths and far apart
The napkin which had bound the suffering head
By many cruel thorns transfixed and bled.
Knowing not as yet what Scripture taught
That Christ must rise, they yet believed.
Then going homeward felt no more bereaved.

Hail! Hail! bright morn whose later hour heard
Kind Mary thus address the angels twain
Sitting where His head and pierced feet had lain
When they had asked "Woman, why weepest thou?"
"They have taken my Lord and I know not
Where they have laid Him." Then turning round
A man whom she believed the gardener, she found
And said, "Tell me where thou hast laid Him,
And I will take Him away." When the voice
With accent most familiar called her "Mary."
Filled with surprise and joy her Lord to see
"O Master!" cried, and fain would Him have touched
Had not His "Touch me not!" prevailed o'er her.
"Go tell my brethren soon shall I ascend
Unto my God, my Father; your God and End."
Then Mary went and all these things reported.

Hail to thee! glad morn, the center of all time,
For thee all ages of the past were dawn,
All ages of the future twilight drawn.
Thou art the noonday high, the pivot day.
Through ages past had come the lesson
That not through law, which Judah proud obeyed,
Nor heathen culture's artificial aid,
Could true salvation be obtained.
Instead of law which they well knew but shadow
The wise men looked for future better service
Which should preserve belief in God, Jehovah,
Omnipotent and good, above all nature,
And work divine redemption for the race

Fallen since Adam from the Maker's grace.
The heathen stood convinced of failure written
In every moral code and useless law
And not a philosopher but saw
Another's precepts without laughing.
Jehovah's word the time and place had named
When full redemption should be made,
When universal tongue and empire swayed
The world and rendered thought transmission rapid.
Then came the Son of Man, a second Adam
Both man like us, and God in person one
Of God Omnipotent, the only Son,
The Word of God made flesh with grace and beauty full,
Who made Himself of reputation lowly
And being formed in fashion as a man
Himself he humbled, by His glorious plan
The death upon the cross not e'en to shun.
By which "the rigid satisfaction, death for death"
Was paid and all mankind redeemed stand
To meet in Heaven their Intercession grand.

Hail! blest day of all the changing seasons,
Greeted by the first of all the flowers
Springing up in meadows or in bowers,
All Nature bright and risen comes to meet thee.
Hail! day of song on earth for joyous men
When mightier strains than all the angels raise
From human hearts in one accord add praise
Unto the Father and His Son, the heir of heaven.
The angels sing, of whom none could be found
Fit to discharge men's debt of treason to their Lord,
Whose choirs with blissful antiphons have soared
To thrill and please the throne of Grace and Love.
Hail! glorious type of that more glorious day
When Christ, of them that slept triumphant fruit,
Shall come in clouds of heaven with glory and repute,
The day when all who sleep in earthly graves
Shall hear His voice and hearing shall come forth,
They that good have done unto life's resurrection.
Those who that day see the Son's ascension
Will in the twinkling of an eye be changed.
Then with resurrected dead be whirled up
To meet their Lord in air, and empire sway.
So shall we, who sing His praise and watch that day
From that blest Easter be with Christ eternally.

An Easter Carol.

T. MCH. YODER, '01.

The Berkley family lived in a small cottage at the outskirts of a New England village. The cottage was a frame building, and its exterior showed that it had been subjected to many New England wintry blasts, and that a coating of paint had not been applied to it for many summers. The window-panes had that bluish, smoky tinge peculiar to cheap glass, and each sash was divided into fours. The doors and their fixings were of the old New England type. The house occupied the center of a small lot, the rear of which was planted in the springtime, thus supplying the family with their vegetables. A few hens scratched about the yard as if they were content with their surroundings. The occasional observer might well conclude that poverty ruled that little home, though the environment portrayed a scene of industry and frugality. The family consisted of the parents, one son Ralph, a boy about twelve, and his two sisters. The father was employed in a neighboring quarry, and being only an ordinary quarryman, his earnings were small.

There was only one street in the village, on which lived about fifteen families. The village store, post office, and tavern, were managed by one man, who employed a barkeeper and a clerk.

The population being too small and too poor to support a church, nearly all the families worshiped in one of the churches in the town about five miles distant.

Like most New Englanders, the villagers loved education, and therefore established a school of several grades for the education of the young folks.

The Berkleys were descendants of good old Puritan stock, and were very devout people. The traditions of the early settlers were very dear to them, and it was their earnest desire to instill these Puritan ideas into the hearts and minds of their children. Their little home and their three children was all they had in the world, and they cherished all very highly.

The children attended the village school, and after the day's cares were over and the tapers were lighted, all would gather about the fireside and listen to the parents' tales of the early New Englanders.

Young Ralph had shown a talent for music and possessed a very good voice. Every Friday evening the village master conducted a singing school in the school building, and Ralph Berkley was one of the most interested pupils.

Frequently the singing class displayed its ability by giving concerts, which the villagers always enjoyed. Ralph Berkley's performances were always so good that he took prizes on several occasions. His parents were very proud of his musical ability, and hoped that he would become a great singer.

Misfortune entered the little home one day; the father became ill with a fever and died, leaving the family in almost total poverty. The bereaved mother was almost heartbroken not knowing how to keep her family alive. Sympathizing friends offered what little aid they could, and the mother decided to hire herself out to the more fortunate ones who needed help.

Several months later a letter was received from a relative in Boston, asking young Ralph to be his errand boy and assuring him of a good home. Mrs. Berkley loathed to part with her boy, but at last she gave her consent, realizing that it would lessen her burdens and also give the boy employment.

Ralph was a bright boy and made himself very useful about the store, thereby gaining the good will of his uncle. Ralph's uncle, with whom he boarded, readily saw that his nephew possessed excellent musical ability, and thought that it ought to receive the proper training. Thus, at his own expense, he sent the boy to a reputable musician, who at once recognized the ability of the youth. As Ralph grew older he developed a beautiful baritone voice, and his ability as a soloist gradually became known throughout the city.

Mrs. Berkley, who had been struggling earnestly to support herself and two girls, was kept in constant touch with her son's doings, and his success was as a ray of sunlight entering her sad and dreary life.

Ralph accepted a position as one of the soloists in one of the city churches, and received a handsome recompense for so youthful an artist. He earned a nice little sum by singing at concerts in different parts of the city. He offered his services to sing in an opera house, at a concert to be given for the benefit of charity.

He never sang better than he did on the evening of that concert, and those present marveled at his wonderful ability. Among the large audience was the manager of a concert company, who was particularly impressed with young Berkley, and at once came to the conclusion that to have this young man in his company would mean a fortune to him. Hence, after the conclusion of the concert the manager had an audience with Ralph Berkley, and offered him a large salary if he would take a leading part in his company. Young Berkley's success did not lead him to live differently from the noble and upright life in which he had been trained; thus he grew to be a fine young man. He knew that his mother was too devout a woman to consent to his going on the stage, as it had always been her wish that he would use his talent in a better way.

Hence Ralph Berkley declined the offer of the concert manager, and no amount of persuasion would change the young man's decision.

Before the concert manager left Ralph, he advised him to go abroad and complete his musical education under the great masters of Europe. He assured Ralph that nothing but success awaited a man gifted as he was. Such an idea had never entered Ralph's head, and so the advise of the manager opened a new field for him. He consulted his uncle, who had no objections, and wrote to his mother about the advise of the manager. As Ralph was a voter, and supported himself, his mother could not deny her son this opportunity.

After a year's splendid success financially, Ralph set sail for Paris. Having often heard of a great French musician, he thought he would like to become one of his pupils. This he did, and the French master was well pleased with Ralph's rapid development, and thus became particularly interested in him.

As was expected, he gradually attracted the attention of the great musicians of Paris, who were always profuse in praising anyone whom they thought might become a leading light in their profession. Thus Ralph became a favorite among the great musicians, and became immensely popular among the music-loving populace. He appeared at the court on several occasions, and no important concert was considered complete without Berkley.

But success turned his head from his dear ones across the ocean. His letters to his mother were less frequent, and finally ceased. His earnings were enormous, and, occupying an important place in the gay Parisian society, he was ashamed to acknowledge the lowly station from which he had risen. Success had erased his Puritan home and its sacred environments from his memory, and his thoughts were given up to his profession and the prominent social station that it brought him. There was no one in all Paris who could interpret the French operas better than Ralph Berkley, who was now advertised as Senor Navaro. He became a leading member of a Grand Concert Company, which toured the principal cities of Europe, creating a sensation wherever it went.

At length it was decided to sing in the leading American cities, and the first one scheduled was Boston. His appearance in Boston troubled Senor Navaro, lest he would be identified as Ralph Berkley, the baritone soloist who had delighted many Boston audiences some ten years ago. This would not have caused him any anxiety had he not concealed his identity from his Parisian friends, and had he not spurned his American friends and relatives, but rather would have given him great pleasure to demonstrate what a great singer he had become since his sojourn in Europe.

In physical appearance, Senor Nevaro was unlike the Ralph Berkley known to the Bostonians. Ten years had made a handsome man of him. Tall, of magnificent physique, and wearing a mustache and a beard, and his head covered with a luxuriant growth of golden locks—this was the appearance of the leading soloist of the French Grand Concert Company. It was this appearance that Senor Nevaro hoped would carry him through his Boston engagement unidentified.

The theatres of Boston had never been entered by a foreign concert company, therefore the advertisements of the French Grand Concert Company, with Senor Navaro as the leading attraction, created quite a sensation. Never had a New England audience heard anything as grand as these French compositions, and encore after encore was called for by the people. Thus the concert proved a grand success.

After leaving Boston, the company was to appear in New York on Easter Monday, which was several days later. Thus Senor Navaro could spend a few days in Boston, and look up some familiar scenes of by-gone days.

It happened that prosperity had entered the little New England village during the last decade, and its population had grown so that it numbered several hundred inhabitants. As yet no church had been built in the village, but now the villagers thought they could support a church of their own. So in early autumn the foundation for the new structure was laid, and it was the desire of its supporters that it should be dedicated on Easter Sunday of the following spring.

When the Grand Concert Company came to Boston, the plans for the dedication of the village church were about completed. Senor Nevaro moved about Boston very cautiously, and made numerous inquiries about people whom he had known, and particularly about the little village. He learned how the little village had grown, and that it was to dedicate its new church on Easter. As Senor Navaro had hoped, no one recognized him as Ralph Berkley, the former Boston singer.

Ralph Berkley may have forgotten his friends and relatives when under the influence of a gay life at the French capital, but when he returned to the haunts of his former days he recalled the happy days that he spent in Boston and his native village, when he was only an ordinary singer. The old quarry where his dear father had toiled for many years, the old schoolhouse where his voice had received its first training, and, above all else, the little frame cottage at the end of the village street, came before his eyes as if he had left them but yesterday. In vain did he try to forget these familiar scenes, only to find them constantly before his mind. He must visit the old village, and view these dear spots again.

So dressing himself as modestly as possible, to avoid detection, he journeyed back to the old village the day before Easter, and engaged lodging at the tavern for the night. He made numerous inquiries about those whom he had known before he left the village, particularly about his own kin. He heaved a sigh of relief when he heard that his mother and sisters still lived in the old frame cottage.

He could hardly recognize the village, as time had wrought many changes about it. The old schoolhouse was still standing, but additions had been built to it to meet the demands of growing population. He looked into many unfamiliar faces as he walked about the streets, and only here and there could he recognize something that reminded him of the village, as he pictured it in his mind.

However, everybody seemed happy, and it was evident that something was to take place that had aroused the town from its naturally quiet life, and he thought that it must be the new church that was the main topic of conversation. He walked up towards the building, and while examining its structure an idea entered his head. Why not offer to sing at the dedication services the following day? After deliberating as to how to conceal his identity, he decided to consult some one in charge of the services, and make himself known as a former resident of the village.

The town being small, it did not take long until he had an audience with one of the deacons of the new church. He soon made known his mission, and his services were very willingly accepted.

Ralph returned to his quarters at the tavern, and from his numerous selections that perchance had been left in his grip, he picked out a beautiful Easter carol, entitled "The Risen Lord," translated from the French. He needed no practice as he had rendered it on several occasions.

When Ralph Berkley opened his eyes next morning, he found an ideal Easter day. The sun sent its bright and warm spring rays in through his window, and the very birds seemed to realize that it was the anniversary of the Risen Lord.

By the time Ralph entered the church there were few empty pews, and one might well judge that the villagers were deeply concerned in their new church. Word was passed among some of the members that a stranger from the city was to sing at the morning service.

Presently an elderly woman and two young ladies entered the auditorium. The elderly lady was small and her head inclined before her, rather from hard work than of old age. Her face portrayed a sweet but somewhat sad picture, and lines were beginning to cross her countenance. Her hair were thin, and had the least tinge of gray sprinkled over them. Though dressed neatly, one could see that she did not possess an abundance of this world's goods. She and her daughters took seats about half way up the aisle. Ralph, who sat near the organ, at once recognized them as his mother and sisters.

When he arose to sing, his eyes fell on the occupants of the pew just mentioned, and there they remained through the greater part of the solo. As he proceeded a feeling of confidence spread over him, and the picture before him so inspired him that he knew he had never sang this Easter carol so beautifully as now. He saw that three pairs of eyes watched every movement of his lips, and he was conscious that his audience was captivated with his magnificent voice.

Although this beautiful carol was undoubtedly being sung by a great artist, there was a certain something in the voice that seemed very familiar to Mrs. Berkley and her two daughters. Did it not sound like a voice she had heard many years ago? It could not be her son, because as she could remember him he had a smooth boyish face and did not possess such a fine physique. Nevertheless the soloist was watched very closely, and to all these inquiring glances he responded by singing all the more touchingly.

As he finished the solo he felt himself almost overcome by this scene, and that he could not leave the church without hearing words from those lips that he had pressed so often as he looked into that once youthful face.

The services were finally concluded, and all the town folks were anxious to know who this wonderful singer could be, but he paid no attention to their wondering glances, and made his way hurriedly down the aisle to the middle pew. Without any explanation he planted a kiss on the brow of each of the three occupants. The Berkley women seemed to understand the situation in an instant, and had they not been within those sacred walls they would have given vent to their feelings which were effervescent with joy. Explanations were soon given to the surrounding friends, and many recalled Ralph Berkley who frequently sung his little songs in yonder schoolhouse many years ago. In the midst of their joy Mrs. Berkley and her daughters readily forgave this prodigal son, who was equally repentent for the dark shadow that he had cast over the threshold of that little frame cottage at the end of the village street.

That New England village has continued to prosper, and the little congregation has swelled its numbers, but of all the Easters that have come and gone, never have those sacred walls echoed as beautiful an Easter carol as was rendered on that memorable Easter day, when that little temple was dedicated to the glory of Him in whose Name it was erected.

The Fountain of Youth.

ARTHUR L. SMITH, '03.

It happened on the Saturday before Easter that a newly-repaired bicycle, with inflated tires and polished nickel, suggested to Henry Jones a trip around the "bend"—a loop made by two roads branching from the village of Goshen and joining at the distance of about three miles. In a few moments, with his back arched like that of an angry kitten, he was borne away by the swiftly revolving wheels.

As the weather was somewhat warm for the time of year, the violent energy of the young college student was soon turned into heat. Alighting at a point near the juncture of the two roads, and mopping the perspiration from his face, he led his bicycle up a narrow path towards a huge rock at the base of which there bubbled forth a little spring.

There was no cup about, but the thirsty bicyclist cared nothing for so slight a difficulty. He stretched himself out at full length to drink plentifully of the cool water. Having finished, he stood for a moment looking out over the various-colored hills that stretched across the horizon and aroused his dormant appreciation of this spring day's beauty.

Turning to find a grassy spot whereon he might rest, he was startled to behold an old man nearby sleeping peacefully in the shade of the great rock. He lay on his side, resting his head on a ragged coat. An old broad-brimmed felt hat protected his face from the sun's rays and partly concealed his long, tangled grey hair and beard. His heavy, misshapen shoes and general dilapidated appearance were sufficient evidence in Henry's eyes that he belonged to that class of wandering pedestrians who annually visit the country during warm weather. Verily, he was a patriarch of tramps, a more certain sign of spring than the robin redbreast which hopped lightly over the ground and joined in the great chorus of happy song.

Henry had no thought of awakening his aged companion, but as he stood pitying his forlorn condition, the hat fell to one side and the old man slowly raised himself to a sitting posture. He gazed at Henry steadily for a few moments with evident amazement.

"Who in the name of the Great Admiral are you?" he said.

This strange exclamation somewhat startled our student, but he answered promptly and cheerily:

"My name is Henry Jones. Who are you?"

"The Lord only knows. I forgot my name long ago. Where am I?"

"You are near Goshen," said Henry.

"Goshen, where's that?" exclaimed the old man in bewilderment. "Is it the Bible land I have read of?"

"Oh, no," said Henry, laughing, its a little village in the State of Pennsylvania."

"State of Pennsylvania," echoed the old man still more bewildered. "I never heard of it before in all my life."

"Why, its a State in the United States of America. Surely, you have heard of America at least," said Henry, wondering at the old man's astounding ignorance.

"America! Great heavens! Yes, I've heard of America. It's the wildest country with the wildest men and most wonderful things that were ever created. This doesn't look like America, though. Do you mean the country that Columbus discovered?"

"Certainly," said Henry.

The old man bowed his head in silence. His language had been exceedingly good considering his character. Henry's alert college mind, reflecting on this, grew suspicious. He had respect for gray hairs, even those of a tramp, but he could not allow them to make a fool of him. If there was any more pretended ignorance, he felt it would be necessary to retaliate. In just what way he had not decided, when the old man sprang to his feet with surprising alacrity.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, as if overjoyed at some great discovery. "I'm old. Didn't you notice it before?"

"I should rather think I did," replied Henry. "I've been noticing it continuously ever since we met."

"It's wonderful, wonderful, indeed," said the old man slowly, as though trying to solve the mystery. "I hadn't noticed it until I saw my beard. Can you tell me what day and year it is?"

"Well, to-morrow will be Easter Sunday. Hence, to-day is Saturday, April 14, 1900."

"Nineteen hundred!" ejaculated the old man in his excess of astonishment. "Young man, if what you say is true, I am over four hundred years of age."

The old man's excitement and marvellous statements began to have their effect on Henry. He thought it was about time for him to be leaving on his bicycle. As he made no reply but started for the wheel, his aged acquaintance caught him by the arm and begged him to stay. Having gained the mastery of his fears, he did so, sitting down cross-legged upon a large stone.

The old man picked up his coat, giving it a little shake, and painfully put it on. He then seated himself upon a log in front of Henry and told his story.

"Three hundred and eighty-seven years ago I was as old in appearance as I am now, but far more wretched. I was constantly complaining of my feeble condition and brooding over the happy childhood hours that were gone forever. One day my old friend Ponce de Leon came to me and told of a wonderful fountain in which we might bathe and become young. It was said to be on the island of Bimini. We planned to go at once in search of this island and its treasure.

"We discovered and explored many islands on our journey, but on none could we find a fountain. At last we arrived at a beautiful land which Ponce de Leon called Florida in honor of the day, for it was Easter Sunday.

"As we were preparing to go ashore, I noticed nearby a curious canoe-shaped boat so narrow that but one person could sit on the single seat in its center. I determined to make this peculiar boat my own, but no sooner had I seated myself in it than it started forward, like an intelligent being, in a northern course parallel to the shore. On, on it went, shooting through the waters so swiftly that the ship was soon left far behind.

"To my relief, I found food and fresh water concealed under the box-like seat. It seemed to be placed there to preserve my life, for my strange, involuntary journey continued for several days. Finally the boat glided up a large river for a distance of about one hundred miles to a point where it pushed its beak into the sand and remained immovable.

"I thought myself the only being in this lone, wild country. On every side there were great trees which formed a forest so dense that the sunlight could scarcely penetrate its thick foliage. Ah, how foolish I was to search for a fabulous fountain only to perish miserably thousands of miles away from my native land. Stepping ashore, I beheld a perfect counterpart of myself slowly coming towards me.

"'My friend,' he said, extending his hand, 'I am very glad you arrived safely. I had no fears, however, for I sent my boat to bring you and she is a trusty servant. You and your friend were searching for the Fountain of Youth. There is an unpretentious spring near this place which possesses all the wonderful properties you hoped to find in the fairy fountain. Owing to your wonderful resemblance to me, I felt that you deserved my consideration. Your friend must be content to live in history as the discoverer of Florida.'

"I was too dumbfounded to speak, and so the old gentleman led me through the forest to this spot where, pointing to the spring, he said:

"'Drink deeply of those water, but take not the second draught. In six days afterward you will be taken to the land of perpetual youth.' With these words he disappeared.

"Young man, I cannot describe my sensations when I eagerly lay down and drank of these sweet waters, or the joy of that moment when old age dropped from me like a heavy coat of mail. I was no longer a man but a child, happy and free. I laughed and danced and sang.

"Suddenly I heard a whizzing sound and felt a sharp blow on my back. Turning about, I saw an arrow lying at some distance from me on the ground. Then four red men rushed out from behind the trees and captured me. I was carried away for many miles and brought before their chief, where they held a trial over me. Their jargon was, of course, beyond my understanding, but afterward, when I saw by their preparations that I was to be burned at the stake, I felt it indeed to be a cruel fortune.

"When the last traces of light had faded away, amid a mob of howling savages, I was bound to the stake and the fires were lighted. For an hour I stood in the roaring and crackling flames, wondering why I felt no pain, until the stake and bands which bound me were burned away. As I walked deliberately out of the fire, a huge savage rushed at me and struck a terrific blow with his ax, but it rebounded with such force that his own skull was crushed instead. Then all prostrated themselves before me. During the remaining days of my sojourn in America I was worshiped as a god.

"At the end of the sixth day I fell asleep and awoke to find myself in a bright and sunny land, the land of perpetual youth. Oh, the joy of those few days! How I romped and played all the while with other children! There were no old people there to scold us; no young men or women; no clocks, almanacs, or calendars, for there was no change or record of time. We never ate nor drank, and on this account, I must say, I experienced the first tinge of disappointment. One of the chief sources of pleasure during my existence on earth was my appetite, of which I was now deprived.

"Young man, there is no doubt you would enjoy yourself in such a land for a hundred years or so, but you would finally grow weary of the monotonous round of play. I began to think of greater pleasures I might experience if I could change and become a little older. I even thought of happy hours I had spent on earth chatting with my friend Ponce de Leon. It would at least, I thought, be more pleasant to be a growing child with the prospect of becoming large and strong. As I brooded over this, I became more and more dissatisfied. Yes, when I thought of it, rather than remain a child forever, I would gladly again become an old man. I was once old wishing to be young, and now I was young wishing to be old. Strange perversity of human spirit! Never satisfied with the present but always looking backward or forward to a happier time.

"One day I sat on the ground with my head bowed to my knees, feeling very miserable, when I heard the voice of the old man man who had led me to the spring.

"'My boy,' he said, kindly, 'I knew you would soon grow weary of child-life. Now I advise you to leave the land of perpetual youth and search out the spring to drink your second draught. Get in this carriage and it will take you to your destination. I must now leave you, and we will meet no more on earth. Good-bye.'

"Surprise, joy and regret were mingled as I wrung the old man's hand in parting. Then climbing into the horseless carriage that had mysteriously and silently approached, I was soon rushing away over strange roads, up long hills, and down into deep valleys. When it reached this place, it would go no further. I alighted and instantly it shot away, causing me to weep bitterly over my misfortune, for I failed to recognize the spot. Feeling a desire to drink for the first time in all these years, I did so and fell asleep. It is only since I awoke that I realize this is indeed the Fountain of Youth.

"Young man, if what you say is true, three hundred and eighty-seven years have passed away since I first came here. Rheumatic pains have again seized these old limbs, and when I try to rise it seems as if every joint screeches like the rusty hinges of an old door, but I am happy. Did you drink of this water?"

Henry nodded. The old man looked at him in wonder. "Were you, then, an old man, too, before you drank?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," said Henry, "so far as I know, the water has had no effect upon me." Then rather abruptly he asked: "Why is it that the Indians, whom you say inhabited this locality, didn't drink of this spring?"

"Oh, they did," exclaimed the old man. "I saw many Indian children in the land of perpetual youth. Others drank and were changed, but drinking a second time they became old again. When these returned and told their story, they were considered the champion liars of their tribe. Two such Indians acted as lawyers for me at the trial before their chief. You say there is a town near by. If you will kindly spare a quarter, perhaps I can obtain refreshments there. I would like to prolong my life in order that I may enjoy for a while the old age that has so fortunately come upon me."

Henry complied with his request, and the old man hobbled away.

The morning paper of the following Monday stated that an old man had fallen into the hands of the authorities at Danville, and had been confined in a lunatic asylum for repeatedly asserting that he was Columbus. Friends had procured his release saying that he was perfectly harmless. During his days as a college student he had expended so much mental energy in trying to write an Easter story that his mind was affected. From that time forth, at the Easter season, he was subject to temporary hallucinations and, unless closely watched, would wander about as an old tramp under the impression that he was some noted person of the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

The March issue of THE MUHLENBERG was delayed in order that it might be sent out as an Easter number. This is somewhat of an innovation, as it has not been the custom heretofore to publish THE MUHLENBERG in the guise of a special number appropriate to any particular season of the church or secular year. We hope that the action of the staff in this matter will meet with the approval of all our patrons. For the design on the cover we are indebted to Mr. Heilig of the Junior Class.

* * *

There seems to be a growing tendency among our students not to engage in literary work beyond the requirements of the class-room.

Those who have not experienced the difficulty of securing material at times for our college monthly rarely give this matter serious thought. We do not know whether this state of affairs is peculiar to our college only, nor is it necessary to know, but we are convinced that no student can afford to leave college without having cultivated not only a taste for good literature, but also the art of expressing himself with facility, and the ability to compose something which does not savor of the encyclopaedia or of excerption, but which is the result of his own mature thought and effort.

Many students, when reminded of delinquency in literary duties, assign overwork and lack of time as adequate reasons. We do not wish to enter into a lengthy discussion of this question, but we believe that if occasionally leisure moments were employed in an attempt to write a story or a poem, it would prove an excellent discipline and at the same time would obviate the not infrequent predicament of the editor-in-chief of being subject to the mercy of overworked students and the limitations of time.

By way of experiment, and in order to encourage those interested, the staff has decided to award a prize of five dollars for the best poem submitted to THE MUHLENBERG by any student of Muhlenberg College before May 25, 1901. All poems handed in are to be submitted to a committee of three, whose judgment shall be considered final in determining the winner of the contest.

* * *

Work on the 1902 *Ciarla* is rapidly being concluded. Especial attention has been given to securing accuracy and interest in every department of the book.

The staff has been untiring in its efforts to present a work of merit, and the object sought has no doubt been attained.

It is to contain a compilation of college events, history, biography, fraternities, societies, clubs, banquets, and other information, punctuated with enough breeziness to lend a piquancy to its perusal.

As a whole it will represent the literary ability of the class, and we commend a hearty support of it on the part of all our students.

* * *

As the college year is rapidly drawing to a close we are reminded of the approach of the Junior Oratorical Contest. This event during Commencement Week is not only anticipated with pleasure by the parents and friends of the contestants, but also by the friends of Muhlenberg in general. The number of orators and the excellence of the oratory is a good indication of the intellectual strength of each succeeding Junior Class, and of the work done in our institution.

Frequently there are those who have the qualifications to enter the contest, but who refuse to do so on the pretext that it is out of their line, or that they do not intend to become public speakers.

However this may be, it may be said by way of contradiction that there are few college graduates who will not be called upon at some time in their lives to speak in public, and the predicament of those who have not learned the art while in college is a lasting source of regret to themselves.

Many students lack far-sightedness in discriminating between what is important and what is of little use to them in after years. This circumstance very often arises from the fact that the talents of a student at college are seldom taxed by the immediate necessity of maintaining himself financially, thus enabling him to discern the importance of this or that branch in the college curriculum as a bread-winning medium for himself. In view of these facts, we as students ought to do what we can along the line of public speaking against the day when it may become imperative to use our knowledge to the best advantage. Let all who are in a position to do so enter the Junior Oratorical Contest.

* * *

Some time ago a committee on songs and yells was appointed by the Athletic Association, but so far as we are able to determine nothing definite has as yet been accomplished, or at any rate announced.

The importance of this adjunct to any athletic contest is not likely to be overestimated. We have full confidence in the ability of the committee to accomplish the work assigned them, and simply wish to call the attention of the committee to the importance of completing their work before the baseball season opens.

Personals and Locals.

Dr. O.: "Mr. Appel, what do you know of Queen Anne?"

Appel, '02 (after due deliberation): "Well, she was a stupid concern."

The Seniors were treated to a fish story one Monday morning in the shape of Kressler's ('01) Latin dissertation.

Dr. E. (to Webb, '03, translating *puellis* " boys ") : "Those boys must have had dresses on."
Webb : " I couldn't distinguish by the form."

Dr. Seip, after a week's sickness, has again resumed his duties.

Wackernagel, '01, is about to issue a volume on " The Correct Pronunciation of Geological Terms."

Herman Fegely, student at the Kutztown Normal School, was the guest of Walborn, '03, recently.

Dr. W. (to Heckenberger, '02, imitating Yoder's angora) : " Are you taking lessons from your tom-cat at home ?"

A friend to Schmoyer, '01, on the train : " Shock, where is that girl you were talking to?"
Schmoyer : " Back there she is,—the dark-complexioned one."

Fegely, '02, spent Sunday at home.

Telford, '03, who was called home on account of his mother's illness, has again resumed his studies.

Neff, '03, spent Sunday with Heckenberger, '02.

Weisley, '02 : " Dr. W., where can I sit so you don't jump on me ?"

Dr. W. : " So, Mr. Kistler, we always have the privilege of reciting together."
Kistler, '02 : " Yes, sir, and I'm glad of it."
Dr. W. : " Yes, but I haven't a credit book for myself."

Dennis, '04, was elected business manager for the Freshman play.

Messrs. Rubrecht, '01, Beck, Brunner, Ink, '02, Keebach, '04, spent Washington's Birthday at their respective homes.

Joe's letter from Amanda (Kutztown) was delayed by the freshet.

Dr. O. : " How did Charles II get money to carry on the war with Holland ?"
Kistler, '02 : " He swiped it."

Dr. W.: “Glase, I wish I were your father for five minutes.”

Glase, ’02: “I’d strike you for a V.”

Dr. W.: “And I’d show you what a coat of tan is.”

Dr. B.: “What is sound?”

Kistler, ’02: “Sound is an impulse communicated to the ear.”

Dr. B.: “By means of the fist?”

Dr. W.: “What was the cause of this war, Mr. Miller?”

Miller, ’02: “Why, Russia wanted Turkey for Christmas.”

Annual Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest.

The ninth annual contest of the Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Oratorical Union was held on Friday evening, March 8, in Brua Chapel, Gettysburg College. Dr. McKnight, president of the college, presided. The judges were: Prof. F. L. Pattee, State College; Hon. C. R. Woodruff, Philadelphia; and Judge A. O. Furst, Bellefonte. The contest was an excellent one and every contestant acquitted himself nobly. The programme was as follows:

Overture, ... “Wild West.”
Gettysburg College Orchestra.
Prayer, ... Rev. D. W. Woods.
Oration, ... “John Ruskin, the Man.”
W. L. Hess, of Swarthmore.
Oration, . . . “War in the Light of the 20th Century.”
Edward E. Kelly, of Ursinus.
Oration, ... “Our Democracy.”
William H. Hetrick, of Gettysburg.
Waltz, . . “The Old Folks are Longing for you, May.”
Gettysburg College Orchestra.
Oration, ... “The Man With the Hoe.”
Howard E. Shimer, of Muhlenberg.
Oration, . . . “The Significance of the Unintended.”
Paul Kieffer, of Franklin and Marshall.
March, ... “Hunky-Dory.”
Gettysburg College Orchestra.
Oration, “International Arbitration to Satisfy National Honor.”
James W. Downey, of Lehigh.

Oration, ... "The Dream of the Ages."
Arthur L. Crossley, of Lafayette.
Waltz, ... "Artist's Life."
Gettysburg College Orchestra.

The decision of the judges was then announced, first by Judge Furst and afterward by Hon. C. R. Woodruff. The first prize of twenty-five dollars was awarded to Mr. Kieffer, of Franklin and Marshall; second prize of fifteen dollars to Mr. Hetrick, of Gettysburg; and honorable mention was given to Mr. Crossley, of Lafayette. The contest was the most successful ever held, and Gettysburg College as a whole, and her committee in particular, are to be congratulated upon the success of the same and deserves sincere thanks for the hospitable treatment accorded the visiting members of the Union.

Senior Class Day Program.

The Class of 1901 will *resurrect* Class Day—a day that had been buried for many years. The exercises will be held on the college campus on Tuesday afternoon, June 18. The following men were elected to render the program: Master of Ceremonies, John Howard Worth, of Lancaster; Salutatory, Fred Pearson Reagle, of Hokendauqua; Class History, George Keller Rubrecht, of Telford; Key Oration, Thomas McH. Yoder, of Catasauqua; Class Prophecy, Percy B. Ruhe, of Allentown; Insignia, George H. Drumheller, of Earlville; Chow-chow Oration, Howard Everhart Shimer, of Shimerville; "1901," Allen Luther Benner, of Schoenersville; Class Poem, Edward Jonathan Wackernagel. of Allentown; Valedictory, Irwin O. Schell, of Allentown. The Committee of Arrangements is as follows: Fred P. Reagle, George H. Drumheller, George K. Rubrecht, George L. Raether and Howard E. Shimer.

Athletics.

Since our February issue but one game of basket-ball has been played owing to injuries sustained by several of the players in the game against the Mauch Chunk Y. M. C. A.

The game with the Lehigh Freshmen, an account of which is given below, was the last of the season. Out of the six games played, Muhlenberg won three, scoring 153 points to their opponents 87.

MUHLENBERG VS. LEHIGH FRESHMEN.

On Saturday evening, March 9, Muhlenberg evened up matters with the team that claimed to be composed of Lehigh Freshmen by defeating them by a score of 23 to 17. In the early part of the season Muhlenberg had been defeated by them by a score of 31 to 15. Finch captained the team for Kriebel, who has been unable to play for the last four weeks. Geiger played an excellent game at guard, allowing Capt. Pfahler to throw but two goals. Wieder and Neubert, as usual, were fast and accurate in their respective positions. Specht, who played guard in the second half, gave evidence of becoming a promising candidate for next year's team. The line-up:

MUHLENBERG.	POSITIONS.	LEHIGH FRESHMEN.
Finch (Capt.)	attack	(Capt.) Pfahler.
Wieder	attack	Fisher.
Neubert	center	Burrows.
Telford (Specht)	guard	Klar.
Geiger	guard	(Farabaugh) Mawhumey.

Goals from field—Klar 3, Fisher 3, Pfahler 2, Neubert 5, Finch 3, Wieder 2. Goals from offenses—Pfahler, Wieder 3. Score for first half—Lehigh 12, Muhlenberg 9. Final score—Muhlenberg 23, Lehigh 17. Referee—Dietz. Halves of twenty minutes.

NOTES.

The following members of the foot-ball squad were awarded the college "M": Telford, Neubert, Trexler, Ink, Walborn, Bickel, Specht, Rubrecht, Shalter, Youse, Kistler, Miller, W. M. D., Reagle, Beck, and Shimer, H. E. This was not announced earlier on account of an accountable delay on the part of the Advisory Committee.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Frank M. Uhrich, '02, was elected assistant to I. E. Nagle, '01, who is manager of the base-ball team, and H. W. Shimer, '03, assistant to W. C. Beck, '02, who is manager of the foot-ball team. At the same meeting J. R. Freed, '02, was elected manager and George W. Specht, '03, assistant manager of the basket-ball team.

Captain Beck expects twenty-five men to respond when he issues a call for candidates for the base-ball team. He hopes to turn out a winning team for this our maiden year in athletics.

Manager Nagel has announced the following schedule:

April 20,	Perkiomen Seminary, at Pennsburg.
April 24,	Allentown State League team, at Allentown.
April 27,	Keystone Normal School, at Kutztown.
May 1,	Susquehanna University, at Allentown.
May 4,	Moravian College, at Allentown.
May 11,	Lebanon Valley, at Annville.
May 18,	Lebanon Valley, at Allentown.
May 22,	Ursinus, at Collegeville.
May 25,	(Pending.)
May 30,	Nativity A. A., at Allentown.
June 1,	Ursinus, at Allentown.
June 8,	Moravian College, at Allentown.
June 15,	Albright College, at Myerstown.

Our Alumni.

'69.—The first annual banquet of the Lutherans of Chicago was held at the Sherman House on Monday evening, January 28, 1901. About one hundred and fifty persons were present. Dr. Revere F. Weidner, President of the Chicago Theological Seminary, responded to the toast, "Our Lutheran Theology," and named Dr. Walther, Dr. Hasselquist, and Dr. Krauth as America's greatest theologians.

'71.—The Young People's Association of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Laird, pastor, has, instead of inaugurating a season of entertainments, made arrangements for a series of Lenten addresses on "Inner Mission Work."—*The Lutheran.*

'73.—*The Lutheran* of February 14 contains a very interesting article on "The Ministerium of New York—a Retrospect," from the pen of Rev. John Nicum, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y.

'76.—Rev. Henry T. Clymer, of Frackville, Pa., is secretary of the Lutheran Sunday-school Convention of Schuylkill County, Pa.

'77.—Rev. M. Luther Zweizig has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Leechburg, Pa.

'78.—The address of Rev. Charles L. Fry now is 1920 North Seventh street, Philadelphia.

'79.—St. Luke's Church, Sunbury, Pa., under the faithful ministry of the Rev. Dr. J. N. Wetzler, seems to be making decided progress. There is a "20th century revival" in progress in Sunbury at this time, but, as is to be expected, St. Luke's has no part in it. Her pastor and members, however, are not indifferent to their duty, and are earnestly laboring in their way to bring souls to Christ. The pastor has a large class of catechumens now under instruction, and, in addition to that, almost every evening in the week meets a number of older persons in their several homes and unfolds to them the doctrines of our holy religion. This is the work that tells and lasts.—*The Lutheran.*

'81.—Hon. J. W. Mayne, representative from this county, made his maiden speech in the house on the bill for the centralization of township schools. The bill was up for third reading and a number of amendments had been tacked on it to kill it. Mr. Mayne knocked out the amendments and the bill passed. He was a much-congratulated man after the speech was delivered, and it was generally pronounced the finest speech of the session.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

'82.—If the Attorney General decides that the Governor of Pennsylvania has the right to appoint controllers for such counties of the State as have the required number of inhabitants, Aaron B. Hassler, Esq., the very efficient Commissioners' Attorney of Lancaster, Pa., is said to be "slated" for the position in Lancaster county. The salary of the office is $6000 a year.

'82.—A child of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Lazarus, of Stone Church, Northampton county, Pa., was buried February 7 in Fairview cemetery, South Allentown. Rev. Mr. Lazarus has just recovered from severe illness.—*The Lutheran.*

'83.—Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Sadtler's address has been changed to 1194 East Sixtieth street, Chicago. Dr. Sadtler has been elected English Professor of Theology in the Wartburg Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa, but as far as we know has not yet accepted the position.

'84.—Rev. Prof. Krauss, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, delivered a scholarly address on "Philip Melanchthon" to the Wicker Park Luther League of Chicago, on February 12. The League has added to its usual program a "Church History Course."

'84.—The young and flourishing congregation of the Holy Trinity at Northampton, Pa., Rev. H. J. Kuder, pastor, was organized three years ago by the present pastor. Ground was purchased and a substantial brick church erected. The property is worth $6,500, a large portion of which was covered by a mortgage. The work was made very difficult by the interference of sectarian unionists. But such was the zeal and perseverance of the members that on the occasion of the third anniversary on the last Sunday in January the mortgage was publicly consigned to the flames, leaving the congregation entirely free of debt.

'84.—Rev. O. E. Pflueger, Elizabethville, Pa., has prepared an appropriate and beautiful Confirmation Day Souvenir, a sample of which he will send to any pastor who will write to him on the subject.

'84.—Rev. J. C. Kunzman, superintendent of Home Missions of the Lutheran Church, in describing a visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., in *The Lutheran*, says: "On Sunday, the 10th of February, in the morning, we had the pleasure of addressing a large audience in the Church of the Redeemer, in Brooklyn, Rev. S. G. Weiskotten, pastor. It is just seven years ago since this church was organized, self-supporting from the beginning. The present pastor was called, a lot was purchased at the cost of $32,000, and a large stone church was erected. As the result of that beginning, six additional English churches were started, most of which are self-sustaining at the present."

'85.—Francis G. Lewis, Esq., Allentown, Pa., presided at the recent banquet of the district convention of the Phi Gamma Delta Fraternity held at the United States Hotel, Easton, Pa.

'86.—Samuel J. Kistler, Esq., of Saegersville, Pa., has been elected a director of the Allentown National Bank.

'87.—Dr. Clinton J. Schadt has, for many years, been surgeon on the Atlantic liner "St. Paul."

'88.—On February 11 a mission festival was held in Trinity Lutheran Church, West Hazleton, Pa., of which Rev. E. F. Ritter is the energetic and successful pastor. Rev. Dr. Rehrig, '79, Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, Rev. M. B. Schmoyer, '93, and Rev. J. O. Schlenker, '83, were the speakers.

'89.—St. Luke's congregation, Easton, Pa., celebrated its fifteenth anniversary on Sunday, January 27. The pastor, Rev. E. M. Grahn, preached an historical sermon. The congregation has had a substantial growth during these years and owns a neat church and parsonage.—*The Lutheran.*

'90.—We greatly regret to announce that Rev. T. Charles Rausch, pastor of St. Luke's Lutheran Church, Allentown, Pa., fell on an icy pavement and broke his leg.

'91.—A preliminary meeting looking to the organization of a Lutheran Pastoral Association, to be composed of the Revs. John Keehley, of Trinity Lutheran Church, Elmira, N. Y.; E. M. Beysher, '92, of St. John's, Sayre, Pa., and M. J. Bieber, '91, of the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, Binghamton, N. Y., was held at the Lutheran parsonage, Binghamton, on Thursday, February 7.—*The Lutheran.*

'91.—Joseph P. Shimer has been elected treasurer of the Clover Club of Allentown, Pa.

'92.—The Rev. E. M. Beysher, formerly of Hobbie, Pa., having accepted the call of St. John's Church, Sayre, Pa., was duly installed as its pastor on Sunday morning, January 27, 1901, by the Superintendent of Missions, the Rev. Wm. Ashmead Schaeffer, D.D.—*The Lutheran.*

'92.—Rev. A. L. Ramer, Ph.D., pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Scranton, Pa., has prepared two very interesting lectures which he recently delivered in several churches of the Wilkes-Barre Conference. One is an illustrated lecture on "Missions," the other a lecture on "China."

'93.—Rev. P. G. Sieger, of Lancaster, recently addressed the Luther League of Zion's Church, Marietta, Pa., on "The Lutheran Church in America in Colonial Times." At the February meeting of the Lancaster Pastoral Association, Rev. Sieger also discussed the question, "The Lutheran Church in Its Relation to the Fine Arts." At the same time, Rev. A. W. Leibensperger, of Lititz, Pa., presented a paper on "The Church Visible and Invisible."

'94.—After being vacant for some time, the pulpit of Zion Church, Jersey Shore, Pa., has been filled by the election of the Rev. C. D. Zweier, who was duly installed by the Rev. Wm. Ashmead Schaeffer, D.D., Superintendent of Missions, on Sunday morning. February 3, 1901.—A correspondent in *The Lutheran.*

'95.—The consecration of Holy Trinity Church, Elizabeth, N. J., Rev. F. C. Krapf, pastor, took place on Sunday morning, February 17.—*The Lutheran.*

'95.—In the report of Superintendent Kunzman, mentioned above, we also find the following concerning the work of another Muhlenberg alumnus: "On Wednesday evening we spoke on 'Missions' at the third anniversary of the Church of the Reformation, Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. H. P. Miller, pastor. This congregation was organized three years ago by Revs. Weiskotten, Knabenschuh, and Steimle. Revs. Feldman and Jefferis ('86) were also present at the festivities."

'95.—From the *Philadelphia Inquirer* of February 21 we learn that Sergeant William J. Schmidt, Company M, Twelfth United States Infantry, was promoted to second lieutenant. His three years' term of service in the regular army will expire in June, 1901.

'96.—The address of Rev. S. G. Trexler has been changed to 127 Milton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'97.—Henry K. Lantz is reported to be doing very well in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He expects to begin work in Frankford, Indiana.

'97.—Rev. William M. Kopenhaver, of Macungie, Pa., recently delivered an interesting lecture on "Constantine" in the Lutheran Church of Quakertown, Pa., of which Rev. F. K. Fretz is the pastor.

'99.—The engagement of Luther W. Fritch, of the milling firm of D. D. and N. D. Fritch, of Macungie, and Miss Cora H., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Clauser, of this city, is announced.—*Allentown Morning Call.*

'99.—William J. Seiberling is reported to be doing very good work in the Chicago Lutheran Seminary. One who knows all about his work says, "He is an honor to Muhlenberg College."

1900.—Edgar C. Statler is a student in the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago.

1900.—The latest catalogue of the University of Pennsylvania contains the names of the following alumni: Dr. S. C. Schmucker, '82, Honorary Fellow in Botany; Victor J. Koch, 1900, second year, Medical Department; Frederick R. Bousch, 1900, first year, Medical Department; William A. Hausman, '99, third year, Medical Department; John T. Eckert, '98, second year, Medical Department; and Marvin L. Kleppinger, '98, first class, Law Department.

Book Review.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH. By Israel Zangwill. Harper Brothers, publishers.

The title of Israel Zangwill's latest work, "The Mantle of Elijah," is somewhat misleading when thought of in connection with the previous works. In them, Jewish types were largely introduced; in this, the cast of characters is largely of a political hue.

The novel is an outcry against the brutality and hypocrisy of civil wars, a scathing accusation against the rottenness of politics. An excellent moral lesson can be drawn from it. Three characters, a woman and two men, form the foundation and life which pervades and imparts interest to the entire story and unite it into one whole.

The story opens with the disturbance of the peaceful tide of English life, caused by rumors of war over an uncivilized country, Novabarba. Thomas Marshmont has attained the culmination of political success. Prompted by the noblest moral incentives, he is the Radical member of the cabinet, the chief of the political party and the warm friend and representative of the masses. The paternal influences are strongly manifest in his daughter Allegra. Encouraged by the same impulse as her father, she writes a competitive on "Fame" for the *Children's Cornucopia*, "a weekly budget of tales and essays and verses." To her war was "a pure artistic convention, a fine æsthetic frenzy." A conversation with her father caused her to realize its terrible significance and taught her that "war was not exotic nebulous splendor, but a thunder-cloud that might burst over one's door." In consequence, she did not submit her poem to the *Cornucopia*, and Raphael Dominick is the successful competitor. A zealous follower of her father, she devotes herself to the cause of "four million paupers who stood in a solid phalanx in her phantasy, ragged, hungry, dishevelled, and rancous, a Dantesque horror."

Robert Broser, a descendant of the middle class, is chosen as Marshmont's private secretary. Allegra thinks that he will become her father's successor. She questions whether she can assist this man. Much had she dreamed of this—"the true woman's rôle—to sweeten life for some strong young man." Mrs. Broser dies, and she marries him. Following the declaration of hostilities, Marshmont resigns his office. Opprobrious epithets of "Prophet Petty Cash," and "traitor to his country," and the man "on whose head lay the blood of slaughtered English soldiers," are hurled at him at "a bloody banquet."

He is mobbed. Broser rapidly gains power, but, unlike Marshmont, he transmutes "the mantle of Elijah into that of an unscrupulous politician." Living in direct opposition to the principles of his youth, Allegra leaves him, goes to Italy, where she meets and cultivates the acquaintance of Raphael Dominick, the writer of the poem which won the *Cornucopia* prize. Their acquaintance develops into a mutual love, but they do not marry, for Allegra will not break her marriage vow. She is present at her place when Broser gives a reception to the Prince of Wales. When the last guest departs, she departs forever. To his final question, a husky whisper, "How do you expect me to explain such things?" she replied: "You have explained away so much. Explain me away."

"He had ridden roughshod over every rival will; he must endure this one exception."

The strength of the book lies in the characters themselves rather than in their actions; for while the plot is adequate, it is not one of the strongest points. Every paragraph is indicative of the author's acuteness of intellect. The conversations of the characters are witty and intellectual. The movements of the characters are complicated, but not in such a manner as to conceal themselves or the scenes. The rare ability manifested in every particular amply demonstrates that it ranks above many contemporaneous efforts which only infatuate the reader.

Exchanges.

The Western University *Courant* found it impossible to decide on the respective merits of two excellent stories which were written in competition for a prize. From a personal point of view, the story published in the February number is much better than that published in the January number.

One of the most significant titles heading a college paper is that of *The Tatler* belonging to a cute eight-page paper published by the ladies of Bishopthorpe School. "A Summer Episode" in the last number is an excellent story on the reward of a snobbish girl, many of whom we imagine it not difficult to find, especially in boarding-schools.

The Mirror is the aptly named paper of the Moravian Seminary. "Herman and Dorothea," in the last issue, was good but could with a little effort have been made more interesting.

"The Bells" in the *Knox Student* is a clever, amusing parody on the poem of the same name by Mr. Poe. The president's address in the Inaugural Number of the same paper is a splendid discussion of the American college and should be read by every subscriber of THE MUHLENBERG.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Soma and Psyche.

The wandering sun had now retraced his steps,
His gentle rays removed the snowy shroud;
The slumbering vegetation thus aroused,
A verdant garb replaced the ermine soon.

Airy songsters across the sky do flit;
Tender buds, their sleepy eyes half ope'd,
Do now about in wonder mutely grope,
While they attempt this radiant orb to scope;
That bright upon the eastern sky was hung,
And golden beams into a valley flung;
Which, from the dew on blades of emerald green,
Reflect once more in brightly sparkling stream.
Such was the advent of the season spring.
Such, the morning of the day on which these two
Companions, confiding, forth did go
Upon a long, uncertain course of life.
The first, whose name, Soma, gave not offense
As yet; nor, none the more, did th'other take;
Whose, Psyche was and soul to him indeed.
Cheerfully on they strolled and leisurely,
Observing interests mutual and several,
She, attracted more by things that are
Above: the azure sky, the gentle breeze,
The singing bird, the laughing brook;
He, more intent upon what is below:
The geometric stone, the armored bug,
The stinging wasp and creatures herpestine.
Thus employed, they wandered; thinking life all
Paradise, which soon did prove but wilderness.
For in their joyful innocence, upon
Forbidden ground they chance, where Soma's eyes,
Listless, upon a trifle glide, a thing
Of little worth indeed, but to his mind
A treasure. Thoughtlessly he stooped, he grasped,
And with a greed-like zeal, concealed; then quick
He glanced about him, surveying all the fields
And meadows whether he had been observed.
The calm spring air was suddenly disturbed.
Unwelcome winds came sweeping from the west,

Bearing clouds that obscured the sun at times,
And cast a moving shadow upon the
Starry mede and billowy field of grain,
With checkered, downcast spirit Psyche spake:
"There is a natural right of property,
'Tis sanctioned by the tablets from the mount,
By which men term some things their own; but what
Thou now hast is not thine. 'Tis another's,
And thou must not take what is thy brother's.
By that act thou me dost grieve. Thou dost offend
And thou distress, and, therefore, would
I most sincerely thee request, that thou
Restore what unrestored thee harms; and due
Repentance shown, these clouds that so
Obscure, that so confuse, perhaps shall clear away
Again and peace and comfort yet return."
She having thus spoken plain, he stood perplexed;
Debating whether to do her bidding
And obey her mandate, or himself to
Be the sovereign lord and advocate.
Looking up, his eyes determination
Flashed and anger. "To yield were meanly
Base," said he. "Right or wrong, my will shall be
My law. But yet, to ease myself, by plea
Half pliable; that law of property,
By me, shall cleverly evaded be."
What could they do but flee the spot,
Where discord reigns supreme? What could they else
Expect to find but lonely desolation
All around, where thorns and thistles are wont
To grow, but living creatures never bound?
And, when on such a scene arrived, sinful
Soma, Psyche thus addressed: "Here, earth, my
Admiration, shall conceal the object
Of the grief. And, perhaps, when years are flown
And all forgot, I will return to this,—
A lonely spot; and delving here beside
The hawthorn bush, will find this object in
Surprise, which now I bury in disguise.
Who will then perceive it once so sown?
Who will then deny I justly own?"
This double deed of first to steal and then
Conceal this first and conscious course of wrong,
So deep did pang in Psyche's heart; so deep,
That she could scarcely courage take to ope
Her mouth, as sorrowing, thus she spake:
"Oh, with that object of this grief, that thou
Couldst bury grief itself! Oh, with such source
Of guilt, that thou couldst bury guilt itself!

That thou couldst then for evermore
Forget thy delving on this worldly shore!
But. since 'twere vain, wilt thou not yet return
With me and yet restore this worthless bane?
Wilt thou not yet relieve me of this weight,
That hangs a burden heavy on my heart;
Heavy so, that I am weary grown to be,
And only wish myself apart from thee."
Her he answered not a word; but, plainly,
His self-assumed supremacy, he would
Not readily against resolve resign.
While she, her efforts thus far vain perceived,
All hope and courage would have lost, but for
Extraneous aid indeed; invisible,
But of such counsel and encouragement,
That 'long with a determination born
Of injury sustained, she now resolved
To vie not only for equality,
But for her well-deserved authority.
Had she but succeeded in her first request,
How well for them it would have been! How great
Affliction they them might have wisely spared!
For now a long protracted strife ensued,
Itself, delineation, vain would be,
Which sometimes waxed and sometimes waned;
Sometimes favoring him, sometimes e'en her.

Favoring him, her more determined made;
Favoring her, her more encouraged—till stronger
Grown. Then no more entreaties she did plan,
But aspect different assumed, as calmly and
Composedly she stood, and this her foe,
With piercing looks and cutting speech addressed;
"Regretful, I look back on time so long
In gloomy misery spent, which might have been
With light divine illumed, and whiled away
In cheerfulness or dreamed away, perchance,
In innocence; but for that first dark deed
Of conscious wrong, to which thou then wast drawn.
And for commands transgressed in divers times
And ways against my wish to my disgrace.
But, thy defeat I thee to-day announce,
From self-assumed supremacy fallen,
Thou hast been weighed; and thou art wanting found.
Thee I request no more, no more beseech,
Only command; for subject thou art and
Wilt be to thy end, distant or at hand."
His courage that no firm foundation had,
Did by her speech him leave. And he,

Like leaf on aspen tree, less free, could but
Assent agree;—could but obey—while she,
Consoling him, did lastly say: "Though thou
A tyrant art dethroned, revenge delayed,
I, thy successor, will compassionate.
I will not smite thee with the smarting rod,
To caverns dark I'll not consign thee; there
Alone, to suffer self-inflicted pain,
The praise of rueful penitence to gain.
Of scorching sun and drenching rain, that brood
So much of common and uncommon pain,
Thou must not hence complain. But, my bidding
Thou wilt e'er do; e'er be submissive too."

Forgiven and in part again forgot,
They calmly wend them from the conflict spot.
With surer foot on mended ways, they now
Once more in hope their steps retrace; and on
Their former path of flowers and of green,
The autumn fruits of ripening age are seen.
Then sun, far sunk behind the misty mass,
That veiled the valley and thick upon
The western mountain heights reposed,
Streamed forth again with dazzling ray. But soon,
As shadows grew, the tinking bells of kine,
That slowly wandered from the woody slopes
With easy pace, resounded on the evening fine.
And, as the last of rays from sunken sun
Reflected crimson on the evening cloud;
He who this most prospecting sign did see,
Observed that bright the future day would be.

"Sunshine."

FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, '99.

"There is no room for sadness,
When you see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good look—
It is never out of style."

"There goes the sunshiny man." This is what a chorus of ragged children, playing in the street, said as the good old pastor passed them. Here, he stopped in to see an old woman who was ill; there, he spoke words of comfort to a family who had lately been bereaved; and a little farther down the street he told a story to the eager little ones who gathered about him. This was a high compliment for the pastor, especially since it came from those who were his fairest critics. Truly, this dear man may rightly be called the sunshiny man, for he was always bringing hope, cheer, and comfort into the hearts and lives of these families, that even the youngest felt its warmth and glow.

Are we sunshiny men? Do we go about trying to bring sunshine into the lives of others?

The germ of sunshine is often present, but so many of us let other matters crowd in upon us, and we go through life as "buttoned-up" men, choking this germ for selfish reasons. We have no time. Work interferes. Money-getting is first. Society claims our attention. We are so busy getting that we never experience the joy of giving. In our greed and gain we never look over the pile of gold. The life beyond has no possibilities for us. There is a helpful poem by one of the Cary sisters which should always be in our minds, ready for service when uncharitableness wishes to gain entrance.

"One little act of kindness done,
One little kind word spoken,
Has power to raise a thrill of joy,
E'en in a heart that's broken.

"Then let us watch these little things;
And so regard each other,
That not a word, a look or tone
May wound a friend or brother."

How often one brings sorrow or sunshine by merely "a word, a look or tone," a "Please," a "Thank you," a pleasant "good morning," a letter to a friend at school, a flower to a "shut-in," a card at Christmas or Easter, a call on one who needs sympathy. These little acts of kindness are pleasing in the sight of God, make our fellow-men brighter and our lives happier.

A few days before Christmas the writer of this article was waiting for his train at the Broad Street Station. A large crowd had gathered at one of the exit gates. Upon inquiry he was told that they were waiting to greet Ex-President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland. All classes were represented, from the newsboy to the head of one of Philadelphia's largest business colleges. A white-haired old woman, poorly clad in black, and with lines of grief and age seamed on her face, was waiting to catch a glimpse of the distinquished party. Patiently she waited until the long line of passengers had passed by, and when cheer after cheer went up she knew that they had arrived. She had an advantageous position, and as Mrs. Cleveland came along, smiling to all, she noticed the little old lady, and stepping aside she said to her: "Good afternoon, glad to see you." This meant little to Mrs. Cleveland, but I wish she could have heard the "God bless you" which fell from those lips. It was only a word, a look, and a tone, but still it carried sunshine into the heart of that poor unfortunate which lightened and will brighten her heart for many a day.

Deaconesses, sisters of charity, and the many other societies which look after the work of relieving the poor, nursing the sick, and bringing joy and happiness into the lives of many, deserve our noblest support. In this connection the work of the Salvation Army must not be overlooked. They scatter sunshine among a class of people which are not reached by the church. They stop to speak kind words to those whom others pass without even a glance. The old woman sitting along the side of a building, shivering and hungry, trying to earn a few pennies by selling papers, is addressed as "Mother;" the wayward girl is kindly admonished; the despised street vender is encouraged by the words which fall from their lips; the drunkard is not left in the gutter and passed by on the other side, but is taken to a place of safety; the prisoner is visited, and in his ears are spoken words of eternal life. Silver and gold they have none, but such as they have they willingly give. One cannot begin to measure the amount of good accomplished by these noble men and women. We are certain of this: that much has been done but *still more* can be done.

Each one of us ought to be a bearer of joyous messages to our fellow-men. It costs nothing to be bright and cheerful, and the reward is such a precious one. All the world seems brighter, nobler, purer, holier, after we have performed these acts of kindness. You may say: "I cannot do it; it is not my nature." Make up your mind to do it. It will not come all of a sudden. One must carefully train himself and make up his mind that he *will bring sunshine* instead of *gloom* into the hearts of others.

Life would be far more pleasant if everyone tried to be obliging and to think of others more than himself. Even those who never give sunshine, appreciate it when others are of a sunshiny disposition. Who is not drawn to those who are kind, cheerful, and obliging? It is uplifting to meet such people; but how different it is when we encounter a street-car conductor who is gruff and surly, and a clerk who waits on you with an air of indifference and superiority, a professor who wishes to show his power, or a magnate who always speaks in short and snappy sentences. Such men are a warning for us. In refusing a beggar, in declining to buy a newspaper, in giving commands to servants, administering justice to children, in all our dealings with people, we should always do it in a kind, helpful, and considerate manner, so that they may be elevated by our contact with them.

What, then, is the effect of sunshine? It arouses, it ennobles, it inspires. Sunshine may so inspire a man that he may become a tuneful Milton, who otherwise might ne'er have spoken. "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed or waked to ecstacy the living lyre," are still with us if only some one will free these hands. Unconscious of their own strength, they would never act if some one did not spur them on and lend that helping influence which moulds many a man's future. Students well know how work under a certain teacher becomes a genuine pleasure, simply because he is such a cheerful, helpful, and inspiring man. Consequently, everything that he does will be pervaded by the same spirit, transforming dry and uninteresting hours into pleasant and profitable ones. Why are some lecture-halls crowded and others empty? Why are there vacant pews in the one church and crowded pews in another? Why are some business men enjoying prosperity while their neighbors are in adversity? The answer is an easy one. People are not drawn to the pessimist, the man who sees nothing but the darkness, the gloom and the sorrow in life, but to the optimist, who is hopeful, cheerful, and helpful. Christ was surrounded by those who were attracted by his kindness, consideration, and long-suffering. The disciples often rebuked them, especially those that brought the little children. Christ said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

When sunshine takes possession of a man his very face will show it. Do you not know one of your friends who has such a sunshiny countenance, who always wears a pleasant and peaceful smile, charity and cheerfulness written in every line of his face, and having that trustful air? Yes, there are a great many such men and women to whom we could unbosom our whole past life and know that it would never reach the ears of another.

Some say, "I, too, could be bright and cheerful if I had the same advantages and surroundings that another has, if I lived in wealth and affluence." But wealth is no essential; ofttimes those who have every wish fulfilled and satisfied are the most dissatisfied. The true test of a sunshiny person is when in time of sorrow, sickness, and distress he bears them with cheerfulness and Christian fortitude.

Sunshine may seem to many a little thing, but the spreading of it is no longer confined to a chosen few. Its importance has been realized and a society has been established, known as the International Sunshine Society, which numbers not only Americans among its list of members, but its influence extends over the Atlantic to our mother country, England; and over the Pacific to the infant Hawaii, which has but lately been annexed to our shores. It is an intensely interesting society. I shall tell you something about it. The motto is "Good Cheer." Its object is to incite its members to the performance of kind and helpful deeds, and thus to bring the sunshine of happiness into the greatest possible number of hearts and homes. The membership fee shall consist of some act or suggestion that will carry sunshine where it is needed. This may be the exchange of books, periodicals, pictures; loaning useful articles or giving those which have ceased to be of use to the owner; suggesting ideas that may be utilized for the benefit of the sick; work or employment that can be done by a "shut-in;" holiday suggestions, flowers; in short, a general exchange of helpful ideas. A page of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is devoted, each month, exclusively to "Sunshine." One would never dream that so much good could be done, and I feel confident that the society has reached greater proportions and has done more than its founder ever hoped it would.

Much might be told you about the many hearts and homes that have been made sunshiny by this society, but there is scarce space enough in this article to do so. Here is just one instance of the many which appear each month in the *Journal:* "A young man in Ohio, attending college, was suddenly called home on account of financial embarrassment, and there was nothing for him to do but go to work on a farm. The President-General made mention of this in some of the papers reporting Sunshine, regretting that the society was not rich enough to help him out with his education. They knew all about the young man and mourned with him over the ill luck that had come to him. A member in Connecticut, who had lost her son just as he was entering college, read the notice and wrote to the President-General, saying that as a memorial to her son she would see that the Sunshine student had the same advantages that were intended for her only boy."

Let us rub the clouded and tarnished reflectors of our hearts that they may send forth none but the purest and brightest rays.

"Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in Heaven the deed appears."

Selecting a Calling.

J. O. SCHLENKER, '83.

In this age of intense activity, when everything is moving at electric speed, when forward and upward is the battle-cry, it is well for the rising generation to take their bearings, set their compass, study their charts, and polish their machinery for the great voyage of life. There was a time in the history of our country when we could reach the end with folded hands, but that was the epoch of the stage-coach and the canal-boat. But in this day of intensive and extensive progress we must grasp the opportunities as they speed by. We must have both eyes open, be quick of hand and nimble of foot. Since New Sweeden has been replaced by bustling Philadelphia, and the Dutch Amsterdam by the thrilling metropolis;

Since Sleepy Hollow has given way to whizzing activity, and the puff of the engine and the shrill shriek of the steamboat has awakened the Rip Van Winkle of the Hudson, we, too, must be up and doing if we would achieve. Life is too short and competition too great to make mistakes. If we make a mistake in the selection of our calling it is exceedingly difficult to retrieve ourselves. Hence it is of primary importance that we wisely select our profession or occupation.

This may perhaps be called the first and greatest secret to success. How many a young man with physical and intellectual powers, capable of great success, is wrecked and ruined simply because he missed his calling. He followed his inclinations instead of his qualifications and now finds himself like a fish out of water. His environments are foreign, he is disqualified, his ambition is frustrated, and his life is a failure. Lincoln, the rail-splitter, made an excellent president, but not every rail-splitter is fitted for the White House. Garfield went from the towpath to the White House, but many in great trusts of the nation would fit better for the towpath.

First study yourself, and see of what turn your mind is; consider your intellectual, moral, and physical qualifications, and then select that calling for which you are best fitted. If you are best fitted for a mechanic, do not study law, medicine, or theology. If you are only qualified to be a doorkeeper in the house of God, do not aspire to the pulpit. On the other hand, if you have talents to become a statesman, or a leader of the people, do not tie that talent in a napkin and become a merchant with the hope of gaining wealth. If you have musical talents, do not waste them behind a counter. If you have talents as a painter so as to do honor to a Madonna or an "Ecce Homo," do not waste it in house painting. You cannot fit a round peg in a square hole, nor a square peg in a round hole. So also to succeed and fit in life you must be in the right place. There is a place for every one, but alas not every one is in his place. Hence the many human wrecks, the many failures, the sad disappointments. They choose the wrong way and hence come to the wrong end.

To all students I would say, choose wisely and success will be your reward. You may be but in the humbler walks of life, but you will be happy, contented, successful, and the end will crown the effort.

Brazenbeard, Jr.

In the year 37 A. D., there was born in the Brazenbeard family, then living in the Roman village of Antium, a youth whose name we find to be very conspicuous on the pages of the world's history. He is not well known because he was a blessing to the world, but because he was a curse to all who came in contact with him.

This youth was Domitius Ahenobarbus, better known as Nero. He was a member of a family which enjoyed a considerable degree of distinction at Rome. The family was an ancient one and belonged to the Roman nobility, a circumstance which the name would not suggest. The name was, however, readily explained by a family tradition which stated that a prophet appeared to the founder of the house and foretold the future greatness of the family, and in attestation of the truth of his prophecies touched his beard and it became brazen. The principal surviving member of the house was Cu. Ahenobarbus, the father of Nero. He was, however, quite nearly related to the royal family. His mother, Agrippina, was a sister to Caligula and Claudius's niece. This relationship would not have brought him to the throne in the natural course of events, but by skillful manipulations on the part of Agrippina, by poison and the tyrannical use of power, Nero became emperor of Rome.

It was already hinted at that Nero was a curse to all who came in contact with him. This is true and he is branded, not by the historian but by his very deeds, as one of the most degraded men that ever lived. But if we take a look at the training he received as a youth, we need not wonder at the degraded and shameful record he made for himself when a man and emperor of the Roman Empire. We are not expressly told how he was brought up, but we can find out the method by looking at the character of his parents.

Agrippina, his mother, was an unprincipled woman. Her desires had to be gratified and her ends gained at any cost whatsoever. His father, Cu. Ahenobarbus, was not any better, perhaps worse. He was extremely profligate and corrupt. He was often accused of the worst crimes but, like other men of the Roman nobility, he was not punished. It is said of him that at one time he deliberately drove over a child and at another time killed his slave because he could not drink as much wine as he commanded. To complete this terrible picture, we see his inhumanity at Nero's birth. He was away from home at the time, and when a messenger announced his birth he replied with contempt that whatever came from Agrippina and himself could not but be fraught with danger and ruin to Rome. Such parents are not likely to give their children any training, but rather destroy every germ of right and goodness which may survive. Fortunately, Cu. Ahenobarbus died when Nero was yet very young, but then he was subjected to the rigid but corrupt discipline of Agrippina, who had determined that Nero should be emperor. Claudius had meanwhile succeeded Caligula, who was assassinated, and Messalina, wife of Claudius, had reaped the reward of her corruption. The position of queen was now open and, while Claudius was not a very attractive person, yet many aspired to the position because of the honor and power connected with it. Agrippina was also an aspirant and was successful. Nero was now told that he must become emperor and use any means to keep Britannacus, the rightful heir to the throne, and Octavia, in the background. These circumstances, together with the poisoning of Britannacus, the cruel treatment of Octavia, Agrippina's encouragement of Nero's base love for Acte, his mother's maid, and numerous other circumstances, conspired to poison Nero in his very youth, and it was but natural for him to act in his later life as he did.

All this paved the way to his life of profligacy, his nocturnal carousals and riotous expeditions into the streets of Rome, to associate with the vilest of men and engage in the most degraded brawls, his undignified ambition to win medals and other tokens of esteem for his unworthy musical and poetic productions and using his power to obtain them, the burning of the city of Rome to gratify his desire to see a large conflagration, and finally the conspiracy to kill his mother, which, failing the first time, succeeded the second time. Thus it proved again that as the twig is bent so the tree will be inclined.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

There is at present a strong sentiment manifested by some of our students in favor of an intercollegiate debate. Upon due consideration we are persuaded that a debate with a sister college would be both desirable and productive of good results. In the first place it would tend to increase interest in our literary society debates through the competition provoked by the qualifications necessary to represent our college at one of these intercollegiate debates, since we have no reason to believe that it would not be considered high honor by any student to be invested with the responsibility of upholding the interests of his Alma Mater.

But apart from this superficial view of the matter, the intrinsic value of the training derived from such competition would justify us in considering the advisability of coming to an agreement on this question with some college for next year.

We would advise a consideration of this subject, so that if it should be brought up in the societies it will not be a new one, and can in that event be acted upon with more expediency.

By the death of the venerable Dr. Muhlenberg, Muhlenberg College has lost one of its firmest friends. In another part of this issue will be found an account of the life and labors of this scholarly and distinguished man.

* * *

We are now apace with the base-ball season. With faithful training our team ought to make a good showing in this our first regular year on the base-ball diamond. We are laboring under many disadvantages this year, and it will require much encouragement and coöperation on the part of our students to tide the team over the annoyances and obstacles incident to our initiatory steps in this direction.

But under much more unfavorable auspices we entered upon our foot-ball career, and, although not accredited with many victories, yet be it said that perhaps what we strove for most was the very thing in which we were most signally successful. It was the victory secured when foot-ball was incorporated into the cycle of activities at Muhlenberg by the "stick-to-it-iveness" of those who contested for us on the gridiron.

Our first season in basket-ball is a record to which we may point with pride and satisfaction, and in addition it has served to substantiate the belief that there is material among our student-body which, with proper training and support, will compare favorably with that of our sister colleges. We have stated before the importance of each student's giving his material support to the cause of athletics, and it is only the importance of the matter that induces us to repeat the exhortation. In order that our base-ball team may be successful, several things are necessary. First, every student who can possibly do so ought to attend at least the games played at Rittersville. Our first game at this place will be played with the Allentown State League team on April 27, and should be well attended.

The fact that enthusiasm in the form of "rooting" inspires confidence in the players emphasizes another requisite for success. The games at Rittersville are not numerous, and attendance at these games will aid the team financially, and will no doubt prove a pleasurable diversion from study during the remaining days of the college year.

Scientists have cited examples to prove that in warm weather the mind is capable of doing the best work. Our knowledge on this subject is limited, but it remains a fact that with the advent of flowery meadows, singing birds, an atmosphere redolent with new-mown hay, and that "voice of gladness," our minds are apt to be diverted from our books, and lo, we are beguiled into the "dear lovely bowers of innocence (?) and ease."

After exercising ourselves as to the imagination in Muhlenberg's gymnasium during the rigors and vicissitudes of the winter months, it is natural that we should delight to disport ourselves within the borders of our spacious campus when the days become milder. In truth, it may be regarded as a necessity, superinduced by our winter's training, just as any athlete is said to be compelled to continue systematic exercising to save his muscles from an untimely and disastrous shrinking. Moral: Don't become eas(e)y as spring approaches; you may surprise some one by making a "startling finish."

Personal and Local.

Kurtz, '03, was called home very unexpectedly, on March 15, because of the serious illness of his father. We have learned since that his father has died. The student body extends its sincere sympathy to Mr. Kurtz in his bereavement.

Appel, '02: "Doctor, do you know Rev. ——— is going to move to-morrow ?"

Dr. W.: "Yes, well."

Appel: "We're going over. If he has anything to drink, we'll stay and help; if not, we won't."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Appel, you move your tongue too much."

Dennis, '04, Geisinger, '03, Shimer, '03, and Shimer, '01, spent Sunday, March 24, at their respective homes.

Of late, it is said, Wuchter has made excellent recitations. He attributes it to the fact that his mind is more evenly balanced since he parts his hair in the middle.

Heckenberger, '02, spent his Easter vacation with friends in Newark, N. J., and New York, N. Y.

Fegely, '02, spent his vacation among the "high society" of Hamburg. We advise the appointment of Mr. Fegely as society editor of THE MUHLENBERG, as he is especially capable on account of his "social connections" here and elsewhere.

Dr. W. (to Scholl, '02): "If a bull rushed toward you, would you stop him with a pleasant speech?"

The irrepressible Appel, '02 (interrupting): "That's a bull-rush. Moses was in the bull-rushes."

Dr. W. (to Appel): "If a bull were to rush at *you*, I suppose *you'd* offer him a red-cheeked 'Appel.'"

The Sophomore Class elected Barndt captain, and Telford manager of their base-ball team.

Zerweck, '02, prefers "fasting" to "feasting."

Dr. W. (to Miller, '02): "Mr. Miller, if you don't stop, I must class you with that monkey Wieder."

Yoder, '01, has been strolling down Second street, Catasauqua, quite often of late. Be it far from us to discourage thee, Thomas: on the contrary, may the Fates remain propitious.

Dr. O. (to class in Psychology): "We can't suppress blushing."

Appel, '02: "I did already."

Dr. O.: "Well, then you can't be a 'maiden blush' apple (Appel)."

Keboch, '04 (translating Latin): "Cerberus makes these realms resound with his bark."

Dr. E.: "What kind of a bark?"

Keboch: "A small boat."

Nagel, '01: "Doctor, I'm afraid if I pass in German catechism, I'll be excommunicated from the Reformed Church."

Dr. B.: "Mr. Heckenberger, take the 6th."

Heckenberger, '02 (reading the problem): "If an eclipse, (ellipse) ——."

Dr. B.: "Be careful that it won't be an eclipse."

Dr. O.: "Mr. Lindenmuth, who was Dana?"

Lindenmuth, '02: "Well, Dana, he was a man, etc."

Heilig, '02, had a thrilling experience in the Delay, Linger & Wait Railroad wreck a short time ago.

Neff, '03, and Heckenberger, '02, spent Sunday, March 24, with friends at Nazareth and Bangor, Pa.

Hoffman (translating Latin): "I gave the last kisses."
Dr. E.: "Yes; put a little more vigor into them."

Heckenberger, '02, had better bear in mind that someone is watching his little game with the Business College girl from Catasauqua.

Bartholomew, '02, has just returned from the spring migration up country.

Woodring, '02, Kline, Nagle, and Wackernagel, '01, spent March 23 and 24 in Philadelphia. Through the kindness of friends they were shown through Mt. Airy Seminary and the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. W. (to Rupp): "How did Jeremiah and John the Baptist resemble each other?"
Rupp, '02.: "They had Roman noses."
Appel (official commentator for left end of room): "They had false teeth."

"Prof." Kistler (in Gym.): "What is next?"
Sultzbach, '04,: "The drops."
Kistler: "You had better drop on your book."

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., LL.D.,

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF MUHLENBERG COLLEGE.

With the death of Dr. Muhlenberg there has passed from the roll of the Ministerium of Pennsylvania the name with which the record of the first convention of this body began. For more than a century and a half the honored name of Muhlenberg has occupied a prominent place in the Lutheran Church in the United States. As a glergyman, a scholar, an educator, and as a man of eminent piety, Dr. Muhlenberg is held in high esteem by those who knew him. As one of his numerous students, who honor and revere his memory, I bear cheerful testimony to his uniform kindness, his excellent scholarship, and his eminent piety. "A prince in Israel has fallen," and his memory is revered by all those who sat at his feet in the formative period of their lives. Though dead, he yet speaks in the lives and labors of the men who enjoyed the benefits of his scholarship and his careful and conscientious instruction.

Frederick Augustus, a son of Frederick A. Muhlenberg, M.D., and a great-grandson of the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, was born at Lancaster, Pa., August 25, 1818. He received his preparatory training in the schools of Lancaster, and in 1833 entered the Sophomore Class of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, being one of the first students of the newly established institution. He, however, remained at Gettysburg only one year, when he became a student of Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa., graduating in 1836. He spent the year 1837-38 at Princeton Theological Seminary. After teaching for a time in a private academy, in 1839, he occupied a professorship in Franklin College, Lancaster, where he remained until the year 1850. At this time the Lutherans and Reformed separated their interests in Franklin College, and the funds which the Lutherans received were given to Pennsylvania College for the endowment of the "Franklin Professorship of Ancient Languages" in the latter institution.

Dr. Muhlenberg was nominated by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania for this professorship and was elected by the Board of Trustees. His removal to Gettysburg was hailed with joy by the friends of the college, as being a means of drawing to it the support and confidence of the Ministerium. The result proved that these expectations were well founded, for the number of students from the territory of the old Synod largely increased. He remained at Gettysburg for seventeen years, devoting his time chiefly to the teaching of Greek. In 1854 he entered the ministry, having been ordained by the Ministerium of Pennsylvania.

When the movements for establishing a college at Allentown were in progress, he was unanimously regarded as the most suitable person for its presidency. He hesitated long before he could decide to accept the call to the difficult position of organizing a new college. The call, as it first came to him, was duly considered, and, after a visit to Allentown, declined. It was afterwards repeated, and, under assurances which it is to be feared were more cheerfully made than energetically fulfilled, it was finally accepted. He left Gettysburg at the close of the scholastic year in 1867 and removed to Allentown. At the same time Pennsylvania College conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The new college at Allentown had received the honored name of his distinguished ancestor. Dr. Muhlenberg found the work of organizing a new college a most formidable undertaking. The arranging of a proper course of study, the selection of a competent faculty and provision for their support, the gathering of students and providing for their accommodation, provision for the endowment of the institution and friends to give their moral and financial support, these and countless other responsibilities, almost crushing in their nature, had to be assumed. All these new responsibilities presented a striking contrast to the quiet habits of the study and classroom at Gettysburg; but with his characteristic earnestness and conscientiousness he went to work, and in a short time he and the friends of the new institution could begin to see the results of faithful and prayerful labor. He had the confidence of the best men of the Church, and the assistance of those who labored earnestly and faithfully for the success of the new enterprise. Among those who shared with him the trials and labors of this enterprise is the present honored and esteemed head of the College, who at the beginning of his active life threw all his strength into the difficult work, and has, with many sacrifices, devoted his whole life to the welfare of Muhlenberg College.

After nine years of service, Dr. Muhlenberg, in 1876, resigned the presidency of the College and accepted the professorship of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of Pennsylvania, entering on his duties in January of the year 1877. Here, relieved of the exacting duties of his former position, he could again devote himself to those scholarly pursuits which were in perfect harmony with his natural inclinations. In 1888 he resigned his position in the University in order to take a much-needed rest, after an uninterrupted activity of nearly half a century. During his connection with the University the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him, in 1881, by Muhlenberg College and Franklin and Marshall, Lancaster.

After the severance of his connection with the University, he continued for over a year to reside in Philadelphia, using his increased leisure in activity in the general interests of the church and literary pursuits. A severe affliction in the home of one of his sons caused him to move to Reading in 1890, where he resided for a year. Here the same tireless activity characterized him as in preceding positions.

In 1891 he was elected president of Thiel College, Greenville, Pa., at a most critical period of its history. He took temporary charge of the institution in the fall of the year. He brought to the troubled institution his ripe scholarship and extensive experience in the work of education; and his presence was immediately followed by the strengthening of confidence in the college and by a new spirit of interest in the students. His long experience and conscientious discipline, his habits of order and gentlemanly dignity, won the esteem of the students and laid the foundation of a new career of prosperity for the institution. He had charge of the institution until the end of the year 1893, when he resigned and again removed to Reading, where he resided with his son until his death on Thursday, March 21, 1901, having attained the ripe age of nearly 83 years.

Dr. Muhlenberg was married, May 18, 1848, to Catharine Ann Muhlenberg, of Reading. She died November 5, 1894. His surviving children are: Ernest A., Dr. William F., and Henry M., of Reading, and Francis B., of Philadelphia.

Dr. Muhlenberg's active service as a professor and college president was extended over half a century and directly influenced thousands of young men, of whom many have or are now occupying positions of great responsibility in Church and State. Upon the great majority of these his personality, as a teacher and as a man, has left its permanent impress for good. In the colleges, in which he labored, his influence in shaping the course and giving tone and temper to them, will ever live. But among them all, none owes him such a debt of gratitude as the college which with him shares the name of his distinguished ancestor and for which he made great sacrifices in the earlier years of its existence, in order to place it in a position to do the work for which the Church called it into being. In Muhlenberg College the name of its first president will continue to live and exert an influence for good.

S. E. O.

Resolutions of the Faculty of Muhlenberg College.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call unto Himself His venerable and faithful servant, Rev. Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., LL.D.,

Resolved, That we, the Faculty of Muhlenberg College, do hereby record our high appreciation of the eminent and unselfish services which the departed rendered to the Church and the State. The life and the labors of Dr. Muhlenberg as preacher, professor, and first president of Muhlenberg College, have exerted a power for good that Omniscience alone can fully estimate; but its fruits are seen in the success of the institution whose destiny was first entrusted to his care, in the character and the achievements of the thousands of students who have sat at his feet, and above all in the reverence and the affection in which he was held by all who came within the influence of his genial and benignant personality.

As former students or as colleagues of Dr. Muhlenberg, we have lost a personal friend, whose modest bearing, ripe scholarship, Christian counsel and warm heart have made life more sweet and gracious for us.

Resolved, That as a mark of our sorrow and esteem the portrait of the deceased, in the College chapel, be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days; that recitations be suspended on the day of the burial; and that a committee of the Faculty attend the funeral.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Faculty, a copy be sent to the family, and the same be published in *The Lutheran* and THE MUHLENBERG.

Glee Glub Concert.

On Thursday evening, March 21, the College Glee Club gave a concert in Salem Reformed Chapel. All the numbers were well received. The club was very liberal with their selections, often responding two or three times. The chapel was well filled, which was encouraging to the club as well as to the student-body as a whole. The program was as follows:

PART I.

“Estudianatina,” . . . . *Lacrome.*
Glee Club.

Piano Solo—Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14, . . . *Mendelssohn.*
Mr. Acker.

Medley—Arr. by Serfass, '01.
Messrs. Henninger, Rupp, Geissinger, and Serfass.

Reading—“Advice to Husbands.”
Mr. Rupp.

“Doan You Cry, Ma Honey,” . . . . . . *Geibel.*
Glee Club.

Bass Solo—“Over the Ocean Blue,” . . . . *Petrie.*
Mr. Serfass.

“Now Hark the Welcome Music,”—Arr. by Macey.
Zobo Band.

PART II.

Violin Solo—“Romance,” . . . . . *Svendsen.*
Mr. Heilig.

Negro Medley—Arr. by C. F. Shattuck.
Glee Club.

Baritone Solo — *a.* “Thy Beaming Eyes,” . *MacDowell.*
b. “Canst Thou Leave Me Thus?” . *Gilchrist.*
Mr. Kline.

“A Topical Song,” . . . . *Adams.*
Quartet.

Reading—“A Yankee Courtship,”
Mr. Rupp.

Alma Mater—“Muhlenberg,” . . . . . *Kistler '95.*
Glee Club.

The patrons and patronesses were: Misses Ruth A. Bartholomew, Florence M. Haring, Julia Minninger, Lulu E. Swartz, Minnie M. Danner, Maude E. Berlin, Mabel Yost, Caroline J. Cooper, Linda Cooper, Evelyn B. Connor, Sadie B. Blank, Abbie E. Leisenring, Edna G. Erdman, of Allentown; Margaret H. Horne, of Bethlehem; Mesdames Philip Dowell, Alfred Saeger, Harvey H. Knerr, S. E. Ochsenford, G. T. Ettinger, J. A. Bauman, A. F. Peters, C. C. Esterly, B. Frank Mohr, Fred. W. Rapp, A. R. Bartholomew, J. F. Hunsicker, H. A. Jelly, Richard Beck, A. N. Lindenmuth, Messrs. J. F. Hunsicker, Harrison E. Ruhe, L. A. Peters, J. M. Grimley, F. P. Hunsicker, F. A. Arner, George W. Hunsicker, Oscar J. Acker, William C. Broadhead.

German Society.

The German Society of the Senior Class held its last regular meeting on Saturday morning, March 23. The object of this society is to become proficient in the use of the German language. Dr. Wackernagel is president of the society. After the program was rendered, each member gave a little farewell speech in which glowing tributes were paid to the esteemed president of the society. Die deutſche Geſellſchaft will always be dear to those who engaged in its spirited debates and helped to transact its business.

Granger Club.

The Granger Club which was but lately formed, is composed wholly of Seniors. The members of the club are Nagle, Hamm, Ruhe, Schofer, Fetherolf, J. M., and Fetherolf, W. P. On Friday evening, March 29, the members partook of a duck supper at the Duck Farm Hotel, Griesemersville. Nagle was toastmaster and toasts were responded to by each of the members.

Base-Ball.

As stated in our last issue, the prospects for a winning base-ball team are very bright. There are two or three candidates for every position, and this rivalry makes each applicant do the best possible work. The following men reported to Captain Beck on Wednesday afternoon, April 9: Catchers, Freed, Keller, and Spielman; pitchers, Drach, Youse, and DeLong; first base, Geiger, DeLong, and Worth; second base, Kriebel and Yoder; short stop, Beck and Lynn; third base, Barndt, Keboch, and Zerweck; outfielders, Neubert, Youse, Freed, Specht, Wieder and Shalter.

New suits have been ordered and are expected to arrive by Monday, April 15. The body of the suits will be steel grey in color with cardinal trimmings. The first game will be with Perkiomen Seminary on April 20.

Our Alumni.

'70.—From Milwaukee, Wis., Missionary Frick writes most hopefully. The congregation is making a special effort to reduce its large and hitherto burdensome indebtedness. The attendance at the church and Sunday-school services and the number present at Holy Communion have been most gratifying. "Have the largest class of catechumens in the history of the mission, and may confirm 23 of them and the rest in 1902. Have also an adult class and may start another soon. Lenten services are well attended. My catechumens give me much joy and hope." The mission, as usual, has been most liberal to the missionary and educational operations of the church.—*The Home Missionary.*

'71.—In *The Lutheran* of April 4 appears the address made by Rev. J. F. Ohl, Mus. Doc., before the Convention of Church Musicians in New York City, entitled " Where Must We Begin to Improve the Quality of the Music Used in Our Churches ?"

'73.—St. John's Church, of Slatington, Pa., Rev. J. S. Erb, pastor, is about to furnish a fine two-manual organ to adorn its beautiful house of worship. Already the funds required are almost in sight to secure by the 20th of May the coveted prize. The congregation will probably celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its pastor's entrance into the ministry at the same time.—*The Lutheran.*

'73.—At the Philadelphia Sunday-school Convention, held March 21 in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Rev. Charles J. Hirzel, pastor, Rev. Charles L. Fry, '78, spoke on "How to Attract the Young to the Sanctuary."

'73.—After a leave of absence of nearly four months, Rev. William H. Myers, of Reading, Pa., resumed his work on March 11, and received a hearty welcome from his people.

'74.—M. C. L. Kline, Esq., president of the Lehigh Valley Trust and Safe Deposit Co., has been elected an auditor of the Lehigh County Democratic Committee.

'81.—Rev. Charles E. Sandt, of Allentown, has presented a copy of Chamber's Encyclopedia, 10 vols., to the Academic Department of the College.

'83.—Dr. W. A. Sadtler, of Chicago, has informed the official board of Wartburg Seminary, Dubuque, Ia., of his acceptance of the call to the English professorship and of his intended removal to Dubuque, about the middle of August next.

'84.—At Anderson, Ind., Missionary Finck is gathering means to pay for the completion of the church building as they proceed. They have experienced the hardships connected with paying interest in addition to their other necessary expenses. The frescoing is done and paid for. The contract is let for finishing the inside woodwork. A class of nine catechumens is in preparation for confirmation, and others will be added to strengthen the mission.—*The Home Missionary.*

'85.—On Tuesday, February 19, 1901, the Bible Class of Salem Sunday-school, Bethlehem, with an enrollment of about 150, held its annual reunion and election of officers. Owing to illness, the teacher of the class, Rev. W. Hoppe, was prevented from being present. Pastoral duties kept him away from the sessions of the school until last Sunday, March 10. After the lesson the pastor was taken by surprise. He is finishing his eighth year as pastor of Salem. While attending to other duties, the treasurer of the class, Mr. C. A. Wilson, for the class and the Teachers' Association, in well-chosen words attracted his attention and presented him with a token of love and esteem from the workers in the Sunday-school. The gift, which proved to be a gold piece for each year of service during the present pastorate, was highly appreciated, and served to further establish the pleasant relations between pastor and people.—*The Lutheran.*

'85.—Dr. Howard S. Seip is a member of the Board of Health of Allentown, Pa.

'86.—At Boston, Mass., the work is going forward under Missionary Keever. A new location has been secured, a lot more centrally located with a mansion, which has been converted into a parsonage. As soon as the old church building and lot are sold, a new church will be erected. If this can be done without involving the congregation in an interest-bearing debt, we can look for new and larger developments. The mission now numbers 157 communicants and had a number of additions on Easter. The Luther League numbers 42, and over $300 were contributed by the mission for all purposes during the last quarter.—*The Home Missionary.*

'86.—The Lutheran congregation bearing the name Ridge Valley Church, and served by Rev. J. H. Waidelich, of Sellersville, brought their pastor a token of the high appreciation in which he and his pastoral services are held, in the form of a letter and a well-filled purse, as a birthday gift on March 17. It was through the pastor's wise counsels and untiring efforts that a separation of this congregation from the union church was effected, and the letter is an interesting evidence of the estimate which the members have placed on this successful achievement. They now worship in an attractive church home which they can call their own, and new life and energy have been added to the congregation—a consummation devoutly to be wished for in the case of many other parishes.—*The Lutheran.*

'87.—*The Lutheran* of March 28 contains an interesting article on "Reuben's Half-Measures," from the pen of Rev. John W. Richards, of Lancaster, Pa.

'89.—Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, Pa., contributes a very interesting article on "Japan, the Island Empire of the East," to *The Lutheran* of April 4.

'91.—*The Home Missionary*, in its last issue, speaks very highly of Rev. M. J. Bieber's work at Binghamton, N. Y.

'91.—At a special service, held on March 26, St. Paul's Lutheran Congregation, of Great Bend, Pa., cancelled its mortgage. Rev. W. W. Kistler, of Coopersburg, Pa., preached the sermon.

'93.—Rev. F. W. Wackernagel, '94, of Millersville, Pa., on Tuesday evening, March 12, delivered a lecture at Emmanuel Lutheran Church, Lancaster, Pa., Rev. P. Geo. Sieger, '93, pastor, before the Young People's Society, on "Church Hymns; Their Use and Abuse."

'94.—Mr. George S. Opp, organist of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Rev. C. J. Hirzel, pastor, rendered a free organ recital in the church on Tuesday evening, March 19, 1901, under the auspices of the "American Organ Players' Club."

'94.—Max S. Erdman, Esq., has registered with the Democratic Executive Committee as a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney of Lehigh County, Pa.

'94.—Malcolm W. Gross, Esq., Allentown, is Deputy Register of Wills of Lehigh County.

'95.—A new bell was dedicated on Sunday, March 24, by St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Summit Hill, Pa., Rev. J. Victor Bauer, pastor. Revs. Dr. W. M. Rehrig, '79, and J. W. Mattern assisted in the services.

'95.—Rev. E. H. Kistler has been assigned to the congregation formerly served by him at Lehighton, Pa.

'95.—At the suggestion of the missionary society of Brooklyn, Rev. L. D. Lazarus canvassed the Vanderveer Park District during Passion Week of 1898, and held the first English Lutheran service in the Bergen homestead, Flatbush avenue, on Easter Sunday, April 10, at 4 P. M. Rev. L. D. Gable, of the seminary class of '98, was called as missionary, and preached his introductory sermon on June 19. On November 19, 1898, the congregation was organized, and by May 1900, the people resolved to support the work without any further aid from the missionary society. By this time they had purchased a lot and erected a neat chapel on the corner of Newkirk and East Twenty-eighth street. The congregation now numbers 85 members, 54 of whom united since the consecration of the church in May, 1900. A class of 20 and a number of families united at Easter. The success and stability of the congregation is assured. The majority of the membership were not drawn, as is so often supposed, from our German Lutheran churches, but from people who had been for years without any church connection, and from other denominations. Start missions in neglected districts.—*The Home Missionary.*

'95.—Rev. Frederick C. Krapf, of Elizabeth, N. J., has translated one of Gerok's hymns on Confirmation. It appears in *The Lutheran* of April 4.

'96.—Three years ago the work at Rockville Centre, N. Y., was started. No Lutheran church had ever been established and most of our people had united with other churches. A few faithful ones determined to make an earnest effort.

Rev. Steinbicker was called. An abandoned but recently erected Congregational church, well located, was purchased for the small sum of $2000. The scattered people were gathered in and others returned to the fold. The work is moving forward very encouragingly.—*The Home Missionary.*

'96.—Among the speakers appointed for graduation-day at the Mount Airy Lutheran Theological Seminary are S. A. Bridges Stopp, '96, George I. Lenker, '98, and William S. Heist, '98.

Literary.

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

In these days a novelty in the way of a book is a rarity. Such is Ernest Seton-Thompson's work, "Wild Animals I Have Known." The stories of the comedies and tragedies of animal life are related with sympathetic touch. The psychological sympathy with the characters is extraordinary. The lucid style testifies that the author is a genius. Scarcely a sentence in the entire book is superfluous. Extreme delight is in store for *every* reader, especially for the young, in whom it develops observation. Not only is the author a naturalist and clever writer, but an artist of eminent ability. The wide margins are filled with delectable sketches which supplement the thought in a most interesting manner, and it is a feature which many writers might well emulate. A more wonderful story than that of Lobo's cunning cannot be found. Bingo's life may appropriately be called a classic. The human family had its fictitious "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The canine family had this character in reality in "Wully, the yaller dog." Few things can equal old "Turkeytrack's Capture of the Pacing Mustang." Who can read "Raggylug" without being full of tender feelings towards the wild friends of the woods that know how to "lay low" and "say nothing" and to "freeze." "Silverspot" is a *rara avis* and exceptionally sagacious. "The Springfield Fox" is a true representative of his family, showing remarkable intelligence and feeling. The book serves its purpose most admirably. Lovers of good reading, both young and old, find in it not only an interesting denouement, a predominant characteristic of many novels, but in addition thereto pleasing thought and language.

Marie Corelli has purchased an old-fashioned gabled house in middle Stratford-on-Avon, known as "Mason Croft," and has decided to settle in the old town. She is now beginning a book which she expects to have ready before the summer holidays, and to be published in fall.

Rev. H. D. Rawnsley's volume, "Memories of the Tennysons," is a book of frank reminiscence and appreciation by three good friends of the poet, Canon Rawnsley himself and his brother and father. Its interest lies chiefly in minute descriptions of the Somersby scenery, from which Tennyson gained his deepest and most lasting impressions of Nature. One may distrust the accuracy of this topographical survey, and yet its results are interesting. The line,—

"Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire,"

gains a kind of documentary respectability when one learns that it is an instance of "accurate memory of the poet's old haunts," and that "it happens that from Bag-Enderby Manor House to the Spilsby Road, near Harrington, the main footpath runs along by a hedge in which grow a number of very large and aged laburnum trees," which "at the flowering time of the year must have been, when the Tennysons were lads, an almost unique feature in local scenery." Of considerable interest are the reminiscences of the Tennysons collected from the Somersby villagers, who incidentally attest the untruthfulness of "The Northern Farmer." Tennyson's father, the vicar, was remembered as "fond of tobaccer, he was; and as for his sermons i' church, they were ower good and ower short." Canon Rawnsley's description of Tennyson's curious delivery of his own verse is very vivid. When he read,—

"Bury the Great Duke with an Empire's lamentation,"

how he lengthened out the vowel *a* in the words "great and lamentation" till the words seemed as if they had been spelt "greaat" and "lamentaation," and how he rolled out and lengthened the open *o*'s in the words,

"To the nooise of the moourning of a mighty naation;"

nor shall I cease to remember the way in which, as he approached the end of the line,—

"Warriors carry the warrior's pall,"

one felt as if the whole procession was in a kind of slow trot, or rather one seemed to see that curious up-and-down motion a great line of men makes on the march. Of the poet's brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, we learn that, while he wrote in the morning the sonnets his greater brother admired, he subjected them to a severe post-prandial criticism. "If it runs and sounds well after dinner," he said, "I pass it." The book is illustrated with portraits and some twenty half-tone scenes of the countryside in the neighborhood of Somersby, of the churches and farmhouses and village scenes with which Tennyson's name is associated.—*New York Post.*

Exchanges.

A gentleman who was unexpectedly called upon to address an audience, by way of preface to his remarks and the opportunity it gave him to collect his thoughts, said, "Well, what shall I talk about?" A member of that ever-ready class, the small boy, who sat in a rear row, of course, shouted, "What you know." Now this is a good rule for a speaker, and likewise a writer, and a rule which has not been observed by our collegian litterateurs, at least in some lines of their work.

Of the exchanges secured before going to print we selected ten as representative of college journalism and literature, and classified the productions, finding that they contained thirty prose compositions, three sets of short prose sketches, and eleven poetic effusions. Of the thirty prose compositions, twenty were excellent essays, consisting of seven essays of criticism on music, art, and poetry; four were historical, the same number were economic, and one biographical. The remaining ten consisted of seven miscellaneous tales, two stories of romance, and one oration. Now, we aren't going to find fault with the writing of the biographical, critical, historical, and economic essays which are the result of the training the writers are receiving, the expression of what they have studied and assimilated; but we do object to the settings of the prose tales and the three sets of prose sketches. for they with a single exception ("Truth Crushed to Earth" from the *Mt. Holyoke*) have nothing about them which stamps them as coming from collegians. They might be written by any sort of writers. Of course, this month's product may be an exception and other months may have a surfeit of stories where characters and incidents are those based on college life.

Then there is the lack of the humorous and the witty in prose compositions. And yet, who doubts that these colleges have men who can hit off many a good article on college life? College life is full of fun. For some it is one big, hearty laugh. Why don't some one put this fun on paper? It surely isn't so evanescent that it can't stand transplanting. If it is evanescent it differs wonderfully from that fun which has made the Harvard *Lampoon* the most talked-of college paper for the last quarter of a century.

Where is the satirist? He could find many a phase, many a character about a college to make famous. The hollow-eyed bookworm, the haggard poler, the dopey plodder, the stupid interliner, the gay bluffer, the shrill debater, the would-be poet, the imposing athlete, patronizing well-to-do student, the reserved poor one, the shy contestant for prizes, and a half hundred others are as familiar as can be but imperfectly pictured. Ah, yes, ye frowsy collegian worshipers of the Muses, after ye have written your half dozen essays on "Virtue," "Courage," "Independence," etc., narrated a half dozen of the world's greatest events, decided the fate of the nation and settled municipal questions standing for a century by your dissertations, you will still have time and can with profit turn to your college surroundings. "The proper study of mankind is man." Here is a gold mine for the keen nature student's pencil. Here is a company as varied as that which followed the Host of the Tabard.

"Undiscovered," a poem in the *Sibyl*, is the prettiest expression of that old, old thought, "Full many a gem," etc., that has yet appeared.

Delaware College Review has but one article of general interest, but that compels attention. "Two Greek Runners" is a thrilling description of a thrilling event.

"Wordsworth's Art" in the *Ursinus Bulletin* and "Wordsworth's Flowers" in the *Sibyl* are excellent critical essays.

"Blind Folks and Authors" in the *Mount Holyoke* is written decidedly to our liking and is the best thing in literary criticism we have come across. "Two Dark Days" from the same, is a page not from the diary of an individual but from that of the race.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

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Three Years Later.

A. W. ROHRIG, '03.

It wanted but an hour and the members of the Senior class would bid each other a last farewell. The course at the college was completed and here their ways, which for four years had been identical in almost all respects, would part. All the members of the class, with one exception, were able to complete their work without a hindrance. Yet now, as they were gathered together a last time in Hampton's room, where so many of their meetings were held, the walls of which had reëchoed with their boyish laughter and resounded with their class and college yells, their thoughts reverted to that day when the most promising of their number, who by his noble traits had endeared himself to everyone, was obliged to part from them,—renounce his ambitions and fondest hopes, to follow duty's call. Jim was missed by all, but by no one more than by Ed Hampton. And now the boys were living the last four years over again. This done, their thoughts turned to the future, thinking only of its hopes and prospects, forgetful or unmindful of its uncertainties. Some were going to pursue their studies elsewhere with the hope of fitting themselves for one of the professions, others expected to get into the strife and turmoil of business activity, and so all had expressed their views but Ed Hampton. Naturally the discussion turned his way. " Well, boys," said Ed, in answer to the many inquiries that reached him, "I'm going to the Seminary, and some day I hope to be able to preach the Gospel." As they looked up into his earnest face they realized that he meant it. "You know it was Jim's desire to become a missionary; but owing to a series of unfortunate circumstances, well known to you all, he was prevented. Since then I've been deeply pondering, and I feel that I'm wanted. The cry has come again and again, 'come over into Macedonia and help us,' and I can't refuse where divine duty calls me." And so they parted, the bright hopes of the future alone buoying up their fallen spirits in this sad hour of separation.

Three years later, on a hot day in July, a young clergyman boarded the train at the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Philadelphia. He was slowly and carefully passing along the aisle of the car, umbrella in his right hand and a small grip in the left, when someone called out, "Well, Hampton, I'm glad to see you!" Looking around he faced a fine young fellow of powerful build, whose dark-brown eyes sparkled with a real pleasure which seemed to light up the entire face.

"Why, Burmeister, is that you? This is indeed a happy occurrence! How far are you going?"

"Pittsburg. Where are you bound for?"

"Chicago. That'll give us a chance to talk over matters since we last met, or, better, since we parted over three years ago."

"I saw from the papers, Hampton, that you intended going to India. How's this you're going to Chicago?"

"Well, Burmeister, there's something of a romance back of it all. Of course, you remember Jim. He wishes to settle down, and so he invited me to be present at his wedding. Not content with this, he wishes me to perform the ceremony ere I depart for India."

"You don't say! That's interesting, indeed; and as you no doubt know all the details and I am anxious to learn something about Jim since he left us in his Junior year, promise me that, as we go along, you'll tell the story?"

And so Hampton promised, and having made himself comfortable, proceeded:

"You will remember that Jim was a first-class telegrapher, and so, when called home on account of his widowed mother's sickness, he immediately secured a position as operator at an unimportant railroad station. The pay was small, but as the position gave him the opportunity to acquire a good knowledge of details, he was fully satisfied with it and felt that he was learning something which would enable him to command a salary, at some time in the near future, which would be sufficiently large to keep his mother and himself quite comfortable. His mother gained strength slowly, and he knew that she would never again become her former self. So he gave up all his hopes and ambitions, determined to work for her alone to secure her old age against want. She looked quite worn-out at times. And, then, a great fear came over him that, perhaps, he might soon lose this mother, who was so dear to him. At such moments he worked all the more earnestly, never tiring in his zeal and effort to master the thing which he had set out to learn.

"A year passed and we see Jim standing before his mother, his face glowing with pleasure and anticipation—a two-fold pleasure, for not alone is he rejoiced that his mother is saved, but he is pleased at the fact as well that a better position is awaiting him. He is to leave the next morning, for the general superintendent of the railroad desires to see him to assign him to his new duties. He is to have entire charge of a station. The next morning Jim was about early and bid his mother an affectionate good-bye. With his mother's blessing he hurries forward light-heartedly. As he gets off his train he looks about, and while thus studying what to do his eyes fall on a lady plainly dressed in black, carrying a rather large grip. She seems to be looking for some one, but not seeing the object of her search, appears undecided what to do. Jim realizes her situation at a glance. She had expected to find a carriage or someone in waiting, but was disappointed in this. She is about to set out alone, when Jim promptly comes forward and offers her his services. She casts a glance at the intelligent, manly face before her and graciously accepts his help. They walk along silently until they arrive at her home, where he barely gives her time to thank him before he is off.

"At the general superintendent's office he is assigned to his duties, and departs on the very next train to assume charge of the station. As time goes by, Jim has opportunity again and again to be of service to others. He also has demonstrated to his superiors that he is a valuable man, far more intelligent than the average station agent, and that he can be depended upon. One day a train comes in and, as customary, he hastems to perform his duties, receiving the expressage and baggage, and, in return, putting on what he has for the train. His attention is attracted by a gruff voice, and, looking up, he beholds an old man vainly trying to board the train while the bullying and indolent conductor stands idly by and urges him on with such remarks: 'Hurry up there, old gent; get a move on!' The poor old man only becomes the more confused and less able to obey the fellow's loud command.

Just at this moment Jim rushes up and helps the old gentleman into the train. Quickly the train pulls out and by him, but not rapidly enough to prevent a lady in black, who noticed the entire proceeding, from catching a glimpse of his face as the train sped by.

"The next day he is surprised to receive a letter from the general superintendent, asking his immediate presence at his office. 'Well, what now,' silently meditates our friend. 'I am sure that something is up, for I have always heard it said that, when one gets those short and peremptory notices, something is going to happen. And, yet, I am not aware of having committed anything that would deserve it.' With firm heart and clear conscience he boldly takes the next train to obey the order. He feels that he is innocent of any wrong, and this thought gives him courage to face the general superintendent without dread. As he enters the office he nevertheless meets with a surprise, and an unlooked-for sight meets his eyes. There, in a chair, sits the elderly lady in black, whom he had the opportunity to serve more than a year ago. His superior, however, greets him with a hearty hand-shake and makes him comfortable. After a few casual remarks the general superintendent asks, 'Well, my boy, I suppose you are wondering what I want with you?' 'Yes,' replied Jim, 'I was a little surprised and somewhat anxious to learn what it could be that demanded my presence here so suddenly and unexpectedly.' 'I can easily answer that. I'd like to find out how much you know in general and about railroading in particular.' So saying, he began a thorough examination. After it was all over, he said, 'You've done well, and as I'm in need of a man right here, I'd like you to come on to accept the position. Are you agreed?' And Jim was.

"A year later we see Jim as division superintendent, having his office next to that of the general superintendent. Not content with this he has determined to step into still closer relations with his superior by securing him for his father-in-law. You have, no doubt, by this time guessed who the lady in black was. It was none other than the wife of the general superintendent. His kind act to her had not been forgotten, and when she saw him later and was an unnoticed witness to his kind act she eagerly brought the matter to her husband's attention, with the foregoing result."

A Thorough Preparation for Your Calling.

J. O. SCHLENKER, '83.

A thorough preparation is to success what a good foundation is to a building. There is no royal road to success. Before we build the temple we must gather and prepare the wood, stone, iron, brass, gold, and silver; and before we build our temple of success, we must gather and prepare the material. A gourd may spring up in a night, but it will also perish in a day, while the mighty oak, which defies the storms, grows slowly but strongly. When we build a house we begin at the foundation, and the higher the structure the broader and deeper must be the foundation. During his college years the young man lays the foundation; let it be deep and strong.

He who would rule must first learn to obey. He who would run must first learn to walk. So also, if we desire to honor our calling, and be successful in life, we must be thoroughly trained, well prepared, and equipped for it. In all the vocations of life there are plenty of commonplace men; but there is always room at the top of the ladder, and he who would reach the top must begin at the bottom. Germany had many statesmen but only one Bismark; England had many lords but only one Gladstone ; America had many great men, but only one Washington. There were many reformers but only one Luther. A young man may become a lawyer, doctor, preacher, merchant, or mechanic, without a thorough preparation, but if he wants to become truly great in his chosen calling, he must undergo a thorough training.

Let no one think that time spent in the preparation for a calling is wasted. The time and money spent in preparation are an investment which pays compound interest and high dividends besides. Many men have spent the greater and better part of life in preparation for some *great*, *final*, *crowning* act. So it was with the great artists, statesmen, inventors, philosophers, scientists, reformers, and discoverers of all ages. The greater part of the life of Michael Angelo was spent in preparation to paint the "Last Judgment." Fulton spent many of his best years to prepare himself for the building of the first steamboat. Socrates spent his whole life to get at one truth " the immortality of the soul." The whole life of

Columbus was spent in preparation for that one voyage to the new world. Luther devoted most of his life to prepare himself for that supreme moment when he appeared at the diet in Worms to say, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, God help me. Amen."

Let him, therefore, who seeks success be earnest, conscientious, and faithful in his preparation. Let him do thorough work, and he has prospects, some day, of becoming a leader among men in his calling. He may enter his profession a few years later, but the world will hear of him when he gets there.

The Sleeping Intellectual Giant.

His classmates view with envious eyes
The student who is wondrous wise,
And great in his ability;
For well they know he can surpass
The brightest members of his class,
And if his mighty mind once tries,
Their efforts then for any prize
Must end in weak futility.

His record always has been low,
But that's because—why, don't you know?—
He does not study hard nor try;
But if his slumbering powers awake,
If once the notion he should take
To work as hard as So-and-So,
He far above all heads would go,
And lift his record to the sky,

Arthur L. Smith, '03.

Justice for John Jay, Diplomat.

CLAUDE T. RENO, '04.

"Few men in any country, perhaps scarce one in this, have filled a larger space, and few have passed through life with such perfect purity, integrity, and honor."—*Judge Jones.*

There are several characters in American history that have received what they did not merit in exceedingly generous quantities, and who failed to secure to any reasonable degree that which their lofty motives, their high-minded endeavors, and their patriotic services so fully and amply deserved. Men whose names should to-day be untarnished have been literally besmirched by their own countrymen. Men who should receive the highest praise and the loftiest admiration must rest content with the soulless, insincere, and lukewarm regard of posterity. Men who have dedicated their best years, their most difficult accomplishments, and their constant devotion to the altars of their country's progress and welfare, have come down to us having attached to their names and memories an opprobrium which in the light of truth is unjustifiable. Prominent among these is the name of John Jay, that patriotic revolutionary leader, that wise statesman, that astute diplomat, the learned and profound justice.

That a man of his abilities and his achievements should bequeath to posterity a reputation so blackened is indeed a mystery. Yet, when we recollect that all this was due, not to any shortcoming on his part, but rather to the critical and fault-finding nature of his political enemies, the reason therefor becomes evident. The same partisanship which to-day ruins the reputation of many honest men, while it fails to expose those deserving of exposure, held sway in the early days of the Republic. And to this more than to anything else is due the contempt in which he is ofttimes held and which makes him a sullied figure in so many of our histories. If people can be rightly accused of reading history with their prejudices rather than with their senses, then our historians are to some degree culpable. Too many historians are prone to write a history as a realist writes a novel. While it is necessary for a historian to be true and accurate, it is unnecessary that he should state that the effigy of a great and good man was dragged through the streets of our country, unless at the same time he is willing to state that the man in question was misunderstood and that in the end time itself vindicated his measures and doctrines.

Of the life and character of Jay very little need be said. Of his patriotic and whole-souled efforts in the early days of the Revolution; of his untiring devotion to the Confederacy a little later; and of his term as Chief Justice, the country is fully informed. In connection with these services very little objection could be found, nor was any made. It was only after John Jay represented his country abroad and there displayed and exercised those masterly abilities, securing for us concession after concession from trained European diplomats, that his enemies, fearing the Presidency might become his for the mere asking, stirred up those demonstrations against him which have unhappily left their strong impress upon posterity. And so it is of his achievements in the field of diplomacy that we would mostly dwell.

John Jay's first foreign mission was as a minister to Spain, whither he was sent by Congress in 1779 for the purpose of securing a treaty from that nation, which would acknowledge America's independence from British domination, and also grant to Americans the free navigation of the Mississippi River in its entirety, offering in exchange for that valued privilege to cede Florida to the Spanish court. It must be remembered that after America had proclaimed itself independent, that France and Spain united to aid America in her struggle for a national existence, though for no other reason except that they hated England more than they hated America. The nobility of France and Spain had nothing to gain by the victory of American arms, except that an American victory meant a British defeat. Indeed, had they realized that the grand spirit of freedom which had so nobly asserted itself at Concord, Bunker Hill, and Lexington would cross the seas and in their own land set up and operate the guillotine whilst it razed the Bastile to the ground, we wonder whether their gold would not have been directed elsewhere. But, soon after Burgoyne's surrender France and Spain concluded a treaty designed to repay both nations for the treasure they had expended. Spain, as usual, received the lion's share, and all the land lying west of the Allegheny ridge to the Mississippi and south of Canada was to become hers at the conclusion of the struggle. Naturally America very soon manifested her disfavor of any such plans, and to treat in accordance with the aforesaid instructions Jay sailed for Spain, where he arrived in 1780. But after months of hard labor, which brought no material results, during which time Cornwallis surrended, and exposure to such insults as only Spaniards can and would offer, he was at length ordered to proceed to Paris, there to assist in concluding a peace between Great Britain and the United States.

It was in connection with this treaty that Jay exercised those rare abilities, that astuteness, that sagacity, that wisdom which must always characterize good diplomacy and which branded John Jay as a successful diplomat. To understand the immensity of his labors and the brilliancy of his achievements, we must understand the conditions under which he and his colleagues (Adams, Franklin, and Laurens) were forced to labor. First, there was a compact between the United States, Spain, and France that neither would make a treaty without the common consent. These latter powers each had a selfish end in view. Besides this, Franklin was disposed to place explicit and unlimited confidence in De Vergennes, the French minister, whose selfish schemes Jay readily and very early fathomed. Furthermore, there were other complications and difficulties, and Great Britain desired to make independence the one question to be discussed and treated. But Jay insisted that the victory of our arms secured our independence and that the King should acknowledge that fact by proclamation. In fact, Jay sought a treaty which should be permanent; which would give us free navigation of the Mississippi and the land bordering on its east; and which would grant us the usage of the Newfoundland fisheries. About this time Franklin fell ill, and Jay, with the full approbation and hearty support of that sage, continued the negotiations, of which he was henceforth the very life. Finally a treaty agreeable to us and one which secured all that had been sought was secured, signed, and ratified. The honor attached in securing such a treaty in the face of so many odds and in spite of so many difficulties belongs solely and wholly to one man—John Jay.

But the United States had hardly become a reality when violations of this treaty by both parties became frequent. Great Britian still occupied some of the western posts contrary to the terms of the treaty, and besides, had during its war with France adopted a policy generally ruinous to American trade and commerce. America, too, had violated several sections—one especially, which made the United States liable for payment of certain English private debts, and hence it became highly necessary to conclude another treaty. Hence Chief Justice Jay was sent to England as a special envoy for the purpose of arranging new terms. There, after a comparatively short time, he succeeded in contracting a treaty which, while it was not altogether what was so earnestly desired, was nevertheless the best possible. (For the sake of brevity the various details are ommitted.) However, before the contents were made public, the Republican-Democrats found it convenient to raise a cry against its terms, and the cry, "Crucify Jay! Crucify Jay!" seems to have become their watchword. In Philadelphia his effigy was placed in the pillory and then burned; New York showed its wrath by burning his picture in the Bowery; and the Bostonians passed resolutions—as is the way of Boston—condemning the treaty. All Robert Treat Paine, the New York patriot, could utter was, "D—— John Jay!" And all this before the terms were known! It is therefore manifest that it was not Jay or his treaty to which the people objected, but to any treaty with England. However, the Senate ratified it, and the House, after a prolonged debate in which Fisher Ames delivered his famous speech on the "Sanctity of Treaties," passed a bill for carrying its terms into effect, though only after Speaker Muhlenberg had cast the deciding vote. The treaty then became the law of the land, and it was not long before the people realized that Jay's treaty had, after all, some points to recommend it to the favor of the people. Its term allayed an armed struggle between America and England until 1812—twenty years, during which America was able to prepare itself for another struggle with the British lion.

Over a hundred years lie between us and the date of Jay's treaty, and the partisanship of that time has died with the mouldering of those who created it. The effect of Jay's work is understood and appreciated, and there is no longer a good reason why a man of his genius, his abilities, his resources should be exposed to the ruthless calumny of the very men who should honor him most. There is a genuine need of a greater respect for the men who made our country what it is —who breathed the breath of life into our national being and gave it form and shape. Let us read history and honor them who merit honor. If any one of the "fathers" is entitled to unlimited praise, unstinted encomiums, abiding veneration, and freely bestowed honor, that man is John Jay. His life was devoted to the common weal—let us devote the first place in our hearts to his sacred memory!

A Plea for the Greek Testament.

R. R. FRITSCH, '00.

IV.

In this last paper I propose to treat the subject in the same way as in the former papers, namely, by citing some examples, which, I trust, may interest some one who has hitherto been indifferent to the treasures of that literary casket, the Greek Testament. The etymology of a single word has occasionally captivated a person, who ever thereafter became interested in that department of language study. I only hope that in like manner some word, simple as it may appear in English, but pregnant with beautiful, hidden, or figurative meaning in the original, may attract the mind of some one to examine for himself the possibilities of an hour's serious study of the Greek Testament text.

In the English language there are a great many words which are taken bodily from another language and used as English words in their original form and usually retaining their original meaning, though at times somewhat modified. As examples of what I mean let me mention the words "automaton" and "parabola" from the Greek; "élite," "séance," and "etiquette" from the French; "steppe" and "ukase" from the Russian; "armada" and "matador" from the Spanish. In the Greek Testament we find several such words translated into English by other words. If we take the original Greek word and put it in its original form into the English text we get an interesting reading, even though it be not a more instructive one. Let us spend some time in finding such words. Take Eph. 5:19, where we have the phrase "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." Literally it reads, "in psalms and hymns and spiritual *odes*." In Luke 16:26 we read, "there is a great gulf fixed;" literally, "there is a great *chasm* fixed." In Romans 10:7 we read, "Who shall descend into the deep?" literally, "Who shall descend into the *abyss?*" meaning Hades. One of the most interesting examples is found in 1 Cor. 13:12, where we read, "we see through a glass darkly," literally, "we see through a glass *in an enigma*." In Luke 24:1 we read, "bringing the spices which they had prepared;" literally, "bringing the *aromas* which they had prepared." In

Matt. 9:16 we read of the rent in the garment; literally, the *schism*, which word is now applied to divisions in an organized religious body. In Col. 1: 29 we read, "Whereunto I also labour, striving according to his working;" literally, "Whereunto I also labour, *agonizing* according to his *energy*." In Heb. 12:4 we read, "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin;" literally, "*antagonizing* sin." In Acts 8:11 we read, "He had bewitched them with sorceries;" literally, "with *magic*." In Acts 26:24 we read, "Much learning doth make thee mad;" literally, "Much learning turneth thee into a *mania*." In 2 Pet. 1:16 we read, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables;" literally, "cunningly devised *myths*." In 2 Cor. 3:18 we read, "We are changed into the same image;" literally, "We are *metamorphosed*," changed in our inner nature as completely as rocks are changed when undergoing the proccess of metamorphosis. In Eph. 6:11 we read, "Put on the whole armour of God;" literally, "Put on the panoply of God." So examples might be multiplied which, to say the least, are intensely interesting.

In Matt. 22:34 there is an example of a word which, if literally translated, conveys a much stronger idea than the English rendering. The clause in which it is used reads, "He had put the Sadducees to silence;" literally, "He had *muzzled* the Sadducees." Nearly all the adherents of the sect of the Pharisees and Sadducees were enemies of Christ, who harrassed him at every opportunity, judging from the literal meaning of the word in question, much like dogs which have the habit of attacking every pedestrian who may come within their reach. And as a muzzled dog may bark and snap at a wayfarer and still can do him no harm, so the Sadducees with all their evil speaking could harm neither Christ nor the cause for which He came into the world.

The word in the New Testament for soul is "psysche." Strange to say, the same word in classic Greek means butterfly, since the latter is "an emblem of the immortal soul by reason of its passing through a kind of death in the chrysalis form." If it is not too late to bring up anew Easter thoughts, we can find, as summer is approaching, a beautiful analogy between those sprites of the air and the soul. For as the caterpiller, by nature almost inseparable from the earth, seem to have died an ignominious death when it has passed into its pupal condition, but in the fulness of time is transformed into a most beautiful creature, in correspondence with a new part of the universe, flitting toward the sun, so the soul, by nature groveling, as it were, along the earth, seems to have died an ignominious death as the body decays into common dust. But, see! In the fullness of time, on the Resurrection Morn, a new body, incorruptible, comes forth, better fitted as the dwelling of the immortal soul; a new world appears, with old things passed away, fit abode for the new body and soul.

"This spirit shall return to Him
  Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity
Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from death!"

And now let me bring to a close this series of papers, the preparation of which has given me so much pleasure, to say nothing of profit. The final thought I wish to express in the words of Dr. Hayes, which, at the same time, will illustrate another passage, found in John 5:39, "Erannate tas graphas," "Search the Scriptures," one of our Master's commands. Homer had used the verb long before it came into our New Testament. In the eighteenth book of the Iliad Homer tells how the stag-hunter has stolen the whelps of the lioness from the thick forest, and then how the lioness goes through many valleys tracking the footsteps of the man, if anywhere she may find him; for she is possessed, beside herself with keen rage and grief. You see what a strong word that was from the beginning of its use in the Greek literature. Our Lord chose that word for His command. He said that we ought to search the Scriptures as the lioness searches for her stolen whelps and the thief who has made way with them. Imagine all the earnestness of the brute mother's heart, all the intentness of that tracking through many valleys without thought of rest or food, or anything but the recovery of the little ones, the greatest treasure of her life, in the search for which, therefore, she is more than willing to lay down her life. Then put all that force into the verb of our Lord's command. We are to search the Scriptures tirelessly, intently, unceasingly, just like that.

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Editorials.

By the death of the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Sadtler the second president of Muhlenberg College has passed away. Little did we think in commenting upon the death of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg in our last issue that the death of another president would follow so soon.

Viewing the lives of both of these distinguished and scholarly men in their relation to our institution, we can speak naught but praise and thankfulness for their labors in its behalf.

The undertaking of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg to found a Lutheran school of commendable parts proved a work requiring possibly the sacrifice of his best years. Muhlenberg College was not evolved in a day, nor did it spring into existence without a struggle. Resources for its maintenance, during the beginning of its career, were not such as to inspire confidence and encouragement in the heart of its first president, but his painstaking efforts, patience, and perseverance compensated largely for deficiencies.

Hardly less exacting were the duties incumbent upon the

Rev. Dr. Sadtler, who became president of the College upon the retirement of Dr. Muhlenberg from the presidency after having served nine years in that capacity.

To take up the work relinquished by Dr. Muhlenberg, and to promote the best interests of the College during the formative period of its existence, required no small executive ability and discretion. Dr. Sadtler was eminently capable of the task and lived to see the fruition of his labors in the well-ordered and firmly established College of to-day. Who can estimate the influence for good exerted by these two men? Many of those whose good fortune it was to have come under the beneficence of their guidance and instruction, and who have passed on to higher spheres of activity and usefulness, still hold them in grateful remembrance.

By the death of such men the world sustains a loss, but it is a consoling thought that the good they have done will live after them and be a fitting testimonial of their labors to make the world happier, nobler, and more consonant with the divine will.

* * *

We have reasons to congratulate ourselves upon having had the pleasure of hearing the excellent lectures delivered recently in the College chapel. Both lectures were interesting and instructive, and the comments heard after the lectures amply showed the appreciation felt by all those who availed themselves of the opportunity to hear them.

The lecture, "Philosophy and Life," was of practical value to every student, and it is to be regretted that we did not have more lectures of this kind throughout the collegiate year.

The other lecture, entitled the "Niblungen Lied," was also a rare treat.

An occasional lecture instead of the Friday afternoon recitation period from 3 to 4 o'clock, we believe, would be productive of good results, and we hope to be favored with a series of lectures next year.

Personal and Local.

Scholl, '02 (translating Prometheus Bound): "From his eyes flashed the 356th line."

Moyer, '02 (to Dr. W.): "You look like a regular König, with that stick in your hand."

Dr. B.: "You see, the colors of the spectrum, when combined, produce white."

Appel, '02: "According to that, Dr., we are really the colored race."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Miller, if you're not quiet, you'll spoil your good mark."

Miller, '02: "Then I'll recite again."

After a long siege of sickness, Weaver, '03, has resumed his work at College.

Barndt, '03 (to a fellow classmate): "I'm naturally bright, if I'd only study more."

Dr. W.: "Mr. Beck, I thought you had more sense."

Beck, '02: "Yes, but you can't sometimes always tell."

Dr. E.: "Mr. Telford, did you ever hear of any one who has been at Mars Hill."

Telford, '03: "Yes, sir."

Telford: "I can't just remember the gentleman's name."

Dr. E.: "You had better read your Bible, and renew the gentleman's acquaintance."

Weisley, '02, cordially invites the public to call at Room 31 and see the "baby show."

Heckenberger, '02, made a flying trip to Easton, Nazareth, and Bangor.

Trexler, '03 (in Trigonometry): "Dr., in my book the table runs only to 45°."

Dr. B.: "Is that so? Mr. Orff, if Mr. Trexler would say to you that the table runs only to 45°, what would you tell him?"

Orff, '03: "I'd say that it does."

Miller, '02 (in English history): "At this stage of the Civil War, England fitted out the Alhambra (Alabama)."

Kline, '01, was elected recording secretary of the Central Luther League of the Allentown district. Heckenberger, '02, was elected vice-president.

Telford: "Dr., I was raised on goat's milk."

Dr. W.: "Well, Mr. Telford, that accounts for many things."

Weisley, '02: "I tell you that was a good recitation."

Dr. W.: "Yes, I'll divide with those who helped you."

The Death of Rev. Benjamin Sadtler, D.D.

Rev. Benjamin Sadtler, D.D., of Baltimore, Md., second president of Muhlenberg College, this city, died on Sunday at 2 A. M. at Atlantic City, N. J., from heart failure, aged 77 years. The doctor had been in feeble health for some time and went to the seashore in hopes of being benefited by the change of air and scene. But the desired benefit was not realized and he died as stated. The funeral will be held tomorrow at 11.30 A. M. in St. Mark's Lutheran Church, St. Paul street and Boundary avenue, Baltimore.

The Executive Committee of the Trustees of Muhlenberg College in monthly session yesterday afternoon, and the faculty in special session assembled, took suitable action. The former appointed Revs. S. A. Repass, D.D., president of the Board of Trustees, and Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., secretary, and Rev. C. J. Cooper, D.D., treasurer, and Rev. Theodore L. Seip, D.D., president of the College, a committee to attend the funeral. The faculty ordered the portrait of the deceased in the chapel to be suitably draped for thirty days, and recitations to be suspended on the day of the funeral, and drew up suitable resolutions to be spread on the minutes.

Rev. Dr. Sadtler was of German descent and was born in Baltimore. His father, Captain Philip B. Sadtler, was born in Germany and was a goldsmith. He came to America about 1750 when seventeen years old and settled at Baltimore. He served in the defence of Baltimore in 1814 when the British attacked the city. When Captain Sadtler was ninety years old he was seized with a desire to visit his natal place in Germany, and with the subject of this sketch made the trip abroad. It was his first visit home in seventy years. As all his old companions were gone and only the schoolhouse was left to remind him of his early days, his stay was very brief.

The ticket for the homeward passage was purchased and the baggage put aboard the "Austria," when on the way to the steamer the old man fell and broke his hip. The baggage had to be brought back, the aged patient put in bed at a hotel and the steamer sailed without the Messrs. Sadtler. The accident was a blessing in disguise, for the steamer burned in midocean and all on board perished. Contrary to all expectations Captain Sadtler recovered and returned to Baltimore, where he died three years later, aged 93 years.

Rev. Dr. Sadtler was born on Christmas day, 1823, and received his early education in private academies. He entered Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, in the third term of the Freshman year in 1839, and was graduated in 1842, all of his class, thirteen, becoming preachers. From the college he passed into the theological seminary at the same place and in October, 1844, the Maryland Synod of the Lutheran Church licensed him to preach the Gospel. As the newly-licensed minister had not yet attained his twenty-first year, he returned to the seminary and devoted six additional months to study. In April, 1845, Rev. Sadtler took charge of churches in and about Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, where he preached for four years. In 1849 he removed to Shippensburg and remained there until 1853, when he took charge of St. Peter's Church, Middletown. In 1856 he succeeded Rev. Dr. C. F. Schaeffer as pastor of St. John's Church, Easton.

The failure of his wife's health led him to resign this charge in July, 1862, to assume the principalship of the Female Seminary at Lutherville, Md. Here Dr. Sadtler spent fourteen years and a half of the best part of his life in successful labor as teacher and pastor.

In the fall of 1876, upon resignation of Rev. Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg, the position as president of Muhlenberg College was tendered him. He accepted the call and in January, 1877, entered upon the duties of his office. To his labors here he devoted nine years of his life, resigning in December, 1885. President Sadtler had acceptably filled the position in years of trials and difficulties owing to the lack of sufficient endowment and other causes which retarded the work of the institution. During the winter of 1884 Dr. Sadtler fell on the ice and sustained severe injuries which disabled him for some time and finally led to his retirement from active duties of life. His resignation went into effect December 31, 1885. The present incumbent, Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, was elected his successor, becoming the third president of Muhlenberg.

During his presidency of nine years, 126 young men were graduated from the College, and sent out into the various walks of life. Among those living in Allentown at present are Dr. H. H. Herbst, E. F. Schock, Esq., E. J. Lichtenwalner, Esq., Alfred J. P. Roth, F. M. Trexler, Esq., Prof. G. T. Ettinger, Hon. J. W. Mayne, Rev. C. E. Sandt, D. R. Horne, Esq., Rev. G. M. Scheidy, Ira Weiss, F. G. Lewis, Esq., W. K. Mohr, Esq., and Dr. Howard S. Seip.

In addition to various synodical appointments Dr. Sadtler served as Trustee of Pennsylvania College from 1862 to 1877, from which institution he received the degree of doctor of divinity in 1867. He contributed to a number of church papers up to within a few months of his death. He was a frequent contributor to *The Workman* of Pittsburg.

Mrs. Sadtler is the oldest daughter of the late Rev. S. S. Schmucker, president of and Professor of Theology in the seminary of the Lutheran Church at Gettysburg. Rev. and Mrs. Sadtler were married October 9, 1845, by Rev. H. S. Baugher, president of Pennsylvania College.

Their children are Prof. Samuel A. Sadtler, Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry in Philadelphia; Miss Kate S. Sadtler, missionary at Rajahmundry, India; Dr. Charles E. Sadtler, of Baltimore; Miss Clara V. Sadtler, Benjamin Sadtler, Jr., of Golden, Colo., Professor of Mining and Metallurgy; Edwin B. Sadtler, of Wilmington, Del., naval architect; Rev. Prof. Wm. A. Sadtler, Ph.D., of the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Chicago; Rev. John S. Sadtler, Baltimore, and Albert Sadtler, superintendent of a lithographic stone quarry near Colorado Springs, Colorado.

All the children were at the home of their aged parents for their golden wedding celebration October 9, 1895, four of them being accompanied by their wives and families. The grandchildren number seven, one of whom is assistant chemical examiner in the Philadelphia Custom House.

When Dr. Sadtler retired from the presidency of Muhlenberg College he returned to Baltimore, where he lived in retirement.

The death of Dr. Sadtler follows close upon that of his predecessor, Rev. Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg, who sank into eternal rest at Reading March 20 last.

Dr. Sadtler's death brings sorrow to many people in this city, where the deceased was held in high esteem by hundreds, who were closely associated with him for a decade of years and by many more who knew him as friend, neighbor, and fellow citizen. He was one of the men who helped make Muhlenberg College what it is, and under his wise guidance and kindly, wholesome counsel many young men went forth to meet and overcome the difficult problems of life. He was an enthusiastic and inspiring teacher, helpful to the timorous student, eager to impart instruction and to give those under him the benefit of his wisdom and scholarship. In the pulpit he was earnest and eloquent. His sermons were scholarly and were always carefully prepared and well delivered. He set a bright example to those students who passed through Muhlenberg with the ministry in view. He was a Christian gentleman in the fullest and best sense of the term, and his life was a shining exemplar to the many young men who sat under his instruction. Dr. Sadtler was always greatly in earnest. He had no patience with the trifler and the idler. Conscientiousness was the keynote of his life. He practiced it himself; he exacted it from others. He served his Maker with Christian fidelity in every capacity of his career, and to him has now come the reward after a useful life that passed beyond the Psalmist's allotted three score years and ten. —*Allentown Item*, April 30.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

In the death of Rev. Benjamin Sadtler, D.D., the second president of Muhlenberg College, serving from 1877 to 1886, the Lutheran Church and the cause of higher Christian education sustains a distinct loss. The news of his death brings sorrow to many in this city, who loved him as a man and respected him for his ability, learning, and the uprightness of his life. He gave his best years to the cause of education, and both in the pulpit and the schoolroom he was ever the devoted minister and true teacher. Only a few weeks ago his predecessor as president of Muhlenberg College, the beloved Dr. Muhlenberg, preceded him to the grave. Peace to their ashes! Their memories will ever be held in dear remembrance. —*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

Resolutions of the Faculty on the Death of Rev. Benjamin Sadtler, D.D.

Inasmuch as God in His own good time has called to an eternal reward from zealous and life-long labors in the Lord's vineyard His faithful worker, Rev. Benjamin Sadtler, D.D., and Muhlenberg College, still sorowing over the loss of its first president, is thus called upon to mourn the death of his successor in office;

Resolved, That we, the Faculty of Muhlenberg College, associated with Dr. Sadtler as fellow-teacher or as former students, do hereby render our tribute of esteem to the memory of our second president by bearing grateful testimony to his conscientious and untiring efforts in the performance of the arduous duties connected with his position, as well as by acknowledging his eminent worth as an earnest and successful educator. His wise counsels and his constant solicitude for the welfare of his students merit the lasting gratitude of all those who were privileged to come under the influence of his noble Christian example.

Resolved, That as a token of our respect for the departed the portrait of Dr. Sadtler, in the College chapel, be draped in mourning for one month; that recitations be suspended on the day of the burial, and that a representative of the faculty attend the funeral.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the faculty, a copy be sent to the family, and the same be published in *The Lutheran* and THE MUHLENBERG.

Base-Ball.

ALLENTOWN 17; MUHLENBERG 4.

The opening game of the base-ball season was played on April 27 with the Allentown team and resulted in a defeat for the "Cardinal and Gray." Despite the poor support he received in the last four innings, Youse pitched phenomenal ball.

MUHLENBERG.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.	ALLENTOWN.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, f.b.,	1	0	5	0	1	Evans, s.s.,	2	1	2	2	0
Beck, s.s.,	1	2	2	2	4	Conroy, l.f.,	1	2	0	0	1
Kriebel, s.b.,	1	0	6	2	3	Nickels, f.b.,	2	1	11	1	1
Neubert, l.f.,	0	0	2	0	0	Coffman, t.b.,	3	0	2	2	2
Youse, p.,	0	2	0	6	0	Steinburg, r.f.,	2	2	0	0	0
Barndt, t.b.,	0	0	1	3	1	Blackburn, c.f.,	1	1	1	0	0
DeLong, c.f.,	0	2	1	0	0	Mehl, s.b.,	2	0	1	2	0
Freed, r.f., c.,	1	1	5	2	0	Bradley, c.,	1	1	8	2	1
Keller, c., r.f.,	0	0	1	0	0	Paige, p.,	3	2	1	4	0
Specht, r.f.,	0	1	0	0	0	Total	17	10	26	13	5
Total	4	8	23	15	9						

Muhlenberg,	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0— 4.
Allentown,	3	0	0	0	5	3	1	5	x—17.

Three-base hit, Nickels. Two-base hit, DeLong. Sacrifice hit, Paige. Struck out, by Youse, 4; by Paige, 8. Double play, Kriebel to Geiger. Bases on balls, off Youse, 5; off Paige, 1. Hit by pitched ball, Nickels, Paige, and Bradley. Passed balls, Keller, 3; Freed, 1; Bradley, 2. Umpire, Baer. Time, 2.10.

SUSQUEHANNA 18; MUHLENBERG 7.

The game with Susquehanna University on Wednesday afternoon, May 1, was marked by terrific hitting on the part of Susquehanna. Muhlenberg, though outbatted, played a stiff game in the field, Captain Beck setting his team a good example at short.

MUHLENBERG.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.	SUSQUEHANNA.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, f.b.,	1	1	8	0	1	Smull, c.,	1	1	9	3	0
Beck, s.s.,	2	2	3	9	2	Reynolds, s.b.,	2	2	1	1	0
Kriebel, s.b.,	0	0	5	2	0	Dibler, c. f.,	3	3	6	0	0
Neubert, l.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	Bressler, p.,	2	4	1	1	0
Youse, p.,	0	2	1	3	0	Frank, f.b.,	2	1	8	0	0
Barndt, t.b.,	0	0	1	2	0	Walker, t.b.,	3	4	1	1	2
DeLong, c.f.,	0	1	1	0	1	Moist, r.f.,	1	2	1	0	0
Freed, r.f., c.,	1	1	2	3	0	Wagenseller, s.s.,	2	2	0	1	1
Keller, c., r.f.,	1	1	3	0	1	Auchmuty, l.f.,	2	1	0	0	0
Total	7	8	24	19	5	Total	18	20	27	7	3

Muhlenberg,	0	1	1	0	2	3	0	0	0— 7.
Susquehanna,	1	7	1	5	0	2	1	1	x- 18.

Two-base hits, Youse, Walker, Reynolds, Wagenseller, Dibler. Sacrifice hit, Bressler. Struck out, by Youse, 4; by Bressler, 10. Double play, Youse to Kriebel. Bases on balls, off Youse, 4; off Bressler, 6. Hit by pitched ball, Smull. Wild pitches: Youse, 2; Bressler, 1. Passed ball, Smull. Umpire, Baer.

SOPHOMORES 4; FRESHMEN 20.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 8, the Freshmen triumphed over the Sophomores by the above score. The game, though one-sided, was exceedingly interesting at times. The batting of Youse, for the Sophomores, and the fielding of Wieder, for the Freshmen, were the features of the game.

'03.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Rohrig, s.b.,	0	0	1	2	2
Shalter, s.s.,	0	0	1	3	1
Barndt, c ,	0	0	9	0	2
Specht, f.b., p.,	1	1	8	0	0
Youse, p., t.b.,	3	3	2	2	1
Weaver, l.f, f.b, s.b,	0	0	1	0	1
Walborn, t.b., l.f.,	0	0	0	0	3
Wertman, r.f.,	0	0	1	0	2
Jaxheimer, c.f.,	0	0	0	0	0
Webb, f.b.,	0	0	1	0	0
Total	4	4	24	7	12

'04.	A.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Keller, c.,	5	3	14	0	1
Kriebel, p.,	3	0	1	0	0
Neubert, s.b.,	4	1	2	2	2
Finch, f.b.,	2	3	4	0	0
Haines, s.s.,	2	1	1	4	0
Wieder, l.f.,	1	1	2	0	0
Keboch, t.b.,	0	1	2	1	1
Deily, r.f.,	2	0	1	0	1
Griesemer, c.f.,	1	0	0	0	0
Total	20	10	27	7	5

Sophomores,	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	0	0— 4.
Freshmen,	4	3	0	0	0	5	5	3	x--20.

Struck out, by Youse, 6; by Specht, 5; by Kriebel, 14. Double play, Neubert to Keboch. Wild pitch, Youse. Home run, Youse. Three-base hits, Youse, 2. Two-base hits, Neubert, Finch. Umpire, Setley. Time, 2.15.

Our Alumni.

'69.—The Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, of which Rev. R. F. Weidner, D.D., LL.D., is the energetic president, closed its tenth year with appropriate exercises on April 24. Fourteen young men were graduated. At the reunion of friends and former students, Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., '75, responded to the toast, "Our Seminary : Its Past," and Rev. William K. Frick, '70, spoke of "Our Board of Trustees."

'70.—*The Lutheran* of May 2 contains the first part of an interesting historical article on "The English Lutheran Synod of the Northwest : a Retrospect," from the pen of Rev. William K. Frick, of Milwaukee.

'72.—Rev. A. D. Potts, Ph.D., has written a feeling tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Muhlenberg, in *The Lutheran* of April 25.

'73.—Rev. J. S. Erb, of Slatington, Pa., contributes a timely article on "What Does Confirmation Settle?" to *The Lutheran* of April 25.

'73.—An interesting service was held Sunday evening, March 24, in Bethlehem Norwegian Lutheran Church, corner Centre avenue and West Huron streets, Chicago, Ill. After an appropriate sermon by Rev. Prof. G. H. Gerberding, D.D., on the work of Jewish Missions, Rev. E. N. Heiman, the Jewish missionary, baptized a Jewish physician whom he had previously instructed in the Lutheran faith. At the same service the wife of this convert, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, after a thorough course of instruction, was confirmed and received into the Lutheran Church. A little child of these parents was then baptized and the parents partook of the Lord's Supper.—*The Lutheran.*

'75.—The summer address of Rev. William A. Passavant, Jr., is Jumonville, Pa.

'78.—*The Lutheran Church Review* for April contains the first part of a discussion on "The Divorce Problem," by Rev. Charles L. Fry, of Philadelphia.

'79.—Concordia Congregation, of Rochester, N. Y., now numbers between 700 and 800 families and is steadily growing. On July 25 Rev. Dr. C. Conrad will observe the 19th anniversary of his pastorate.

'79.—On Sunday, April 21, St. John's Congregation, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., Rev. W. M. Rehrig, pastor, consecrated the new steeple recently erected. Rev. Dr. Wackernagel participated in the dedication service.—*The Lutheran.*

'79.—Rev. George S. Seaman, of Homestead, Pa., contributes an article on "The Priesthood of Believers" to the April number of *The Lutheran Church Review.*

'80.—The Pottsville Conference held its fifteenth semi-annual convention, April 22–24, in Trinity Lutheran Church, Pottsville, Pa., of which Rev. John H. Umbenhen, '80, is the very successful pastor. Rev. E. H. Smoll, '82, discussed the topic, "How Can We Raise the Standard of Benevolence Among Our People?" Rev. W. F. Bond, '88, read an interesting and instructive paper on "The Deacon: His Place and Duties in the Church;" Rev. J. H. Raker, '89, spoke in behalf of the Topton Orphans' Home. The next meeting will be held at Ringtown, Pa., in the church of which Rev. A. P. Pflueger, '73, is pastor.

'83.—Rev. J. H. Ritter, of Bath, Pa., is slowly recovering from an illness of five weeks.

'84.—Prof. Elmer F. Krauss, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, has written an article on "Organic Unity in Divine Worship" for the April number of *The Lutheran Church Review*.

'84.—In *The Lutheran* of April 18, Rev. O. E. Pflueger, of Elizabethville, Pa., answers the question, "When Do We Become Members of the Church ?"

'84.—Of making new certificates, like the making of books, there seems to be no end. The latest application for favor is a plain certificate, printed in black and bronze, and issued by Rev. G. M. Scheidy, of Allentown. It sells at 60 cents per dozen.—*The Lutheran.*

'86.—Rev. Edwin F. Keever, of Boston, continues his article, "The Man Who Set Luther Thinking," in the April number of *The Lutheran Church Review.*

'88.—Zion's congregation, Tamaqua, Pa., Rev. G. Gebert, pastor, has resolved to enlarge and remodel its church.

'88.—Rev. D. G. Gerberich has resigned his parish in Weatherly, Pa., and accepted a call to the pastorate of the St. Michael's and Bellaman's churches, near Reading, to which he was unanimously called.—*The Lutheran.*

'88.—In the presence of immediate relatives and a few friends, Miss Anna Mundel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mundel, of 3002 Fountaine street, Philadelphia, and Dr. George Roland Ulrich, of Tioga, were married in the Bethlehem Evangelical Lutheran Church, Thirtieth and Diamond streets, Philadelphia, by the Rev. George C. Loos, pastor, assisted by the Rev. U. S. Grant Bertolet, of the Church of the Nativity, Tioga and Seventeenth streets. Dr. Ulrich is a native of Selin's Grove, entered Muhlenberg College in this city in 1886 and was graduated in 1888. He edited THE MUHLENBERG during his last year at College. Dr. Ulrich then entered the Dental Department of the University of Pennsylvania and received his diploma in 1881.—*Allentown City Item.*

'89.—St. Luke's congregation, of Easton, Pa., of which Rev. E. M. Grahn is pastor, cancelled its debt by a Lenten self-denial offering, and made a pyramid offering for church extension of $70 in addition.

'89.—Rev. John W. Horne, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Charleston, S. C., will deliver the annual address before the missionary society of Elizabeth College.

'89.—Rev. Preston A. Laury, of Perkasie, Pa., continues his interesting "Missionary Notes" in *The Lutheran.* In the issue of April 11 he writes very interestingly of "Japan, the Island Empire of the East."

'91.—On Sunday, April 14, 1901, Apples Church, at Bingen, of which Rev. W. W. Kistler is the pastor, was reopened with appropriate services, after undergoing repairs amounting to $1070. Three sessions were held—morning, afternoon, and evening. Rev. J. P. German, '75, of Slatington, and Rev. D. L. Coleman, '72, of Easton, officiated.

'91.—Christ Lutheran Church, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, pastor, has received a windfall in a legacy of $300. It comes from Miss Mary Lee, a dressmaker, who was a member of no church, but in the last few years has become acquainted with and interested in our Christ Lutheran mission. Since January 1, 1901, this congregation has received twenty-two new members.

'92.—The Church of the Nativity, of Philadelphia, Pa., had an encouraging Easter offering of over $500, which is designed to reduce the present heavy indebtedness. It is the debt which has thus far prevented the congregation from becoming self-sustaining, and while the other benevolent objects of the Church are being remembered, Easter is set apart every year for this special purpose. The pastor, Rev. U. S. Bertolet, has much cause for rejoicing, as his untiring efforts have been crowned with success.—*The Lutheran.*

'92.—The three parish pastoral associations, embracing the Lutheran churches in Sayre, Elmira, and Binghamton, met in bi-monthly session at the parsonage of St. John's Church, Sayre, Pa., Rev. E. M. Beysher, pastor.

'92.—At the spring convention of the Wilkes-Barre Conference, held at Lehighton, April 22–24, Rev. E. M. Beysher, '92, and Rev. H. F. J. Seneker, '91, spoke on "Our Orphan Work," and Rev. J. J. Kuntz, '70, reviewed "Two Centuries of Missions."

'93.—Miss Martha Yost, daughter of the late Edward Yost, of South Bethlehem, and formerly a trained nurse at the Allentown Hospital, and Dr. Roderick E. Albright were quietly married at the home of Rev. F. F. Fry, Bethlehem.—*Allentown Chronicle and News.*

'92.—In the English Lutheran Church of the Redeemer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Bedford avenue and Hewes street, the Rev. S. G. Weiskotton, pastor, consecrated a beautiful new reredos, the gift of one of the members, whose name is withheld. The reredos is made up of three panels, is mosaic in design, and harmonizes most beautifully with the rest of the altar.—*The Lutheran.*

'94.—Rev. H. C. Kline, Hamburg, Pa., is president of the Central Luther League of Reading and vicinity.

'95.—St. Paul's congregation, of Summit Hill, Pa., Rev. V. J. Bauer, pastor, has declared itself self-sustaining after having received synodical aid for a number of years. The congregation is making strenuous efforts to cancel its debt.

'95.—Rev. Luther D. Lazarus, of Reading, Pa., concludes his translation of Zahn's "The Contents, Arrangement, and Purpose of the Gospel According to St. Matthew," in *The Lutheran Church Review* for April.

'96.—The First Church, of Selinsgrove, Pa., Rev. G. W. Genzler, pastor, is making strenuous efforts to liquidate an old debt and the prospects are that the goal will be reached in the next few months.

'96.—St. John's Evangelical Lutheran mission congregation, of Mohnsville, Pa., served by Rev. Marvin Harold Stettler, organized in January of 1900, is already able to annonnce the dedication of its handsome brownstone church building, costing $12,000.—*The Lutheran.*

'96.—We are under obligation to Mr. Samuel A. Bridges Stopp for a copy of his paper, entitled, "A General Survey of the Book of Common Prayer," read before The Lutheran Liturgical Association, at Pittsburg, Pa., March 11, 1901. It is well worth reading.

'96.—At the recent meeting of the Allentown Conference Rev. J. J. Schindel delivered an address on "Education."

'97.—St. Matthew's Evangelical Lutheran Church, McClure, the Rev. E. E. Sieger, pastor, has been renovated and repaired, and on Sunday, March 10, was reopened with appropriate services, when the Rev. O. E. Pflueger, president of the Danville Conference, preached the sermons both morning and evening.

'98.—John S. Fegley now is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy.

'99.—Edgar J. Heilman, we understand, has been appointed teacher at the Kutztown Normal School.

'99.—Ira C. Steigerwalt now is a resident of Allentown, Pa.

'00.—Arthur G. Beck is reading law in the office of Erdman & Diefenderfer, Allentown, Pa.

'00.—Robert R. Fritsch has been elected organist of St. Paul's Church, Allentown, Pa., of which Rev. George A. Greiss, '96, is the pastor.

Exchanges.

What a glorious opportunity we exchange editors have of discovering in the midst of our toil some genius whose spirits are now being restrained by the restrictions of a modern educational institution, and whose ability is now being used to help bring out the college monthly on time! A man whose lofty thought has careered and galloped o'er many a neat page of legal cap which now reposes in a secretary, ready for the heart-breaking appeals of the literary solicitor. What a great honor for the man who discovers him! What a happy and enviable faculty to be able to discern in a man that which the students of his Alma Mater, several years after an unhappy and neglected death, will call his great genius to which brass tablets and suitably engraved memoriams will be dedicated!

In our search among the exchanges of the past month we have discovered some of these men whose names we will not mention, fearing lest, after all, the title of genius will incommode them and be incompatible with the development and improvement which will result from hard but unhonored labor.

On the other hand, we have made no attempt to discover geniusless students and exposing them, fearing lest in the future our decision may be looked upon as one of those short-sighted curiosities of criticism which are continually bobbing up in literature and art. Thus it is said that Dryden declared that Milton was compelled to use blank verse in his "Paradise Lost" because "rhyme was not his talent" and Milton had a correspondingly poor opinion of Dryden's splendid genius. Dr. Johnson told a lady friend of his that he would hang a dog that read the poem "Lycidas" twice, declaring it harsh and unpleasing. Pope, Goldsmith, and many others have been the victims of the harshest criticism, while many contemporaries whose names are to-day known by but few, were greatly praised. We critics certainly are treading on ground that has plenty of quagmires.

The Dickinson Monthly was entertaining by reason of its poetry, especially the final instalment of the romance "Myldrede," and a well-conceived article "Blue Points" whose object is not lost even to outside readers.

"The Powers in China" in *Sorosis* shows wide reading and information.

The College Folio contains a fitting tribute to Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the few illustrious names which Pennsylvania has contributed to the list of America's authors.

"Inaction" is a dreamy poem, liable to make one go the "Via Pigrorum." This and other good numbers make up the *College of Charleston Magazine.*

"College Ideals" from the *Touchstone* is breezy and clever, and its conclusion is one that the average student will certainly agree to.

Book Review.

THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON. By Charles Frederic Goss. Bowen-Merrill Company, Publishers.

The scene opens in the extreme western part of Ohio in the spring of 1849. It is a valley surrounded by woody hills and threaded by a noisy brook, which hastily made its way down to the big Miami not many miles distant. The characters, a woman and two men, form the foundation and life, imparting interest and uniting the story.

David Corson is a young Quaker farmer, pure and pious and given to visions. But it would not always be thus. Into that neighborhood drove a fierce and buccaneerish person with his wife, young and beautiful. It was Dr. Paracelsus Æsculapius, who sold his "universal panacea," and "Peputa, the Queen of the Fortune Tellers." An impediment in his speech caused by illness interfered with the doctor's trade. Desiring to find some young man who might help him, David Corson, the Quaker farmer and minister, is suggested.

David preached in the village the next evening, and with his wife the doctor devoted that evening to the investigation of the Quaker's adaptability for his service. Each sentence fell into the soul of Peputa like a pebble into a deep well, and the doctor was "bamboozled." He tried to secure David to help to sell the "Balm of the Blessed Islands," resorting to all sorts of means, insults to David. David refuses all inducements, but sees a look of welcome in the face of the beautiful companion.

Obedient to a vision he goes to preach to the lumbermen in Baxter's Clearing. Upon his arrival there he finds the lumbermen gone and his religion is subjected to a crucial test. Striding homeward he meets Peputa and resolves to go with the doctor, but his courage fails. A reaction sets in. He tells his mother and follows the doctor.

They go to the doctor's tent. Peputa tells his fortune. The rancous voice of the quack is the first intimation that Peputa is his wife, not his daughters as David had thought. David and Peputa had passed through all the intervening stages between a chance acquaintance and an impassioned love. This astute student of men unsuspectingly beheld the evolution of a tradgedy in which he was the victim. Mutual confessions of love followed. David became desperate.

As a young plotter, he engaged a justice of the peace, the very man who had married her to the doctor, whom he bribed to tell her that the marriage is illegal. They elope during the night which the doctor spends in carousal. Returning he finds a note from Peputa announcing that she has fled. He pursues and overtakes them. The two infuriated men seize each other and with a stone David paralyzes the doctor, thinking he had killed him. All was unobserved by Peputa, who had fallen into a swoon.

David and Peputa go to New Orleans, where their unusual appearance made them the cynosure of every eye. David makes his way to the gambling tables. They swing out into the wild current of the mad life of the metropolis of the south. Her life with David brought surprises and disappointments. Hers is a rude awakening when told of the crime and immorality in which she and David had been involved by their past course. But cruel as the wrench of separation was, the good in her nature convinced her that it was right and sustained her in the sufferings it necessitated. Accordingly she leaves him and returns to Cincinnati to his father's house.

David goes to New York, where he sees the doctor, who is now blind, and he cares for him till his death. Wandering through the city he hears singing which profoundly moves him and he turns from contemplating the tragic issue of his sinful deeds to the vision of good. He turns homeward and meets Peputa. A renewal of his love follows. He is permitted to resume his place in the old homestead. Arrangements are made for a public marriage. He makes open confession, and but for the intervention of a stern member of the church, the wedding would have followed. Thus it was postponed one year.

Firmly resolved to make the best of life David began to prepare a home for himself and his future bride. On the eve of the wedding day Peputa goes to meet him returning from his work. Coming to the bridge where they first yielded their hearts to love they stop for a moment to contemplate the past and future. Soul is enveloped in soul and heart filled with emotion.

The plot is adequate and clear. The style is of such a nature as to cause the book to be very readable. The numerous digressions are indicative of the author's versatility. Parts of the book, because of their suggestiveness, have evoked some degree of adverse criticism, yet such is hardly fair. Because of a degree of suggestiveness it may appear undesirable to the thoughtless and the prude, but to the thoughtful it shows the remorse inevitably consequent to the relations into which they had blindly floated, thereby clearly demonstrating that it performs its intended mission.

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THE MUHLENBERG.

"Literæ Sine Ingenio Vanæ."

Vol. XVIII. ALLENTOWN, PA., JUNE, 1901. No. 10.

The Sixteenth Baccalaureate Sermon.

BY PRES. THEODORE L. SEIP, D.D., JUNE 16, 1901.

"Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air. But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."—*I Corinthians 9 : 24–27.*

I invite your attention, my young friends, to these words of St. Paul for the purpose of urging upon you the importance of striving to secure the celestial prize of which the Apostle here speaks.

We hear much in these days of athletic contests, of college commencements, of prizes that are awarded for special merit and success in different lines of competitive effort. I deem it but proper that your minds should be directed on this occasion to that higher and nobler contest in which the prize for which you are to contend is far more precious than silver or gold or the fading chaplet of olive, laurel, parsley, or pine with which the ancient athletes were crowned.

Our text, as you have observed, is taken from one of Paul's epistles to the Corinthians. The Apostle had founded a flourishing Christian congregation in the wealthy city of Corinth. This city was not only famous for its art and trade, but was also infamous for its vice. The phrase, "to play the Corinthian," was proverbial and synonomous with the leading of an abandoned life.

Notwithstanding the dissolute character of this city, Paul succeeded in gathering a Christian congregation here, chiefly from among the Gentiles, although there were also Jewish converts in it.

After spending nearly two years in this work, the Apostle prosecuted his missionary labors elsewhere, and apparently in answer to a letter from the Corinthian congregation, and in the exercise of his pastoral care over them, wrote this epistle to them for the purpose of correcting the various corruptions in doctrine and practice which had crept in after his departure. In the passage before us he uses a comparison which is intended to set forth in vivid colors the Christian's contest for a heavenly prize. He compares himself to the athletes in the Isthmian games, a comparison which would impress them very forcibly, because they had often witnessed these games, which were celebrated near by on the Corinthian isthmus from which they took their name.

In order to understand the full import of the text, it is necessary to consider briefly the character of the Greek national games to which reference is here made.

The four great national games of Greece—the Olympian, the Pythian, the Isthmian, and the Nemean, especially the Olympian, which were celebrated over a thousand years—had an important and favorable effect upon ancient civilization. Their origin is lost in the gray dawn of antiquity. Homer already referred to athletic contests that were prevalent even in his day. Tens of thousands from all parts of Greece, and Greeks from all parts of the then known world, gathered to witness these games. They thus became a school of patriotism and public spirit, and promoted kindly feeling and a community of interests, by bringing together different tribes of the same race using the same language and devoted to the same religion.

The games were designed to cultivate personal courage, self-control, and contempt of pain; to create and foster a martial spirit, and to promote a love of the country which they tended to glorify. They were the natural outgrowth of the love of the Greek for the beautiful in nature and art; the graceful in pose and action; and the ambition to acquire worldly renown.

Thousands of young men in all parts of Greece prepared themselves to become competitors for the prizes. Their life of self-denial in all sensual enjoyments, their rigid training and discipline, and their exercises in the open air, not only prepared them for severe mental and bodily endurance, but gave them ease and grace of movement and promoted physical health and beauty.

Viewed from a social standpoint, the fact that a very large body of the best youth of the land were inured to a life of self-denial, to the practice of temperance and virtue, to the cultivation of courage and patriotism, must have had a most salutary effect upon the civilization of the age.

Had these games been only secular instead of religious, they might have been profitably continued into subsequent Christian times. But they were preëminently religious, beginning and ending with sacrifices and most elaborate worship to their pagan gods. They were celebrated in places distinguished not as towns or cities, but as sacred groves, adorned with splendid heathen temples and most magnificent works of art, altars, statues, and images of their divinities.

When Christianity became the religion of the empire in the year 394, these games were abolished, not on account of their good features, but because of their powerful influence in fostering idolatry and all its attendant evils.

The entire festival connected with these games was divided into two parts: First, the contest, and secondly, the religious sacrifices and processions, and the banquets given to the victors. Paul, in the text, refers more particularly to the contests. These varied somewhat in their character and the time of their observance, in different places and periods of their history, but in general were the same. They consisted chiefly in horse and chariot races; in running, boxing, wrestling, and other trials of strength and skill. In the Isthmian games, to which Paul refers, contests in music and poetry were also added.

All the rules governing these contests were rigidly enforced. The contestants were obliged to enter their names as candidates, and submit to a rigorous examination as to their qualifications. They must prove that they were of pure Greek blood, were free men, and of unblemished character. Such as had been punished for crime with civil degradation, all persons notoriously impious and polluted, were strictly excluded. Every contestant, in addition to his previous preparation, was compelled to spend ten months in the public gymnasium in the sacred grove where the games were to be celebrated. This gymnasium was an elaborate structure with accommodations for large numbers and for all kinds of gymnic exercises, as well as rooms for philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets, where they repeated their productions.

Here the combatant was kept to the most rigid self-denial in food and drink, to temperance in all things, and to regular practice and discipline by his trainer. He was peremptorily required to be punctual in appearing in the lists, and when approved as duly qualified in all respects, the oath was administered to him to act honorably in the contests.

The prize was a chaplet, which, in the Isthmian games, consisted of twigs of the pine tree. These prizes had no material value, but soon faded and perished. They were thus really emblematic of the transitory character of the glory and fame which victory in these contests brought. The victor was crowned with great ceremony amid the shouts of the assembled multitudes.

These simple crowns of pine twigs were so highly prized that instances are recorded of fathers dying of joy when their sons were declared victors in the games.

The victors were fêted and honored throughout the entire country, and were conducted back to their native cities in triumph. It was on this account that they were willing to endure self-denial and hardship during long years of preparation for the contest, so that they might in the end perhaps win the prize. From this incomplete survey, on which we have already dwelt too long, we may better understand the force of the comparison used in the text by Paul.

The Apostle, in various places, compares the Christian's life to a race, a conflict, a warfare. Man's life from the cradle to the grave is one of conflict. Heat and cold, sickness and poverty, the helplessness of infancy, the infirmity of old age, and many other evils, render it necessary for him to be constantly on the alert, ready to combat the ills that beset him on every side.

The same is true of the Christian's life. He has his race to run, his conflict to fight, and many enemies to his soul's salvation which he must overcome before he can win the crown of righteousness.

In the words of our text the Apostle sets forth *the Christian's contest for a heavenly prize* by comparing it with the contests of running and boxing in the Grecian games, and the prize for which the athletes contended.

I. What is the nature of the prize for which the Christian strives?

The Apostle shows, by way of contrast, its glorious excellence and superiority. He declares that in the Grecian games only *one* can receive the prize. "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize." All the other contestants departed without any reward for all their trials and self-denials. They went away empty-handed. Not so is it with the celestial prize. Every Christian may obtain it. It is open to everyone that believes in the Lord Jesus Christ. Everyone who engages honestly in the contest, according to the rules laid down by our Saviour in Holy Writ, will also receive the crown. And, furthermore, the prize awarded to the victor in the Greek games was a corruptible crown of leaves that soon faded away and lost its value. The Christian's prize is an incorruptible crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Although these athletes did not in reality contend merely for the sake of the perishable crown of twigs, but for the honor which it gave them among their fellow-men, yet how soon was such a fame obscured and forgotten. The very next candidate for popular favor that entered the lists and came off victorious, filled the public eye and received the popular applause, until he in turn gave place to some new aspirant and thus the toil and moil of years of preparation, and the supreme effort by which he finally gained the prize and won the acclaims of the masses, were forgotten.

The prize for which the Christian contends, on the contrary, is imperishable, and does not derive its value from his transitory honor and fame with men, but from the everlasting honor and glory with which God will crown him in the Church triumphant. The Christian who endures to the end will receive as his glorious prize the salvation of his soul. He can say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." 2 Timothy 4 : 7, 8.

II. What antagonists must the Christian overcome in his contest?

These are many and various but may all be embraced in the terms Satan, the world, and the flesh.

The chief adversary of our souls is Satan. St. Peter cautions all believers against him in the following language:

"Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour: whom resist steadfast in the faith." 1 Peter 5 : 8, 9.

St. Paul addresses these words to the Ephesians: "Neither give place to the devil." 4 : 27. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." 6 : 11. It will require the whole armor of God to enable us to withstand.

The word of God, in divers places, reveals the existence of this "prince of power of the air," this personal embodiment of all evil. The temptation of our Lord, as described by the evangelists, clearly shows that Jesus in person was tempted by Satan in person. The Gospel narrative is not a phantom scene depicted by a poet, or a dream that passed through the mind of Jesus, but, as we are bound to conclude from the sacred Word itself, a literal, historical fact.

Rationalism and infidelity would fain have us believe that there is no such person as the devil; that it is contrary to the goodness of God to allow an evil power of such scope and sway, a person of so vast and ruinous an influence to exist in the world. But the same argument would disprove the existence of all sin and evil, of all pain and suffering on the part of God's creatures. For, if it is not consistent with His goodness to allow the one, it certainly is not in harmony with it to permit the other. And yet, who does not know that evil not only exists, but abounds? Who has not suffered from wicked men?

If it is not contrary to God's goodness to allow evil and misery on the part of His human creatures, in short, to tolerate the existence of wicked men, why should it be inconsistent with his benevolence to allow the same thing in the case of the angels, or to tolerate the existence of Satan? The truth is, human reason is too weak to comprehend what God can or can not do consistently with himself. One of the most subtle temptations with which Satan has beguiled men, especially in modern times, is the thought that after all, perhaps, there is no such being as himself. He could desire nothing more favorable to his cause than to persuade men that he does not exist. It would be his shortest step to victory. But here as elsewhere the Christian, in his conflict with Satan, can follow the example of his Lord and say, It is written that Jesus was tempted of the devil. From the fall of our first parents in Eden until the final separation of the good from the evil, the inspired writers never forget the fact that there does exist a vast personal power for evil that is none other than Satan.

As he tempted our Lord, so is he our chief antagonist, using his snares and wiles against us in our contest for the heavenly prize. But, thanks be to God ! his power is broken. Christ triumphed over the great adversary of our souls, and assures us that if we resist the devil he will flee from us.

But in addition to Satan and his powers of darkness, our spiritual adversaries that are invisible to the physical eye and therefore the most dangerous, we have other external antagonists, clothed in flesh and blood, against whom we must contend if we would win the prize. They are the children of the world, slaves of sin and Satan, who is therefore called "the God of this world" and "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience." It is against such that the wisdom of Solomon warns, when he says: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Prov. 1 : 10.

How many a youth, and even mature person, is lured to perdition by consenting to the enticements of evil companions. These present the pleasures and allurements, the pomp and the gaiety of this world in charming colors to the eye of the unwary believer. These worldlings may even quote Scripture after their fashion to entice weak Christians; and, not distinguishing between innocent and sinful pleasures, may claim the authority of the word of God for their course. They may misuse the words of the Preacher and say: "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes." They fail to add the rest as Solomon wrote it from the depths of his own bitter experience. He adds, "But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

The world with all its cares and anxieties, its honors and pleasures, its worship of mammon and power, is an antagonist of no mean strength.

He who would win the celestial prize must strive with all his might to overcome this antagonist; for it is impossible at the same time to serve God and mammon.

In addition to Satan and the world, which are about us and assail us from without, we have another adversary to contend with in our own evil passions and sinful desires. This enemy is in our own hearts, in our own souls, while evil spirits and the children of the world are external adversaries. Wherever we may be, and whithersoever we may go, we carry with us our own depraved and sinful natures. At all times, in all places, even in the church. when engaged in our most holy services, these evil propensities are within us, and Satan often rouses them into active conflict with our regenerate nature, so that with the Apostle we must exclaim, "I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God through Jesus Christ, our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." Rom. 7: 21–25.

The same Apostle, in his letter to the Galatians, tells us what the fruits of these sinful desires are. He says: "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Galations 5: 19–25.

From this comprehensive statement we see that there is no sin that will not assail the believer in his conflict, no sinful passion that does not cling to his fallen nature. The contest therefore with Satan, the world, and the flesh, for they are all inseparably combined in their antagonism, will be a life-long contest. For as long as we are in the body the conflict between the old Adam and the new man, between our regenerate nature and our sinful desires, will continue. For it is written, "The flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other." Gal. 5:17.

Woe to him who has no such conflict. It is the surest evidence that he has not entered the Christian's contest, and can have no hope of obtaining the heavenly crown.

As long as we live in the flesh so long shall we have sin within us, the world and the devil about us, and so long must we wage a fierce conflict if we would win the prize. In our own strength we can hope to accomplish nothing. Christ has conquered for us. It is only as we are in Christ and Christ in us that we shall have strength to endure to the end, and obtain the crown of life.

In what manner must we contend for the prize?

Every contest must be conducted in an orderly manner. It was so in the Grecian games to which the Apostle refers in our text. The contestant was required to make a formal entry, to undergo a long period of painful, self-denying preparation in order to qualify himself as a candidate for the prize. He was obliged to submit to the directions of his trainer; renounce self and his own will, and practice temperance in all things. He took an oath that he would be governed by the rules of the contest, and strove earnestly, straining every nerve to win the prize.

So must we strive in our contest for a heavenly prize. We must declare ourselves openly by a public profession of our faith, and thus make a formal entry into the contest.

By our baptism in infancy we were already listed, and placed in a course of preparation and training in the fear and admonition of the Lord. We were instructed in the knowledge necessary to acquaint us with the character of the prize set before us, the bitter antagonists with which we must contend, and the rules of the contest in accordance with which we must strive in order to win.

At confirmation, when we made a public profession of our faith, after having been duly examined and declared qualified, we took the required oath to be faithful and honest in our observance of the rules laid down in Holy Writ to govern us in our Christian race.

Paul gives us one of the most important of these rules in the text when he says, "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." This rule is not always observed as it should be. Many a professed Christian would be put to shame if his conduct in this respect were compared with the self-denial and self-control of the ancient heathen athlete. Everything that might prove a hindrance to a successful contest had to be laid aside.

So the Christian must be temperate in all things; must give up every sinful indulgence, every practice that would interfere in any way with his progress in the divine life, and his victory over the adversaries of his soul. Therefore the Apostle also says: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which does so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." Hebrews 12:1, 2.

As the Greek athlete submitted to the directions and will of his trainer, so, too, we must renounce self and submit our wills to Christ's will; subject our opinions and desires to his law, and in everything obey his commands.

It will not do in this contest to deceive ourselves with the thought that we are not fettered by gross and open sin; that we are not murderers, adulterers, or robbers; that our sins are only little sins, perhaps sins of omission rather than of commission and therefore venial. So long as they are willful on our part they are fetters binding us in the contest, and will surely cause our defeat.

It matters not whether the contestant be bound with cords of silk or of hemp. He is effectually bound in either case. The little sins as well as others must be laid aside as dead weights if we would win in the race.

The Apostle further says in the text: "I therefore run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air." The Apostle had no doubt whatever as to the result of his race, or the success of his conflict. He knew the course over which he had to run, and saw clearly the antagonist with whom he must fight. If a man were to run ever so swiftly and persistently in the wrong direction, not knowing the way, he would run uncertainly and would never win the prize. So if he were to fight ever so earnestly and deal his blows ever so vigorously without seeing his enemy or knowing his position, he would fight as one that beateth the air, and would be vanquished.

The Christian must clearly know the course over which he must run in order to reach the goal, which is Heaven. The way to Heaven is clearly pointed out to him in the Bible.

It is the lamp unto his feet and the light unto his path. He must use it faithfully and constantly. The way is one of repentance and faith; of justification and sanctification. Whosoever follows this course patiently and earnestly, "forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before," will "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He will reach the goal and be crowned in Heaven. The same is true of the combatant in the fight. If he beat the air, his fighting will be in vain. If the combatant, who is properly qualified, miss his antagonist, it is either because he does not see him, or is not in earnest in his contest. The Christian, however, has learned to know his enemies from his faithful study of the Scriptures. He is acquainted with the subtlety of Satan, the allurements of the world and the sinful desires of the flesh, and if he fails to smite these adversaries it is because he does not care to do so, and is not in earnest in his conflict. But with the true Christian this is not the case. He fights, not as one that beateth the air, but honestly, persistently, and ultimately will come off more than conquerer, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Apostle finally says: "But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away." These words have been so misunderstood that they have been held to teach the necessity of torturing the body by austerities, flagellations, and various other inhuman practices.

Luther tells us that he had practiced these self-inflicted tortures almost daily when he was a monk; but without any spiritual profit. On the contrary, they rather stimulated evil thoughts and desires, and exposed him to the dangers of falling into the deepest sin—that of spiritual pride and self-righteousness.

Paul had abundant opportunity of keeping under his body, and bringing it into subjection without resorting to austerities. He willingly endured all kinds of perils and afflictions for the sake of the Gospel. He was "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." He suffered these things in the active discharge of his duty among men, not in a secluded cloister.

The best way, by the grace of God, of bringing the body into subjection is to labor industriously as Paul did, and thus to avoid the perils and temptations of idleness, which brings many a soul to predition.

The Christian will so use the means of grace that he will have grace sufficient for every time of need. He will keep under his body and bring it into subjection, for "they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts." 2 Gal. 5:24.

If this was necessary for an Apostle, so that he might not become a cast-away, one rejected by the umpire in the race as disapproved, how much more is it necessary for us, whatever our occupation may be, to bring our bodies into subjection to our minds, to make them the ready instruments of our souls.

The Apostle points his lesson with the earnestness with which the Grecian athletes contended. And for what did they abandon the ordinary pursuits of life and give themselves up to years or a lifetime of self-denial and discipline? For a fading chaplet of twigs; for the noisy applause of the multitude; for a statue that would soon crumble into dust. What is all this worth in comparison with the coronet of stars, the crown of glory that fadeth not away, which the righteous Judge shall place on the brow of the victors in the Christian's contest? How earnestly, therefore, should we all strive! With what intense exertion of all our powers should we endeavor to run the race that is set before us. "So run that ye may obtain" the incorruptible crown of life.

Young gentlemen of the graduating class! In accordance with time-honored custom it becomes my duty this morning to address to you a few parting remarks. I chose as my text these words of St. Paul as appropriate to the occasion, inasmuch as they set before your minds the one great prize after which all should strive and which all may obtain, an incorruptible crown of glory that fadeth not away. You have all just completed a four-years' contest for your first prize, the first academic degree; and, if your lives are spared, you will be crowned on the day of your graduation. Some of you have also entered special contests, in each of which one or another of you will be victorious and win the prize. But however honorable these rewards may be, what are they worth in comparison with the great prize to which we have endeavored to direct your attention this morning, with which our Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Judge in this contest, will finally crown those who successfully fight the good fight of faith, and persevere unto the end in running the race of life? The training and discipline of your college life should qualify you for this nobler contest and more enduring prize. Otherwise it would fail of its chief end.

You have been instructed, not only in the liberal arts and sciences, and in the learning of ancient pagan writers, but in the knowledge of God and in the noblest productions of sanctified Christian minds. May I urge you once more to lay their lessons to heart, if you have not already done so, and to enter earnestly the contest for the heavenly prize.

You have reached that period in your course when life opens out before you and presents to your choice, not only a variety of noble and worthy objects, but also many a tempting bait to lure you from the path of virtue and religion, and from the high aims and purposes which your entire collegiate training has had in view. Whatever may be your final choice of a profession or life-pursuit; whatever may be the degree of your success or failure in your temporal career, be sure that you fail not to choose as the chief aim of your life the attainment of the celestial prize of which the Apostle here speaks. "So run that ye may obtain." Amen.

Latin Salutatory.

HOWARD E. SHIMER (SECOND HONOR).

Cives Allentonienses et amici Collegii Muhlenbergiensis, tandem dies optatus adest. Hace meta est ad quam contendimus. Quattuor annos hoc certamen duravit. Nihilo minus non defatigati sumus. Omnes fortunati et parati, speramus, ad verae vitae certamen sumus.

Hi quos videtis hic sedere juvenes viginti tres, omnes boni, probi et pulchri sunt. Horum sex apud vos orationes habebunt. An hi pulcherrimi sint, nemo sit qui sibi non decernat. Ne arbitremini, virgines, quia hos juvenes pulchros esse dixi, ostentationem pulchrorum puerorum hic futuram esse. Di meliora. Illic in vestris ipsis cordibus illud certamen fiat. Nam spectaculum eiusmodi paene iniquum virili sexui esset. Praeterea alii mariti, alii sponsi sumus.

Sed quod didicimus, id nos hic apud vos ostendemus, si operam dederitis. Profecto expediet.

Iam quod dico tenetis? Si non, acceditote. Nam mea oratio, scio, vobis placet. Nonne annuitis? Vereor ne tantum me ludificemini.

Nihilo minus plurimum vos salvere jubemus. Nunc vos, si nostra opera ex vestra sententia et non longa fuerint, si vultis, plaudite. Nam omnes hos probationis signum expectamus.

Denique omnes auditores—doctores et professores, patres et matres, fratres et sorores, conjuges et deliciae, pueri et puellae, adulescentes et virgines, amici aut inimici, vos omnes salutamus.

Philosophical Oration.

G. K. RUBRECHT (THIRD HONOR).

To the student of history and sociology the marked contrast between the social conditions of civilized peoples in the last century or two is extremely interesting. Macaulay tells us that "our ancestors were less humane than their posterity The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families was infinitely harder. Masters clubbed their servants, and pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands of decent station were not ashamed to beat their wives. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving-stones. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an overdriven ox. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. * * * But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference."

Some thirty years have passed since these words were written. In the meantime social science has made rapid strides. Asylums, hospitals, and homes have arisen in every city. There has been widespread activity of individuals and associations busying themselves with the condition of the pauper and criminal classes. Ventilation, drainage, and food supply are scientifically discussed. Our rich men are liberally giving away their millions for charitable purposes; societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, as well as to dumb animals, are organized. These and manifold forms of activity for the advancement and elevation of society have been the product of the last quarter of a century.

What now is their relation to Christian ethics? or, in other words, What has our Christian religion to say to modern social science?

Two things, with equal emphasis; one a word of warning and the other a word of encouragement.

First, then, in the way of warning. When men begin to grapple with evils or conditions which afflict society they ignore and forget the everlasting principle of responsibility. We see persons in poverty, disease, drunkenness, or unemployed. Our first impulse is to devise some means to relieve their troubles and sufferings without considering what may have caused them. For this reason we have so many private and public charitable institutions, characteristic of our generation. No sooner does the cry of want reach our ears than we give; men and women are housed and fed without money and without price. No sooner does a husband abandon his family or a wife prefer to spend her husband's earnings for drink or dress instead of the proper maintenance of her family, than some institution steps forward, takes the children into charge and relieves the parents of their duty instead of training them not to neglect their offspring. A man may make his home a hell and his children congenital drunkards or street waifs, and the best means of relief that modern society seems able to devise is to send his family to a poorhouse and himself to an inebriate asylum. Modern philanthropy is too generous; the principle of responsibility is too often ignored and the result is that we have an immense army of parasites, tramps, criminals, and "do-nothings." We Americans swagger and uplift ourselves above the outworn civilizations of the elder world, but when it comes to the tramp question we can rival if not outnumber them. No matter how many are condemned to their Bastiles, our state prisons and penitentiaries are filled to overflowing.

And what does that guide of all ethics say in regard to these classes? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." "He that provideth not for his household is worse than an infidel." "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

But let us go on still higher ground. Christian socialism must be founded on the commandment "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This means that we dare not be mere sentimentalists. Our ordinary dealing with social problems of our own time is like that of a weak mother who will not chastise her child nor suffer him to be chastised because of the pain it causes to her own feelings. If you loved your child you would deal with him, not as your mere feelings dictated, but as his highest interests demanded; and even so, if you love your brother man you will do for him, not what he wants you to do for him, but what he needs to have done for him. You read in some country paper that Mr. So-and-So, during the last year, furnished so many meals and "barned" so many tramps; as though his only ambition was to outdo his neighbor in generosity, notwithstanding the fact that the same tramp turned up as a customer every other week. Several hundred thousand tramps in America, and all in good healthy condition! All big, strong fellows! Why? We have cultivated a morbid sentimentalism on which these ravenous parasites dote. We give and ask not why.

It does not occur to that farmer that he would have done better had he given that tramp (his brother) a kick and passed on. Yes, a thousand times better! For a kick would have been, at most, merely a physical indignity; whereas he has subjected this fellow creature to the keenest moral indignity. He has encouraged him in his profession. "Give us of your oil," cry the foolish virgins to their wise and more provident companions, and according to modern socialism and much of our modern philanthropy the answer should be: "Certainly, dear sisters; take the larger share and so learn how generous we can be." But in fact the answer is: "Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you; but go ye and buy for yourselves."

And now in conclusion, modern social ethics needs not only a word of warning but also a word of encouragement. Sociology has concerned itself largely in our generation with the relations of capital to labor, the improvement of men's homes, and streets, of prisons, almshouses, and hospitals. Scientific men have devoted themselves to discoveries for the practical elevation of the poor and the physical and intellectual improvement of the less favored. Immense sums of money are expended for educational purposes. Especial care is being taken in erecting model homes and in observing rules of hygiene.

But the great hindrance is that that class of people for whom these improvements are intended do not care for social reform. You appeal to them in vain. The only successful means is by entering the work with a spirit of brotherly love. When a woman like Octavia Hill goes into the homes of the poor to reform the evils of London, not with the power of money or mere organization, but with the power of personal sympathy, the situation is wholly changed. The magic spell of love is the handmaiden of social reform.

And hence we find ourselves discouraged at times at the slow progress of social reform—when we see how obstinate, how prejudiced, how stupid humanity is in receiving what would mean their betterment. But in this fact we find our greatest encouragement. The mills of the gods grind not for a day. Our hope is in the future. Over all that *we* do to make life cleaner, and wiser, and healthier, moves the plan of Him whose will it is to make his children immortal. And in so far as our social reforms are in accordance with His divine will, will they be a spell of power among men and a blessing to humanity.

Paradox of Money.

LAURENCE H. RUPP (PRIZE ORATION).

The ancient religion of the Greeks and Romans was beautiful. To-day we read the accounts of the mythological gods they worshiped with interest. They were quick to recognize the beauty and poetry in nature, finding "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." They sought their divinities in the bright beams of the glorious sun and in the clear, cold rays of the silvery moon. They peopled the whole universe with a thousand airy forms of grace and beauty.

The religion of the world has changed from the unsatisfying worship of the ancients to the soul-inspiring doctrine of salvation in the Saviour. Infidelity and paganism bow their heads before the conquering precepts of love as embodied in the beautiful language of Christ.

This is preëminently an age of progress. Science broadens our fields of vision and things unheard of a few short years ago are commonplace with us. Things we now little dream of will become commonplace in the future.

Yet with all the hope of the new century there is mixed a worship for the material welfare of man not in accordance with true Christianity. This is especially noticeable in our own glorious country, and is what should be eradicated from the otherwise incomparable qualities of American manhood. There is an idea prevalent that only in the accumulation of wealth can happiness be found. The nobler ideals and aspirations of true manhood are lost sight of in the rush and struggle for money.

Wealth is often taken as a social standard, and the moneyed men are the favored few against whom the doors of social prestige are never shut. We are losing sight of the grand old democratic principle of equality which so infused the hearts of our forefathers, impelling them to throw off the yoke of English dependence.

What is wealth? After you have accumulated enough money to buy half an empire, have you acquired real wealth? No; money is not wealth! This is the ethical paradox of money. Wealth is subjective; it is abstract. "Wealth," as John Ruskin says, "is power over men."

Money is the mightiest power that moves on the surface of civilization. It is the lubricant of the wheels of a nation's government, allowing the whole machinery to move easily and smoothly. Without money governments would be unable to solve the startling questions in sociology which ever confront them; unable to uphold their prestige at home and abroad. It costs money to support the Stars and Stripes, our nation's emblem, in its glorious flight around the world, enlightening and scattering the seeds of Christianity among the heathen of many lands.

Money is a mighty power in the hands of a philanthropist. In the hands of love it is the power which builds your churches, schools, asylums, and hospitals; changes the face of nature and makes desert places beautiful. It builds your public libraries and showers the blessings of education on millions of needy and hungry souls.

When properly used money is a mighty power, yet it is incapable of solving the great mystery of life. Wealth cannot make a home? Around the word home, a word poetic in its significance, cling the sweetest and noblest thoughts of our better natures. The environment of home life is a great factor in the saving of a soul. For those dwelling in the palaces of the rich, the word home has often lost its true meaning.

Money cannot restore life. All the wealth of a Crœsus is powerless to stay the hand of the great reaper, Death, "who with his sickle keen" gathers in the lives of our dear ones. As earth and heaven sing in requiem over their graves and we drop a silent tear in memory of the departed, we feel the impotence of earthly things. Rich and poor alike are bound by the same eternal law.

Wealth cannot make a man a Christian. You cannot accumulate material wealth without at the same time imprinting on your soul the curse of greed and covetousness which will eventually blot out every vestige of Christianity, and leave your soul even bereft of the hope of eternal salvation. The man who has made money his ideal through life has reduced life to an absurdity; and when he dies he goes to his grave "like the galley-slave at night scourged to his dungeon."

What is more powerful than wealth? Character. On the tablets of fame are written the names of men who did not make the acquisition of wealth the sole idea in using their talents but to render to the world lasting tributes, of their kind, to the grace and power of the Almighty God.

How many millionaires have filled the Presidential chair, the greatest tribute to American manhood? Not one! There is an inherent quality in some men more potent for good or evil than money.

Napoleon Bonaparte had that rare and subtile personal quality which made men love him. Rough men whose hearts were untrained and who loved naturally and spontaneously the thing which was lovable, went down on their knees at sight of him when he came home from Elba.

Garibaldi, "the hero of two worlds," had a character capable of swaying men's hearts until they forsook wife and children, all those things which men hold most dear, and followed where he led.

Our own Phil. Sheridan also had this noble attribute of character. Remember his thrilling ride from Winchester and ask yourselves what it was in that man that put fresh life and vigor into the hearts of his soldiers and turned the tide of battle from an ignoble defeat to a glorious victory.

With the philosophers and sages of all ages we may well say, "It is not all of life to live!"

Money is a mighty power, but before the surpassing power of manhood it becomes but as chaff before the wind.

THE MUHLENBERG.

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Editorials.

With this issue of THE MUHLENBERG the labors of the present staff cease. During our term of office it was our constant aim not only to maintain the former standard of our journal but also, in so far as was in our power, to increase its usefulness and merit as a reflector of the best literary effort of our college community.

In our initial number we promised to discharge the duties incumbent upon us severally to the best of our ability, and we hope that the results of our labors have not fallen short of that promise. In reviewing the literary product of other colleges and upon inquiring into the scope of their college journals, we believe that THE MUHLENBERG does not make any pretentions which are not warranted by a comparison with them. We desire to thank those who have aided us in the safe conduct of THE MUHLENBERG, both by their contributions and by their interest, and trust that the succeeding staff may receive the same hearty support and encouragement.

* * *

Another Commencement season has passed and left its pleasant impressions upon the tablets of our memories. This is always a notable week in the college year, both on account of its significance to each succeeding graduating class and on account of its inspirations for the lower classmen.

Class Day, with its recitations of class achievements and its revival of many pleasant memories, added much to the interest of this year's exercises.

The Junior Oratorical Contest was pronounced by many to have been one of the best in the history of the institution, and it is only just to say that the graduates at Commencement acquitted themselves with credit to themselves and to their friends.

On the whole, the entire week was a memorable one and a fitting close to the year's work. Many of our students have secured profitable employment in various pursuits for their vacation. To all THE MUHLENBERG extends its best wishes for a happy and joyous summer vacation, with the hope that all may resume their studies in the fall with renewed vigor and earnestness.

* * *

True to the custom of former editors, we had intended to publish Mr. Sieger's valedictory. Through his refusal, however, to hand it to the staff, we were compelled to be content without it and in its stead have substituted the Philosophical Oration.

* * *

The athletic season of '00 and '01 of Muhlenberg College has come and gone. After her athletic aspirations had lain dormant for many years, Muhlenberg has again made her début in the college world. When she has been fully aroused from her sleep and "limbered up," we know she will again be recognized by her sister colleges. In previous issues we have reviewed the foot-ball and basket-ball seasons, and it remains for us to say but a few words at the close of the base-ball season.

Naturally, after such a successful basket-ball season, the attention of the athletes was turned toward locating material for base-ball. It was anticipated that Muhlenberg would have a very strong team this spring; but fate seemed to be against us. Just as the season opened several of the most promising candidates were debarred from the game on account of certain eligibility rules. Besides, at this critical time Manager Nagle resigned. About four days of practice were followed by as many weeks of bad weather. The disastrous results of the season may be attributed also to two other reasons, one dependent upon the other, namely, to our small, uneven athletic field, thus compelling the team to go beyond the city limits to secure a good practice, and to our misfortune in being obliged, in consequence of this, to have all our games, save one, away from home. Because of this we did not have the desired good-will and support of the student-body. The latter, by the way, is an essential which is sorely needed and which has to do almost entirely with the success of athletics in *all* institutions. *Every* student and alumnus ought to contribute as liberally as possible to the cause of athletics.

Five games were postponed, either on account of rain or inability to procure grounds, and the seven which were played—not to mention the alumni game—resulted in defeats, some crushing, others honorable. Had the season been favorable and the nine able to practice regularly, there is no doubt but that Muhlenberg would have had a winning base-ball team.

* * *

The Glee Club closed its successful season May 25 with a concert at the Keystone Normal School. The close, however, was far from encouraging. The treatment they received was such as only barbarians could mete out. Unless this condition of affairs changes we advise that all relations, of whatever sort, with the Normal be indefinitely suspended. The favorable comments which the club received wherever they gave concerts, save at *Kutztown*, is conclusive evidence of the excellence of the programs rendered despite the Normal's clamor for *classical* selections. Besides, the club was very successful financially. Although they have lost five members by graduation, it is hoped that the incoming Freshman Class will more than repair their loss.

The Senior Reception.

On Monday evening, June 17, Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Seip tendered the members of the Senior Class a reception in the parlors of their home. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving their guests by the Misses Hattie and Annie Seip, Linda Cooper, Adelaide Richards, Lizzie and Mary Repass, Edith Schnurman, Mrs. Howard Seip; Miss Boyer, of Selinsgrove, and Miss Hancock, of Wytheville, Va.

The reception proved to be a delightful one for the class and will certainly be looked back upon as the most enjoyable event of Commencement Week. The evening passed only too quickly. Vocal and instrumental music and readings contributed largely to the evening's entertainment, besides the delightful refreshments that were served.

Senior Class Day.

After a period of fourteen years the Class of 1901 revived the Class Day exercises on Tuesday afternoon. The exercises were held on the campus before a large number of auditors. The Pioneer Band furnished the music. The members of the class occupied the stage in their gowns and caps and were well supplied with the old Dutch smokepipes, and in front of them was a bowl of punch, which was visited frequently between the puffs and speeches. The speeches were humorous throughout and were well received.

J. H. Worth was master of ceremonies, and he presided with proper dignity.

The salutatory was well spoken by Fred. P. Reagle, and the class song followed. George K. Rubrecht read an interesting class history. The pessimistic oration was ably delivered by Howard E. Shimer. Edward W. Wackernagle was much applauded for the humorous efforts in the class poem. The presentation of the presents by George H. Drumheller created lots of laughter. Allen H. Benner spoke in strong vein for 1901, and, of course, was not slow in claiming its superiority. He presented the class picture to President Seip. The president received it in the name of the college and had warm words of praise for the class. He complimented them upon their high standing in class and urged them to continue their success throughout life in their chosen professions or business, and he was especially emphatic that the business men should endeavor to become rich in an honest manner, and then, when they have acquired riches, to be philanthropic and not forget their *Alma Mater*. The class prophecy by Percy B. Ruhe was rich in originality and through the X-ray apparatus he read the future of the men with accuracy. The key oration was well delivered by Thomas McH. Yoder, and he handed over the key of knowledge to the president of 1902, J. R. Freed, who acknowledged it in a clean speech. Irvin O. Schell delivered the valedictory, and with the "Farewell" song the exercises were closed.

It is sincerely hoped that the succeeding classes will perpetuate, with proper decency, the custom which 1901 has revived. The afternoon can be made one that will vary the monotony of the average Commencement and, at the same time, one that will linger pleasantly in the memories of the class and of their friends.

Freshmen on the Stage.

The Class of '04, ever since they entered Muhlenberg, have lived up to the old college traditions. On Tuesday evening, June 18, they also distinguished themselves in things dramatic when they presented "Enlisted for the War" in the Lyric Theatre.

The acting was of a quality superior to the average in such plays, and every one may justly feel that he took his part well. It is for this reason that we refrain from commenting upon anyone in particular. The audience showed its appreciation by the close attention and favorable comment.

The Sophomores flooded the theatre with "official programs," and when compared with those which the Freshmen distributed, a marked contrast appeared, the most striking one being that the former was printed in green and the latter in black. The Sophomores furnished the audience with a biography of every member of the Freshman Class, free of charge. This gave "food for thought" between the acts.

The following was the dramatis personæ:

Robert Trueworth, a soldier of the Union	John McCollom.
Wilder Rowell, guardian of Gaylie Gifford,	Lee M. Erdman.
Hosea Jenks, auctioneer	Claude T. Reno.
Hiram Jenks, his son, "a mere boy"	George H. Rhodes.
Crimp, colored	Lawrence Griesemer.
General Grant.	Norman Y. Ritter.
Lieutenant-colonel Boxer	Charles A. Haines.
Private Denton	Preston L. Beil.
Gaylie Gifford, an heiress	Moulton D. Henninger.
Mrs. Trueworth	Stile A. Rentzheimer.
Mattie Trueworth	Peter W. Leisenring.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—A room in Trueworth farmhouse; a lapse of two years between Acts I and II. Act II.—Headquarters of Colonel Rowell in Virginia; a lapse of two years between Acts II and III. Act III.—Parlor in home of Gaylie Gifford.

In addition to this, Warren Acker and George K. Guth sang vocal solos between the acts. Both were treated to deafening applause.

F. B. Dennis was business manager, assisted by C. A. Haines and G. H. Rhodes, and the Executive Committee was J. F. Keller, C. A. Haines, C. Kriebel, and G. H. Rhoades. The Program Committee consisted of John McCollom, chairman; D. T. Sulzbach, C. W. Rick, F. E. Reichard, M. L. Burger, and N. Y. Ritter. The Patroness Committee was G. E. K. Guth, chairman; Peter W. Leisenring, P. L. Beil, N. H. Keboch, N. J. Huntzinger, and S. A. Rentzheimer.

Reunion of the Class of '86.

The Class of '86 on Tuesday evening celebrated its fifteenth anniversary with a banquet at the Hotel Allen. Since graduation this class has distinguished itself in the pulpit, at the bar, and in medicine. They had as their guests: Dr. T. L. Seip, Dr. W. Wackernagel, Dr. J. A. Bauman, of college; Messrs. T. J. Koch, of the firm of Koch Bros., O. S. Henninger, of the *Chronicle and News*, George R. Roth, of the *Leader*, and D. A. Miller, of the ***Morning Call.*** The guests all responded to toasts. Rev. J. Frederick Nicholas, of Bethlehem, was the toastmaster, and the following was the toast list: "Our Guests," E. O. Reyer; "The Past—An Experience," Rev. H. W. Warmkessel; "Our *Alma Mater*," Charles W. Jeffries; "The Vacant Chairs," Samuel J. Kistler; "Our College Days," Rev. Edwin F. Keem; "Theology," Rev. Nelson F. Schmidt; "The Present—A Reality," Samuel N. Potteiger; "The Law," George A. Prediger; "The Ladies," A. Grant Loder, M.D.; "Our Trustees," Rev. John H. Waidelich; "The Future—A Dream," J. Jeremiah Snyder; "The New Century," Elmer P. Kohler.

Of the above Messrs. Reyer, Jeffries, Kistler, Keever, and Kohler were unavoidably absent, much to the regret of the rest of the class. During the evening the College Quartet treated the class with several of their selections. The class decided to banquet again five years hence at the Hotel Allen.

Junior Oratorical Contest.

On Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock, in the Lyric Theatre, nine members of the Junior Class contested for the Clemmie L. Ulrich prize of twenty-five dollars in gold.

Klingler's orchestra furnished the music. The exercises opened with the rendition of the "Guard of Honor." Prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. Waidelich, of Sellersville, and after another selection by the orchestra, the Juniors spoke in the following order: "American Diplomacy," Allen R. Appel, Allentown; "Lest We Forget," William M. D. Miller, Columbia; "The Rivalry of the Nations," Joseph L. Weisley, Catasauqua; "Mission of the Beautiful," Lewis A. Ink, Stone Church; "The American Equation," J. R. Freed, Doylestown; "The Veiled Monument," Walter C. Beck, Orwigsburg; "Paradox of Money," Lawrence H. Rupp, Allentown; "Not for Conquest but for Liberty," Frank M. Uhrich, Lebanon; "The Strength of Our Nation," Samuel E. Moyer, Catasauqua. The exercises closed with the benediction by Dr. Seip.

It is only fair to the Class of 1902 to say that they maintained, if not surpassed, the standard set by former oratorical contests. While but one could obtain the coveted prize, every contestant did himself proud and deserves unstinted praise for the excellence of the contest.

Society Reunions.

These, as usual, brought many of the alumni back to their respective society halls on Wednesday afternoon of Commencement Week.

The Sophronian Literary Society was presided over by Dr. William Wackernagel. Rev. J. F. Lambert, of Catasauqua, read Scriptures and offered prayer. The Sophronian Octette rendered some of their selections, and Messrs.

Serfass and Weaver sang solos. Speeches were made by Revs. J. C. Rausch, J. O. Schlenker, Wenrich, B. Appel, C. E. Krapf, W. Stinebecker, J. A. Scheffer, I. B. Ritter, and Fred. E. Cooper.

Dr. S. E. Ochsenford presided in the Euterpean Hall. The address of welcome was made by J. H. Worth, '01'. The musical programme consisted of a violin solo by Oliver Bittner; vocal solo, John G. Geissinger; piano solo, Edward Leefeldt; vocal solo, C. Zerweck; and another violin solo by O. Bittner. Speeches were made by Rev. Yundt, Dr. Schantz, Dr. J. A. Bauman, Rev. Kuder, Rev. Kopenhaver, Hon. Francis G. Lewis, and George K. Rubrecht, '01.

Meeting of the Trustees.

On Wednesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the College Chapel, the Board of Trustees met.

The secretary of the committee which had the Reading site matter in hand was instructed to inform the Reading Board of Trade that the board did not see fit to accept their offer at present.

The action taken a year ago with regard to purchasing the Saeger farm was revoked.

A resolution was adopted that the effort to secure funds for the purchase of new grounds and the erection of new buildings be continued and vigorously prosecuted.

A resolution was adopted that in view of the scarcity of rooms to accommodate the demands of the institution the Executive Committee be instructed to inquire into the feasibility of giving temporary relief by using the dwellings now occupied for dwelling purposes by President Seip and Financial Agent Cooper and to inquire as to the necessary changes; also to arrange for the president's residence. The committee has power to act.

Revs. Drs. G. F. Spieker, E. T. Horn, and Mr. C. A. Vondersmith, of Lancaster, were appointed a committee to prepare suitable minutes on the death of former Presidents Muhlenberg and Sadtler.

Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip was appointed to represent the college at the bicentennial of Yale University in October.

The William Saeger scholarship was presented to the college by his three sons, Thomas, Alfred, and Jacob Saeger.

The officers and the various committees were all reëlected.

Treasurer Cooper reported as follows: Permanent fund, $16,628.28; balance in bank, $15,122.20; current fund receipts, $17,121.28; expenditures, $16,743.28; balance, $78.01; endowments, $161,773.74; funded liabilities, $32,408.46; new buildings account and subscriptions, $19,242.14. Financial Agent Cooper solicited $19,242.14; for German professorship, $348.15; money paid over by ministerium on the jubilee fund, $2,453.47; total of jubilee fund, $13,703.47; Bethlehem congregation of Philadelphia paid the third installment of $100 toward the endowment of a scholarship.

Triennial Alumni Banquet.

On Wednesday evening the triennial alumni banquet was held at the Hotel Allen, and about seventy-five of the members were present. Rev. S. A. Ziegenfuss, D.D., of Philadelphia, was toastmaster. After the menu was laid aside and the toast list taken up the first man introduced was Rev. F. J. F. Schantz, D.D., who spoke on "The Ministerium and the College." Dr. Schantz is the newly-elected president of the ministerium and was thus especially well fitted to talk on this subject. He spoke of the fitness for Muhlenberg to hold a banquet at the Hotel Allen, because at the old Allen House the stockholders met in February 2, 1867, and pledged there $35,000 stock and elected the first eighteen trustees. Again there was a meeting in the fall of the same year at the hotel which started the college machinery into action. The doctor said that much of the success of the college depended upon the alumni. He spoke of the growth of the ministerium from 127 to over 350 members, many of whom are Muhlenberg men, and said that much of the strength of the ministerium depended upon Muhlenberg.

"The Community and the College," was the next toast by Mayor James L. Schaadt. The mayor complimented the college on having so exemplary a student-body, as their appearance before him has been very seldom. This is not true of the average university town. Thirty-four years ago, when the city was still a borough, only about one-half of the people were able to write in English. The college has helped the city and the debt is on the part of the community.

"The Alumni" was the toast responded to by Rev. J. Charles Rausch, of St. Luke's Church, this city. He spoke in a general way of the influence the members of the alumni are exerting in the various professions in various parts of the world.

Rev. John F. Nicholas spoke on "When I Was at College." He spoke in reminiscent vein and kept the assemblage in laughing mood with his rich fund of stories.

"Why I Was Not at College," was the happy toast of Oliver S. Henninger, of the *Chronicle*. He gave some unique explanations which all enjoyed.

"Incognita" was the subject ably discussed by Rev. Prof. George F. Spieker, D.D., of Mt. Airy. His toast was a rare treat.

The last toast, "Neither Silver, Nor Gold, Nor Brass," by Rev. Edward T. Horn, D.D., was also a toast much appreciated. Klingler's Orchestra furnished the music.

Commencement.

The thirty-fourth annual Commencement took place on Thursday morning, June 20, when a class of twenty-four was graduated. The exercises were held in the Lyric Theatre, and many distinguished people from Allentown and other places attended them.

Klingler's Orchestra interspersed the various orations with music. The oratorical program was as follows: Latin Salutatory, Howard E. Shimer (second honor); "Who Is Master?" Fred. P. Reagle; Philosophical Oration, George K. Rubrecht (third honor); German Oration, Irvin O. Schell; "The Heir of the Ages," Allen L. Benner; "The Building of a Marvellous Structure," Daniel W. Hamm; Valedictory, Hiram F. Sieger (first honor).

All the orations received their deserved amount of applause. The program was shorter than usual, only seven members speaking, and this may account in part for the marked attention given each speaker. The exercises closed as usual with the conferring of degrees and the awarding of prizes.

After the valedictory Dr. Seip presented the diplomas to the graduates and conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon all the members of the Class of 1901, except George L. Raether, Herbert J. Schmoyer, and Thomas McH. Yoder, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred.

The graduating class was composed of the following: Allen L. Benner, Schoenersville; Clarence Bickel, Dalmatia; George H. Drumheller, Earlville; James M. Fetherolf and William P. Fetherolf, Kempton; Daniel W. Hamm, Ralph E. Kline, Raymond H. Kressler, Allentown; Harry S. Landis, Locustdale; Irvin E. Nagle, Allentown; George L. Raether, Decatur, Ill.; Fred. P. Reagle, Hokendauqua; George K. Rubrecht, Telford; Percy B. Ruhe, Irvin O. Shell, Allentown; Herbert J. Schmoyer, Trexlertown; John A. Schofer, East Greenville; Luther Serfass, Gilbert; Howard E. Shimer, Shimerville; Hiram F. Sieger, Eckert; Edward J. Wackernagel, Allentown; S. Martin Wenrich, Reinholds; J. Howard Worth, Lancaster; Thomas McH. Yoder, Catasauqua.

The following received the degree of Master of Arts: Willard D. Kline, of Allentown; Jacob A. Trexler, of the Class of 1897, and the following members of the Class of 1898: Charles G. Beck, Hecktown; William A. Billheimer, Siegfried; John S. Fegley, Allentown; Levi F. Gruber, Obold; Henry F. Hehl, Philadelphia; William S. Heist, Quakertown; David C. Kaufman, Oley; Emile J. Keuling, South Bethlehem; Edwin J. Kistler, Stony Run; George I. Lenker, Sunbury; George S. Kressley, Maxatawny; Bernard Repass, Will E. Steckel, of Allentown; John K. Sullenberger, Leinbach's; John P. Walter, Newlin; Wesley E. Wenner, Fogelsville.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. George F. C. Haas, of New York City; Rev. H. H. Bruning, White Haven, and Rev J. W. Hassler, of Lancaster.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon George B. Cromer, President of Newberry (South Carolina) College. He is an eminent lawyer in the South and gave up a lucrative practice to accept the presidency of the college.

Dr. Seip awarded the class prizes as follows:

SENIOR CLASS.

The Amos Ettinger Honor Medal, to be assigned to that member of the class having attained the highest average grade during the year in all studies, presented by Prof. George T. Ettinger, Ph.D. ('80), to H. F. Sieger.

The Butler Analogy Prize. Twenty-five dollars to that member of the class standing the best in a competitive examination upon Butler's Analogy. Presented by a friend of the institution to Percy B. Ruhe.

JUNIOR CLASS.

The Clemmie L. Ulrich Oratorical Prize. Twenty-five dollars to that member of the class making the best speech in English, as to manner and matter, at the Junior Contest. Presented by bequest of Clemmie L. Ulrich, Annville, Pa., to Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown. Honorable mention to Lewis A. Ink, of Stone Church, and Walter C. Beck, of Orwigsburg.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

The Eliza Botanical Prize. Fifteen dollars to be awarded for the best essay and illustrative herbarium on "The Compositae." Presented by Rev. W. A. Passavant, Jr. ('75), to Arthur L. Smith, of Goldsboro, Pa.

The Biological Prize. Ten dollars for the best examination on the laboratory work and text in Vertebrate Anatomy. Presented by Professor John Lear, M.D., to Joseph M. Weaver, of Allentown.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PRIZES.

A prize of ten dollars to the student excelling as to knowledge of subject and proficiency in drill in Physical Culture. Presented by Professor H. H. Herbst, M.D. ('78), to Jacob Kistler, of Snyder's, Pa.

Also a prize of five dollars to that member of the Freshman Class excelling in the same. Presented by Professor Herbst to D. I. Sultzbach, of Elizabethville, Pa. Honorable mention of G. H. Rhodes, of Goldboro, Pa., and H. C. Dent, of Allentown.

GERMAN PRIZES.

Three books given by the Seniors to the Sophomores for the best German oration—A. W. Rohrig, Mauch Chunk; John Geissinger, Quakertown; and W. H. B. Roth, Allentown.

Three books given by the Juniors to the Freshmen for the best German oration—Horace Ritter, Allentown; H. S. Gardner, Quakertown; and Lawrence R. Miller, Niantic.

"MUHLENBERG" STAFF PRIZE.

Five dollars for the best original poem, awarded to Percy B. Ruhe, Allentown, author of poem on "Easter Day." Honorable mention of poem on "An Ode on Life," of which Samuel E. Moyer, of Catasauqua, is the author.

PRIZE COMMITTEES.

The committees who awarded the different prizes were as follows:

Butler Analogy Prize—Hon. F. M. Trexler, Rev. W. D. C. Keiter, and Rev. J. Charles Rausch.

Junior Oratorical Contest—Hon. F. G. Lewis, Rev. J. F. Lambert, and Rev. W. F. Schoener.

Botanical Prize—Prof. Philip Dowell.

Biological Prize—Dr. John Lear.

Physical Culture Prize—Drs. P. L. Reichard and E. H. Dickenshied.

German Prizes—Rev. Dr. C. J. Cooper, Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, and Prof. G. T. Ettinger.

Staff Poem Prize—Rev. Dr. T. L. Seip, Prof. G. T. Ettinger, and Rev. Dr. S. E. Ochsenford.

After the announcements the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. J. A. Seiss, of Philadelphia.

Meeting of the Alumni.

On Thursday afternoon the Alumni Association took the first definite steps that will lead to the extension of the college. They raised $4600. This sum may seem small to some of our readers, but, if so, they must consider that less than fifty members of the association were present. Most of these were men—young men—of very limited means. Some of them have, in fact, not yet begun their life's work. Others are young in business with no further prospects than the future may hold.

The handful of alumni members have demonstrated to the people that they are willing to put their hands to the plow and make the furrows that mark a greater Muhlenberg. In their action they reflected what the 500 members of the association can and will do, and if fifty members raised $4600 it is conservative to figure that 500 members will do ten times the work and there is $46,000. With such a showing the college can go before the people and they will rally in an equally respondent mood.

The pledges were not made on any particular time, and from three to five years and even more for those who may want it were considered fair, and, in this manner, the great movement has been started.

The movement really started on Wednesday evening after the alumni banquet at the Hotel Allen. There Francis G. Lewis, Dr. G. T. Ettinger, Dr. H. S. Seip, of this city; F. A. Vondersmith, of Lancaster, cashier of a bank there, and Rev. Dr. E. T. Horn, of Reading, gathered together and discussed the affairs of Muhlenberg. All were unanimous that Allentown, and Allentown alone, should remain the possessor of the college, and they decided that the only method to start a favorable movement was to begin in the ranks of the alumni. Each of the gentlemen there pledged the sum of a hundred dollars and the result of their action is manifest in the grand sum the additional members raised yesterday.

It is time to stop talking and begin to work and, in view of this, Hon. James L. Schaadt, assisted by Dr. T. L. Seip and F. A. Vondersmith, were appointed a committee to see Andrew Carnegie and interview him.

The chairman appointed Reuben I. Butz, J. C. Rausch, Dr. S. E. Ochsenford, Francis G. Lewis, and F. F. Fry as a committee to act for the alumni in the movement. The men who were the initiative movers were also added to the committee and the committee has the privilege to add sub-committees whenever they may see fit.

The Delta Thetas.

Members of the Delta Theta Fraternity, accompanied by their lady friends, spent Thursday evening of Commencement

Week at the Saegersville Hotel. After arriving at their destination they partook of one of the landlord's celebrated suppers. After this the hours were spent in dancing and card playing.

The party was as follows: Miss Frances C. Sieger, Siegersville; Miss Schlauch, Catasauqua; Miss Whitman, Harrisburg; Miss Diefenderfer, Miss Gold, Miss Berlin, Miss Kern, Misses Ruth Snyder, Lulu Koch, Elizabeth Weil, Blanche Nagle, Laura Brobst; Messrs. G. K. Rubrecht, Allen C. Apple, of Allentown; Charles Glase, of Oley; Lawrence Rupp, Charles D. Trexler, Warren Acker, Frederick Bousch, Ralph Kline, Ray Lentz, of Allentown; Frederick Reagle, Moulton McFetridge, of Hokendauqua.

The music, which consisted of mandolin and guitar, was furnished by Messrs. Walter Schertzinger and Archie Jones, Slatington.

The Taus.

One of the pleasant side festivities of Commencement Week is the "open house" of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity. This takes place on Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, and all wearers of the Sky Blue and Old Gold are entertained at the Alpha Tau Omega House.

The committee in charge for this year's affair were John McCollum, George Guth, Edwin K. Kline, Paul Neff, and Harry W. Shimer. The rooms were handsomely decorated, and throughout the afternoon there was pleasant entertainment for all. Mr. A. N. Lindenmuth took a picture of these loyal followers of the Maltese Cross, the members and their friends numbering no less than a hundred and twenty-five. In the evening the fraternity house on Fifth street proved too small, in consequence of which they engaged Lehigh Valley Hall. The evening was spent in dancing, for which Klingler's Orchestra furnished the music. Those present in the evening were Misses Elsie Guth, Florence Van Buskirk, Mayme Hagenbuch; Miss Beitel, Catasauqua; Miss Trumbauer, Misses Kostenbader, Catasauqua; Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Yost, Misses Rachel Yost, Esther Steckel, Helen Horn, Asha Rabenold, Gertrude Rabenold, Nellie Malcolm, Adelaide Richards, Bertha Wenner, Annie Seip, Bessie Hornbeck; Miss Jennie Fry, Philadelphia; Miss Helen Miller, Orange, N. J.; Miss Rentzheimer, Hellertown; Miss Noll, South Bethlehem; Miss Beidelman, Easton; Miss Heller, Alburtis; Miss Senior, Reading; Miss Uhrich, Lebanon; Misses Sallie Hartzell, Carrie Heffner, Florence Schock, Edna Erdman, Ada Pretz, Sadie Blank, Bertha Kleppinger, Cora Clauser, Linda Cooper, Mary German, Caroline Cooper, Mayme Schaeffer, Alice Cooper, Miss Barnel, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wise, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Kuhl, Messrs. J. H. Worth, George Raether, Howard Shimer, I. O. Schell, Clarence Bickel, A. L. Benner, Warren Geiger, W. M. D. Miller, Russel Lynn, Joseph Weisley, J. R. Freed, Samuel Moyer, Irvin Shalter, Ira G. Walborn, Paul Neff, Mervin Wertman, John Geissinger, Harry Shimer, E. K. Kline, Frank Keller, John McCollum, C. A. Haines, Frank Dennis, George Guth, Stille Rentzheimer, George Deisher, Alfred Hartzell, L. W. Fritch, Paul Z. Strodach, F. N. D. Buchman, Peter Trumbauer, Fred. Fetherolf, A. G. Beck, Leo Wise, John Stine, William Pascoe. Edward Raker, Prof. J. R. Merkel, H. Branson Richards, Prof. Philip Dowell.

Base-Ball.

LEBANON VALLEY 12; MUHLENBERG 1.

The defeat of Muhlenberg at Annville, May 11, was due mainly to their inability to hit Gray.

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	LEBANON VALLEY.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, 1b.	0	1	13	0	1	Albright, 1b.	0	0	9	0	1
Beck, s.s.	1	0	1	3	1	Roudabush, s.s	4	2	2	4	0
Specht, p.	0	0	0	5	0	Snoke, l.f.	1	1	0	0	0
Youse, 3b.	0	0	1	1	1	Clemens, 2b.	2	2	1	4	0
Freed, c.	0	0	5	2	1	Miller, c.	2	2	7	1	0
DeLong, c.f.	0	0	3	1	1	Shenk, 3b.	1	1	4	2	0
Keller, r.f.	0	1	0	0	0	F. Gray, p.	1	1	1	3	1
Neubert, l.f.	0	0	1	0	1	Hendricks, c.f.	1	2	2	1	0
Kriebel, 2b.	0	0	3	1	2	T. Gray, r.f.	0	1	1	0	1
	1	2	27	13	8		12	12	27	15	3

Muhlenberg	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	— 1
Lebanon Valley	1	1	2	1	5	0	0	0	2	—12

Struck out, by Specht, 3; by Gray, 6. Double play, Clemens to Raudabush to Albright. Three-base hit, Snoke. Two-base hits, Keller, Roudabush, Miller. Umpire, Fischer. Time, 1.25.

URSINUS 9; MUHLENBERG 3.

On May 22 Muhlenberg went to Collegeville and met defeat in a well-played game by the above score.

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	URSINUS.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E
Geiger, 1b.	1	1	7	0	0	Kelley, 1b.	1	1	6	0	0
Beck, 2b.	1	1	4	2	0	Townsend, p.	0	1	0	1	0
Freed, c.	0	0	5	2	0	Houck, 3b.	1	0	0	3	2
Youse, 3b	0	2	1	0	1	Kochenderfer, c.f.	1	1	0	0	0
DeLong, p.	0	0	1	2	1	Roth, l.f.	0	1	1	0	0
Keller, r.f.	1	1	1	0	0	Price, c.	2	1	12	4	0
Specht, c.f.	0	1	1	0	0	Hoffsomer, 2b.	2	2	3	0	1
Neubert, l.f.	0	1	1	0	1	Faringer, s.s.	1	1	1	0	1
Kriebel, s.s.	0	0	3	2	1	Ashenfelter, r.f.	1	0	4	0	0
	3	7	24	8	4		9	8	27	8	4

Muhlenberg . . . . 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0—3
Ursinus . . . . 3 0 1 0 1 4 0 0 x—9

Struck out, by DeLong, 5; by Townsend, 12. Double plays, Kriebel to Beck, Kriebel to Beck to Geiger. Three-base hit, Kelley. Two-base hits, Specht, Youse. Umpire, White. Time, 1.50.

BANGOR 7; MUHLENBERG 6.

The game at Bangor, June 8, was anybody's until the last man was out. It was a hard game to lose.

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	BANGOR.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, 1b.	1	2	17	1	0	G. Jones, s.s.	0	1	1	3	0
Beck, s.s.	1	1	2	5	0	Jackson, 2b.	0	1	4	4	0
Specht, c.f.	1	4	2	0	1	E. Jones, c.	1	1	9	2	0
Youse, 3b.	2	0	0	4	0	Delp, p., l.f.	1	2	1	1	0
Keller, 2b.	1	1	4	4	0	Tobb, 3b.	2	4	3	0	0
Freed, c.	0	0	1	1	0	Albert, c.f.	1	0	1	0	0
DeLong, p.	0	2	0	5	0	Soheen, 1b.	1	2	6	1	1
Wieder, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0	Cory, r.f.	1	2	0	0	0
Neubert, l.f.	0	0	1	1	0	McCoy, l.f., p.	0	1	2	1	0
	6	10	27	21	1		7	14	27	12	1

Muhlenberg . . . . 0 1 2 1 0 1 1 0 0—6
Bangor . . . . 1 0 2 0 1 1 0 0 2—7

Struck out, by DeLong, 1; by Delp, 5; by McCoy, 4. Double play, Neubert to Keller. Umpire, Black. Time, 1.45.

PERKIOMEN 8; MUHLENBERG 5.

Muhlenberg was defeated at Pennsburg, June 12, although having more hits and less errors to their credit. A questionable decision by the umpire was responsible for several of Perkiomen's runs.

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	PERKIOMEN.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, 1b.	1	2	6	0	1	Schmidt, 2b.	1	1	2	1	0
Beck, 2b.	1	2	2	2	0	Hand, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Specht, c.f.	0	0	2	0	0	Bortz, c.f.	0	2	1	0	0
Youse, 3b	1	3	2	1	1	Mullen, c.	1	0	6	2	1
DeLong, p.	0	0	1	3	0	H. Zulick, s.s.	2	1	1	1	1
Keller, r.f.	1	2	3	1	0	R. Thomas, 1b.	1	2	6	0	1
Freed, C.	1	2	7	3	0	Heckler, l.f.	1	2	4	0	0
Neubert, l.f.	0	1	1	0	1	G. Thomas, p.	0	1	5	4	0
Kriebel, s.s.	0	0	0	1	0	D. Zulick, 3b.	2	1	1	1	1
	5	12	24	11	3		8	10	27	9	4

Muhlenberg	2	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0—5
Perkiomen	0	2	2	0	0	1	0	3	x—8

PEN ARGYL 10; MUHLENBERG 4.

Through the liberality of Youse and DeLong Muhlenberg was defeated at Pen Argyl, June 15, by the above score:

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	PEN ARGYL.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, 1b.	1	2	6	0	0	Lane, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0
Beck, s.s.	0	0	2	6	0	Lugg, 3b.	1	2	0	0	0
Specht, c.f.	1	1	1	0	0	Bellis, 1b.	2	0	7	1	1
Youse, p., 3b.	0	1	2	3	1	Allen, s.s.	2	3	0	1	1
Keller, 2b.	0	0	3	3	1	Phuge, p.	0	1	2	4	1
Wieder, r.f.	0	0	0	0	1	Hughes, r.f.	1	0	2	0	0
DeLong, 3b., p.	0	3	1	1	1	Herring, c.f.	2	1	2	0	0
Freed, c.	1	1	7	1	0	Fuge, c.	1	1	11	0	1
Neubert, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0	Dawe, 2b.	1	1	3	2	1
	4	10	24	14	4		10	9	27	8	5

Muhlenberg	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0— 4
Pen Argyl	0	3	0	4	0	2	1	0	x—10

Struck out, by Youse, 2; by DeLong, 3; by Phuge, 11. Bases on balls, by DeLong, 4; by Youse, 5; by Phuge, 3. Double plays, Keller to Beck, Beck to Keller to Youse. Umpire, Green. Time, 2 hours.

MINISTERS 6; PAGANS 9.

In a game that was replete with wrangling and original costumes the "Pagans" of the Senior Class defeated the "Ministers" in a five-inning game, in the presence of the faculty, students, and a number of friends on the college campus on Monday afternoon of Commencement Week. The features of the game were the batting of Schmoyer and Fetherolf and the mobbing of Umpire Raether. After the game a picture of the teams was taken.

MINISTERS.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	PAGANS.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Rubrecht, p.	2	2	1	1	1	Reagle, c.	2	2	5	0	0
Shimer, 1b.	1	1	2	0	1	Worth, p., 1b.	1	2	0	0	1
Ruhe, s.s.	1	1	0	1	1	Wackernagel, s.s.	2	2	8	2	0
Benner, 3b.	0	0	0	1	1	Bickel, 3b.	0	0	4	1	2
Hamm, 2b.	0	0	2	1	1	Nagle, p., 1b.	2	0	1	0	2
Drumheller, c.	1	1	7	0	2	Serfass, 2b.	2	1	2	0	0
Schofer, r.f.	1	0	0	0	0	Kressler, c.f.	0	1	0	0	0
Sieger, l.f.	0	1	0	0	0	Schmoyer, r.f.	0	0	0	0	0
J. Fetherolf, c.f.	0	0	0	0	0	Kline, l.f.	0	1	0	0	0
	6	6	12	4	7		9	9	15	3	5

Ministers	2	1	0	1	2—6
Pagans	1	2	4	2	x—9

Two-base hit, Reagle. Struck out, by Nagle, 5; by Rubrecht, 5. Bases on balls, Nagle 4, Double plays, Wackernagel to Serfass, 2. Passed ball, Reagle. Umpire, Raether. Time of game, 1.30.

ALUMNI 11; MUHLENBERG 10.

For this defeat we have no excuse to offer. The score tells the sad tale.

MUHLENBERG.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.	ALUMNI.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Geiger, 1b.	0	0	8	0	1	Mertz, 2b.	1	3	2	3	1
Beck, 3b.	2	3	4	1	0	Herner, 3b., 1b.	1	1	8	0	1
Specht, c.f.	1	0	1	0	0	Fritch, r.f.	0	1	1	0	1
Youse, p.	4	4	1	3	1	Seagreaves, c.	1	0	4	3	0
Freed, c.	2	2	6	2	0	Anewalt, s.s.	1	0	1	4	3
Keller, r.f.	0	1	0	0	0	Snyder, p.	0	1	0	3	1
DeLong, 2b.	0	1	2	0	1	Leidy, l.f.	1	0	1	0	0
Wieder, l.f.	0	2	0	0	0	German, c.f.	2	2	2	0	1
Kriebel, s.s.	1	1	2	4	2	Gross, 1b.	1	1	7	0	0
						Butz, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1
	10	14	24	10	5		11	9	*26	14	9

Muhlenberg	2	0	2	0	1	2	0	1	2—10
Alumni	1	0	2	1	0	1	0	3	3—11

Struck out, by Youse 6; by Snyder, 3. Bases on balls, off Youse, 8. Hit by pitched ball, Snyder. Three-base hit, Youse. Two-base hits, Freed, Gross, Mertz. Umpire, Bear. Time, 1.55.

*Geiger out for interference.

Book Review.

A BOOK OF BRYN MAWR STORIES. Edited by Margaretta Morris and Louise Buffum Congdon. George W. Jacobs & Co., Publishers.

Of the diversity in the arrangement and appearance of new books there is no end, and of all these, for typographic and bibliopegistic neatness, accuracy, and skill, "A Book of Bryn Mawr Stories" deserves the highest commendation. Its beautiful green cover, tastefully designed in white and gold and the daisy, and its deep deckle-edged front, render it very attractive.

In its preface the editors say that the time has come for Bryn Mawr when they believe that self-expression is inevitable. The effort is an ample justification of their belief and well worthy of emulation. The ten stories by eleven writers have an interest of their own. As the "many-twinkling smile of ocean" sparkles in the moonlight, so every page teems with college spirit and loyalty to *Alma Mater.* In "Her Masterpiece," having consented to address a convention, the heroine, through a trick of memory, instead of delivering the carefully prepared address, spoke impromptu and delivered "her masterpiece." "In Maytime" is a pictorial description of a May-day fête and an account of a practical joke on some one, the determination of the victim of which is committed to the reader. "Within Four Years" ably treats a character who, upon entering, regards "college extras" as frivolities and absurdities, but gradually realizes the error of her ways. "Free Among the Dead" is a clever production, but contains a vagueness which may fail to interest the casual reader. "Studies in College Colour" shows the absurdity of the hackneyed conversation of Seniors who think that because *they* leave college, everything will "go to rack and ruin." "Epoch Making" graphically depicts college politics, inimical to harmony. "A Reminiscence" is a confabulation of two classmates two years after graduation. "Catherine's Career" is a very interesting narrative of a student who decided that her career in life was marriage, and instead of resuming her work at the expiration of the Junior vacation, knew that "Jack was awfully lonely out in Chicago, all by himself," and felt that "it was her duty to go out and cheer him up." This is the most readable story in the book. "The Apostacy of Anita Fiske," true to its title, is a commendable production. "A Diplomatic Crusade" is successfully directed against an enemy of higher education for women and very appropriately concludes the work.

With a few exceptions the stories are serious in tone. Ability worthy of the highest commendation is shown. While the book will naturally appeal most strongly to alumnæ and friends of Bryn Mawr, it will appeal to all, especially to those interested in women's colleges, and thus bids fair to survive many contemporaneous fictional efforts.

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